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THE SALVATION OF PISCO GABAR

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THE *Santa Juana* glided towards the equator with the overpowering coast of Peru five miles to port. The setting sun rested neatly on the tangent of the horizon as if an almighty sextant were about to shoot it. To the east the vast yellow foothills of the Andes turned green and purple where the level rays dug into scattered deposits of copper and gold. From his deck chair on the after verandah Manuel Gabar watched the metallic immensities of the coast. His pleasure was calm and reflective, for he was used to having beauty spread for him on enormous canvases.

His origin was unknown and of no great interest to himself or to his friends. His passport declared him Ecuadorian; but that he knew was untrue, since he himself had bought the document from a friendly official in Guayaquil. His native language was Spanish. His name was one of his earliest recollections, and he was sure it was his; but it gave no definite clue to his ancestry. Nor did his appearance. He was a shortish, powerful man with slightly bandy legs and a snub nose.

High cheekbones and wide mouth were evidence of some Indian blood on the mother's side. Gray eyes, thick dark hair on head, hands, and chest, suggested a Central European immigrant as father. A charity school had picked him off the streets of Buenos Aires, taught him to read, and given him to the sea. The sea taught him self-reliance and socialism and cast him up again in South America. Since then he had been a good citizen of the five Andean republics, courteous to all men, breaking only such laws as were meant to be broken, and employing his rough energy and his capital (when he had any) in developing odds and ends of trade that nobody else had thought of.

Gabar had an inquiring mind and was well able to divert himself by elementary speculations on man, his surroundings, and the reasons for both. At the moment it was geology that interested him. He wondered whether the Andes were still pushing westwards into the Pacific. They gave so definite an impression of an advancing wave topped by all the mineral debris of a continent. He also wondered if schools

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of mining could teach one to spot an exploitable quantity of precious metal by its appearance under the horizontal rays of the setting sun. He had an exaggerated respect for secular schools of all sorts, never realizing that they could but analyze and express the accumulated experience of such adventurers in life as he himself.

His reverie was broken by a pleasant but too determined voice.

'If the señor permits, I will join him for a moment.'

Gabar looked round. The setting sun was blotted out by a tall pyramid of black cassock. Almost startled by the silence of the priest's approach and the blackness of him at close quarters, he followed the pyramid to its apex and met the commanding eyes of Don Jesús.

Manuel Gabar welcomed companionship; he was entirely without prejudice against human beings of any color or class, of any degree of virtue or criminality. But he could not abide priests. To him they were enemies of the intellect, moneygrubbers, hypocrites, and buffoons in the fancy dress of piety. Being naturally courteous, he was even more resentful of the intrusion than a ruder man would have been. But he said nothing. There was nothing to say. It was obvious that Don Jesús intended to sit down with or without his permission. He was a magnificent blue-jowled Basque in the flower of middle age. He joined in the deck games and would certainly become a bishop.

'The señor will pardon my interruption,' said Don Jesús, 'but am I right in supposing that he lands tomorrow morning at Mollendo?'

'You are.'

'I have a great favor to ask you, if you would be so kind.'

'At your complete service,' replied Gabar with conventional politeness, adding, with detestation of himself and the title, 'reverend padre.'

After all, he argued, what did it matter? One said 'friend' to cutthroats, 'chief' to naked savages, 'caballero' to gringo oil drillers — why not 'reverend' to a priest?

'My friend, Don José-Maria, also lands at Mollendo,' the priest said. 'He is an old man and before this journey he had never left the plateau. Might I ask you to see him through customs and as far as Arequipa by the train?'

'Yes, but —'

'You yourself, I suppose, are going to Arequipa?'

'I am,' said Gabar.

He would have dearly loved to say he was not. But all the trains from Mollendo passed through Arequipa. It was also certain that he and this José-Maria would leave Mollendo together by the first train after the arrival of the *Santa Juana*. Nobody ever left Mollendo by any but the first train.

'In that case you and he will be traveling companions. I commend him to your courtesy.'

'Very well,' said Gabar. 'Very well. I shall be delighted. But I am not a wet nurse, you understand. I won't take any responsibility for him. You had better know that I am not fond of the Church.'

'You will like Don José-Maria. He is only a child. So pious, so simple, an angel among Indians! He understands them very well — too well, perhaps. But there! He is left to himself and we cannot blame him if he takes his own line.'

'I blame nobody,' said Gabar. 'We are animals. Will you have a pisco?'

For the first time in his life he had invited a priest to have a drink. It was not that he liked Don Jesús. He detested him. But it was Gabar's fixed habit to drink while talking. His friends had nicknamed him *Pisco Gabar* — not that he drank more than was reasonable, but he considered the

delectable Peruvian grape spirit a necessary prelude to conversation. Even in the Montaña, — the network of valleys that ran down from the Andes to become the Amazon, — where he traveled with only such essentials as could be carried on his back, he was never without a tepid half litre of pisco to celebrate the improbable meeting of another white man.

Don Jesús was flattered when laymen invited him to have a drink. He seldom refused, but never took more than one. Gabar ordered two piscosours. They drank them while Don Jesús talked with worldly and accomplished ease. Gabar answered him chiefly with scowls. He was slightly, and inconsistently, shocked by the priest. At last he made an effort at politeness.

'Have you come from Europe, reverend padre?'

'No, no, my dear sir! From Buenos Aires, from the Eucharistic Congress. A stupendous spectacle! A hundred thousand of the faithful of all nations attending open-air Mass! A supreme affirmation of the faith of America!'

'The opium of the people,' grumbled Pisco Gabar.

'Pardon?'

'I said religion was the opium of the people,' repeated Gabar, with the determination of a martyr before his judge.

'I have heard,' said Don Jesús, unruffled, 'that opium is very comforting. Are you a communist, señor?'

'I think for myself and I do not believe all I am told. I am a human being, a worker!'

Pisco Gabar was eager for battle, and rapidly mustering his antireligious munitions, which included Marx, Paine, Ingersoll, some Mexican pronunciamientos, and the invincible materialism of his own spirit. But Don Jesús had no difficulty in perceiving his intention, and avoided engagement. He would willingly have tackled a heretic, but

with an atheist there was no common ground for discussion.

'A worker?' asked Don Jesús. 'A miner, I believe?'

'I am against the whole rotten system,' began Gabar excitedly. 'Now take the Mexican Church, for example —'

'Gold!' Don Jesús interrupted dreamily. 'Gold! A fascinating subject! You should ask Don José-Maria about gold. Of course his parish is a little difficult to reach.'

'Where gold is, it is always difficult to reach,' said Gabar. 'But it can be done.'

'The spirit of the *conquistadores*! You should have been born four hundred years ago!'

'In my way I follow their tradition,' said Gabar, flattered. 'In my way!'

It was true. For several years Pisco Gabar had been engaged in a trade of his own invention as profitable and uncomfortable as any in Latin America. The streams of the Montaña were full of alluvial gold. They paid to wash, but did not pay to work intensively. The cost of transporting machinery was prohibitive. Some of the valleys were earthly paradises, but only a mule could reach them. Others were drenched in summer by the steady purposeful rains of the Amazon, and in winter by the steady purposeful rains of the Pacific. Even the English went mad after 365 continual days and nights of rain. The Indians worked intermittently at panning the inaccessible streams, but the gold dust had small value to them. A day spent in hunting or cultivation was more productive. Sometimes a trusted fellow tribesman would set off with the communal bag of gold to Cuzco or the nearest mine and return, if he were neither robbed nor tempted to drink, with such goods as he could carry on his back. It was hardly worth while carrying the gold to a market.

Pisco Gabar hit on the idea of carrying a market to the gold. He established small depots of cotton and leather goods, nails, tools, beads, and whatever was light to carry and considered by primitive minds to be either useful or decorative. At these depots he loaded his back and that of a mule and vanished into the tumbled forests. Weeks later he appeared at the edge of civilization alone and on foot, having given his goods, his animal, and sometimes his coat and shirt in exchange for the ounces of gold dust at his belt. The profit, Gabar explained to Don Jesús, was considerable, but so was the benefit to the Indians. He was, he admitted, a parasite, although a useful one. He compared his function in the Montaña to that of a waste-paper merchant (a profession which he had also followed) in a town. He called as regularly as he could, took away an unwanted commodity, and gave unexpected value in return.

II

At seven the following morning the *Santa Juana* lay two miles off Molendo. A string of barges, loaded with copper and alpaca, undulated towards her over the long Pacific swell. The tender heaved up and down alongside, her gunwale at one moment below the foot of the gangway and, at the next, ten steps up. The brown boatmen fended her off skillfully while with lazy patience they watched Don José-Maria saying his farewells. Gabar, already seated in the tender, began to look at his watch. He was not in a hurry, nor indeed did he ever allow hurry to afflict him, but he objected to being kept waiting by a priest.

José-Maria insisted on saying good-bye to all the passengers who were up, and was only with difficulty restrained from waiting to say good-bye to those who were still in their bunks. He was

seven-eighths pure Indian, yellow and fat and given to simple ecstasies. Since Buenos Aires he had lived in a pious daze. The Congress and the journeying by rail and water had opened the gates of the world to him. He who had never been off the highlands of Peru in his life had dwelt in a modern city, had heard the Holy Father speak over the radio, had realized the true meaning of distance and seas and lands beyond them, had found to his amazement that there were actually Christians who spoke neither Spanish nor Quechua; it was difficult to understand how they could say their prayers. He believed that death would be something like his voyage to Buenos Aires — a stupendous experience shattering all preconceived ideas and startling him with the truth of angels, as had the truth of automobiles.

In his sadness at the end of this adventure he lost count and bade farewell to captain, officers, and passengers over and over again. This done, he lingered at the gangway making a third interminable speech of thanks to Don Jesús. Gabar cut it short by pressing the button of the tender's siren. The sudden and commanding growl brought Don José-Maria hastily down the gangway.

The boatman, settling his straw hat firmly on his head, extended his hand and told the priest to jump. José-Maria bent his knees, prepared, but hesitated. The boat sunk far below him. He regarded the rise and fall of the swell in benevolent surprise. With his almond eyes and yellow beaming countenance he resembled a rotund Chinese statuette. The boat rose again and he grasped the outstretched wrist, but still he did not jump. Nor did he let go. The tender sunk from under the boatman, who squirmed and kicked in mid-air like a hooked fish. Don José-Maria, having hung on at first from terror and now hanging on lest the

boatman should drop, tried to get both hands to the job and overbalanced.

Gabar hurled himself forward to break their fall. José-Maria landed safely cushioned on him and the unfortunate boatman. While they extricated themselves indignantly, he remained in an unwieldy black ball, his eyes shut and his lips moving in prayer. As no one was hurt, the tender chugged off towards Mollendo.

'I have more luck than I merit,' murmured José-Maria. 'I am always in peril by land and sea, yet mercifully delivered.'

'You try your pet saint too far,' said Gabar coldly.

'Impossible; especially when he works through such kindly instruments as yourself, Don Manuel. I am very grateful to you.'

'No reason to be! I'd have done the same for anyone,' Gabar answered ungraciously. 'Are you all right?'

'Yes, yes, Don Manuel! A little bruised, a little shaken, but I only need a glass of spirits.'

'I can offer you some pisco.'

'Thank you. Thank you. You are very kind.'

Gabar drew out a half litre of pisco, conveniently placed among his pyjamas at the top of his bag, and offered it to José-Maria. The priest put it to his lips and drank three quarters of the contents.

'Thank you. You are very kind,' he repeated. 'I was in great need. Don Jesús did not wish me to drink on board. He is a stern man. Very stern.'

'He certainly gets his own way,' said Gabar resentfully.

'So clear! So knowledgeable in this world! He told me there were four things I was not to do. Let me see! Four things. I was not to drink — that was one. And second — he said I was not to let you leave me till we got to Arequipa.'

'The hell he did!'

'And there were two more. I was not to forget — let me see! My glasses? No, I have them. My trunk? No, it was not that. It contains all I possess, Don Manuel, for I thought I might be years on the road. And then there is a present in it for one much greater than I. No, I could never forget my trunk. Let me see! What was it I must not forget? . . . Ah, my passport!'

Don José-Maria began to search through his pockets. He looked at Gabar with the simplicity of a child.

'I have forgotten it,' he said.

Gabar with unconcealed disgust told the boatman to put back to the ship. He silently consigned Don Jesús to the deepest pit of hell and Don José-Maria to a lunatic asylum, with the added hope that each of them would meet his destiny before there was time for him to deliver the old fool at Arequipa.

'I will go and get it,' said José-Maria, jumping up energetically as soon as they lay alongside the *Santa Juana*.

Gabar hastily got between the priest and the gangway. He did not dread the difficulty of reëmbarking the old gentleman so much as the lengthy good-byes which he was certain to say all over again. He hailed Don Jesús, asking him to search José-Maria's cabin for the passport.

'It would be so much better if I went myself,' suggested José-Maria appealingly.

In a few minutes Don Jesús returned with the passport. He handed it to a steward, waved good-bye curtly, and turned away with a certain air of annoyance as the man brought it down to the tender.

'He is angry with me,' José-Maria sighed.

'It does n't matter if he is.'

'Oh, not about the passport. No! But he must have seen the empty bottles.'

'The empty bottles?'

'Yes, Don Manuel. You see, I felt seasick, and as Don Jesús did not like

me to drink and as I needed a little cheer for my stomach's sake . . .'

Pisco Gabar began to choke with laughter. José-Maria's besetting sin was obvious. Hypocrites! What hypocrites! He did his best to feel indignant, but was overcome by amusement. He began to like José-Maria, chiefly because the old man had annoyed Don Jesús. And then it was really impossible to dislike anyone so simple.

'What was the fourth thing Don Jesús told you to remember?' he asked.

'I forget,' answered José-Maria humbly. 'Ay! It is hard to remember so many things. I am no traveler, Don Manuel. Once a week I go from Huanca del Niño to Chiquibamba — twenty kilometres, Don Manuel — and that is all the traveling I have done since I left the seminary at Cuzco.'

'Huanca del Niño? I have seen a track that leads there. It starts from the valley of the Inambari.'

'Our only road, Don Manuel. A devil of a road! But it matters little, since it is seldom trodden.'

'Is n't there a fort or temple up at Huanca?'

'There are great walls, and within them was once a temple. But it is now a church, Don Manuel — my church.'

Gabar, whose memory was criss-crossed by the lines of obscure pathways, knew the lower end of the track that wound up to Huanca del Niño from the valley of the Inambari. His Indian friends had told him that it was one of the ancient roads from the Montaña to the altiplano, and that up on the bare hillsides, where vegetable growth was slow to cover, it was still paved. This he doubted. Huanca he knew only by name as one of the towering bluffs thrown out by the Andes towards the Amazon, and by a solitary glimpse of it from ten thousand feet below. On the distant sky line had been a straight line of somewhat paler yellow than the yellow flanks of the

mountain, which suggested that the summit was crowned by prehistoric masonry.

III

The tender drew alongside the jetty and Don José-Maria hastily followed his black tin trunk ashore and into the customs shed. Gabar went in search of the inspector, for he never paid customs duties on his own west coast. He would have indignantly denied that he bribed, but he took great satisfaction in being on friendly — genuinely friendly — terms with all those in authority. He especially liked to give christening presents to their children. As he seldom entered any port more than once in nine months, he was sure to find that the inspector's señora was either expecting or recovering.

The inspector, with tears in his eyes and gestures of arms and shoulders which violently suggested the upward movement of a corkscrew, was explaining to Gabar the latest obstetrical problem when a customs officer saluted and interrupted them.

'There's a priest,' he said. 'A mad priest! He put a curse on me in Quechua. Not, of course, that I believe in such nonsense, being an educated man and a servant of the republic. Still, it is an insult to the uniform and one is not comfortable —'

'One is not,' said Gabar, instantly making a friend for life. 'And so I will remove the curse.'

He pronounced an impressive blessing in the Indian language.

'You all know that I am no friend of the Church,' Gabar went on. 'It does not fit into our system. But this old fool is in my charge.'

'In that case, friend Pisco, it is different,' said the inspector cordially.

They found José-Maria sitting broodily on his tin trunk and glaring, so far as it was possible for his eyes to glare, at an interested crowd of idlers.

'He shall not touch it, Don Manuel! He asked me to open it and I opened it, but he shall not put his hands inside. It is sacrilege. I cannot allow it!'

'You see, Señor Pisco, he is mad! I said so!' exclaimed the customs officer triumphantly. 'My hands are clean — look at them! And I am always ready to use discretion. I would never embarrass a traveler by exposing to the public what he would rather they did not see!'

'I am sure of it,' said Gabar solemnly. 'But the reverend padre is very obstinate, and we do not want discussions.'

The inspector, for the sake of the on-lookers, sternly ordered José-Maria's trunk to be carried to his office, and from there sent it through the gates with Pisco's baggage, which naturally was not examined. On the way to the station the priest overwhelmed Pisco with thanks, which he waved aside with the remark that, had he known Don José-Maria did not wish to expose the contents of his trunk, it could have been arranged without so much fuss.

'What have you got there?' he asked. 'More empty bottles?'

'Don Manuel,' replied José-Maria, 'if I had not received so many favors from you, I should not forgive that question. I am a sinner, but not so wretched that I would pack the signs of my folly next to a sacred garment.'

Gabar was so surprised by this answer that he apologized. The old man had suddenly and unexpectedly put on the full authority of the Church. José-Maria retreated into a dignified silence, while Gabar let himself go in mental abuse of priests in general and this particular nuisance that had been inflicted on him. It occurred to him, however, that he only really liked José-Maria when he *was* a nuisance. His theory was promptly proved right at the station, for there the priest discovered that he had forgotten the

fourth essential which Don Jesús had told him not to forget. It was his return ticket. As José-Maria had only a few centavos in his pocket, Gabar paid his fare to Arequipa. Don José-Maria, who had no idea of how to get money from Arequipa to Mollendo and had had gloomy indefinite visions of sleeping on the streets and growing his own maize on the rubbish heaps, was correspondingly grateful.

Gabar's gold peddling had not yet been discussed. José-Maria had heard of it from Don Jesús and wished to invite the trader to bring a stock of goods to Huanca del Niño. He hesitated to do so because he did not consider a few ounces of gold worth weeks of traveling, and, feeling very dependent on Gabar's kindness, did not wish to abuse it. Pisco, on his part, had given little thought to Don Jesús' advice to ask José-Maria about gold, believing it on later reflection to be a jesuitical lie.

Now that the train was climbing fussily up into the desert foothills and no further difficulties immediately threatened, José-Maria asked Gabar what route he would take on his next journey.

'To Cuzco and north,' answered Gabar, 'unless anything offers at this end of the country.'

José-Maria was silent for a minute or two while he considered whether or not he should accept, without further polite preliminaries, this invitation to talk.

'It's very hot in the train,' Gabar said, taking down from the rack a fresh bottle of pisco which he had bought on the way to the station and handing it to José-Maria. The priest said a short grace and applied his lips to the bottle. He decided that he might take courage.

'How much gold would you expect, Don Manuel, to make it worth your while, if you were to take a long, a very difficult journey to a very distant pueblo?'

'As much as a man can carry and still carry his food,' Gabar replied.

'Not more?'

'*Hombre!* I've seldom got so much!'

'I think if you came to Huanca and Chiquibamba,' said José-Maria timidly, 'we could trade you all you could carry. That is — if you stayed a little while.'

Gabar took a pull at the bottle.

'Where do your people get their gold?' he asked. 'Have you found an Inca treasure or do you pan streams?'

'Neither one nor the other, Don Manuel. There is a bank of pebbles, and when we have enough water in the stream we wash them down a trough and a little gold remains behind at the bottom.'

'Good God! But with pumps and hoses you could get millions out of those gravel beds!'

'It may be so, Don Manuel. I know nothing of that. But there is hardly enough water for ourselves, and none for the troughs except in the two months of rain.'

'In that case it looks like my usual business,' said Gabar calmly — he was used to having his dreams of instant wealth swiftly shattered. 'How do I get to Huanca? Is n't there a road from the altiplano without going down to the Inambari?'

'*Ay!* If only there were! There was such a road in colonial days. But many years ago, before my time, perhaps two hundred years ago, the western side of the hill was washed away. And now a man must go down from Cuzco to the Montaña and up again to Huanca. But you will travel with me, Don Manuel, and a guide will show us the way.'

'Another pisco?' suggested Gabar, avoiding the invitation.

'Thank you, Don Manuel. It is indeed hot in the train.'

'I know the way to the foot of your

mountain,' Gabar said. 'But what happens then?'

'You follow the track up, always up, till you come to a steep gully which cuts a line of cliffs. Here one must turn right or left along the foot of the cliffs. The right path leads to Huanca and the left to Chiquibamba. There is a patch of bog below the fork.'

'What would you like me to bring your people?'

'Some tools and rough steel for working, Don Manuel, and a few pretty things for the women. I like to see them look well at Mass. And some images. Saint Joseph, I advise.'

'I will not encourage superstition,' declared Gabar firmly. 'No saints!'

'What a pity you do not believe! It is a shame that so good a man should be a heathen! But do not be angry with me if I ask you to bring some little Saint Josephs. Quite little ones, Don Manuel. The Child and His Blessed Mother can never feel neglected by us, but my parishioners have so little to put them in mind of poor Saint Joseph. And they will pay you well, Don Manuel. Gold for little Saint Josephs that only cost you a sol apiece at Cuzco!'

'It's against my principles,' said Gabar. 'I can't be bought. And I will not be a party to perpetuating the present system!'

'I do not understand,' said Don José-Maria unhappily. 'How is it possible that you can hate what is so simple and good? I will pray for you, Don Manuel.'

'If it gives you any pleasure,' remarked Gabar, shrugging his shoulders, 'you can add the other hundred million workers who don't believe fairy tales.'

IV

At Arequipa, Gabar handed over Don José-Maria to a bevy of local churchmen who were at the station to

meet him. The priest intended to stay there for a week or two while he made arrangements for a guide and transport to take him home. Gabar, although he had developed a toleration for José-Maria, had no intention of being his companion on a journey which would certainly last ten days and possibly more. When he saw the old man again, he pleaded urgent business in the north and roundly declared that if he were to go to Huanca at all it must be immediately. He made a selection of the goods he had in store at Arequipa and took them by rail to Cuzco, where he bought two llamas and a mule. Within a week he was on his way to the upper Inambari.

It needed a fine eye for country to cross half a dozen of the great herring-bones of ravines and ridges lying with their heads up against the main range and their tails in the Brazilian forest. Pisco Gabar traveled partly by instinct and partly by inquiry from occasional Indians. A compass was useless, since most of the time he was traveling in the only direction allowed by the ribs of the herring, which was never at any given moment the direction in which he wanted to go. The going for man and animals was appallingly hard. A day's march was a scramble up from a gorge; a laborious working in zigzags through semitropical forest, where the mincing steps and high-carried heads of the llamas well expressed their distaste for such vulgar luxuriance; rough trampling over the scrub above the tree line; and a rush over the barren hilltop in order to get out of the wind and down into shelter for the night's camp — twenty miles across country from the previous camp, but not more than three by the straight line of an imaginary tunnel.

There were, however, few serious discomforts, for that part of the Montaña was a paradise of trees, flowers, and running water. Even the insects

were more spectacular than blood-thirsty. Pisco was accustomed to the utter loneliness of the Montaña, and loved it. His religious emotions — he himself would never have called them such — were satisfied by the worship of nature. He delighted to muse by his campfire on the curious habits of orchids, pumas, caverns, and storms, and to find explanations. But he was unaware that his own appreciation of them also demanded an explanation.

On the evening of the eighth day he camped on the upper Inambari at the foot of the track which led to Huanca del Niño. He was up before dawn, and two hours later on top of the ridge that bordered the river. A close-set group of conical mountains faced him, their peaks rising to an average height of 16,000 feet. This was the eastern rampart of the main range. The high points which appeared to be peaks were not really such, but bluffs rising comparatively little from the altiplano beyond. On one of them he saw again the straight yellowish-white line of a pre-Inca wall, flattening the top of the escarpment and marking the site of Huanca del Niño.

The track dived off the ridge into a last valley and then began to climb the irregular ravine that separated the height of Huanca from its neighbor, which was, he supposed, Chiquibamba. The llamas quickened their pace towards the undecorated horizon of their desires.

Pisco, plodding ahead of his animals, was fascinated by the track. What the Indians had told him about it was true. It had a purposefulness lacking in the familiar paths of the Montaña. The latter scuttered from cover to cover like the savages who had made them. They had been widened and deepened by *arrieros* and their pack animals, but they preserved their inconsequential lines. The track which he now followed was narrow and rough,

but it struck out boldly along the contour lines and had a certain air of triumph in surmounting rather than circumventing the minor obstacles in its path. Pisco was aware of pride in it. It was not the absurd self-satisfaction with which an American arrogates to himself, merely by virtue of living on the same continent, the achievements of a people without the remotest relationship to him in blood or culture, but a pride of closer parentage. Pisco was unconscious of his Indian blood when he was dealing with white civilization or forest savages, yet he felt a community of thought and interest, which did not at all fit his habitual conception of himself, with the builders of this road.

The trees had given place to low scrub when he came to the little patch of bog which José-Maria had described. He was right up against the main escarpment. The ravine rose sharply ahead of him in a tumble of rocks. A natural platform which the hand of man had certainly aided by leveling and facing overhung the bog, and two paths led off it at right angles to the track up which he had come.

The right-hand path, leading to Huanca, looked a hair-raising piece of mountaineering. It followed the foot of the cliff, while the slope beneath it grew steeper and steeper until the path was a mere ledge on a sheer face of rock. Pisco decided to tackle it in the morning and camped on the platform.

With the rising sun throwing its angle into stronger relief, the path clung more firmly to the mountain side. It was definitely, though primitively, engineered, paved here and there with massive stones, and cut a little back into the cliffs where the natural slopes and ledges were not wide enough for easy passage. After leading him up for some two thousand feet, the track

turned on to the northern shoulder of the mountain. At the bend was a niche in the rock, marked, so that no traveler should miss it, with a black cross. A three-foot cow's horn hung from a hook within the niche. Pisco Gabar had seen a similar horn in the Argentine Andes and knew its use. It invited the passer-by to give warning of his approach, since the path was about to become so narrow that two mules could not pass abreast. He put it to his lips and blew a doleful blast that might have proceeded from the cow itself. Then he waited twenty minutes, in case an arriero should be already on the path, meanwhile tightening the girths of his three animals.

Gabar found the track spectacular rather than alarming, for he had as good a head for heights as his own llamas. It was about three feet wide, with a slope on the inner side which, while not quite perpendicular, was quite unclimbable, and a sheer drop on the outer side. The path, varying little in width, clung to the edge of this precipice for a full mile. Then it opened out, passed another horn for the use of descending travelers, and wound up a wind-swept slope of scanty turf and gravel which continued as far as the wall of Huanca del Niño.

V

There were no pure whites in Huanca, though half the population of the pueblo had a little white blood. They preferred to speak Quechua, but, if Spanish were required, they spoke it with a perfect accent, an archaic diction, and a very limited vocabulary. Gabar was welcomed with grave, unquestioning hospitality, and then, when he said he had come by invitation of Don José-Maria, with frank curiosity and good-fellowship.

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FREE SPEECH AND PLAIN LANGUAGE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

DEAN WILLIAM F. RUSSELL's excellent paper called 'So Conceived and So Dedicated,' which appeared in the May 1935 *Atlantic*, starts an interesting train of thought.

Mr. Russell's article shows that he is a true believer in free speech, one who would not shirk criticism, just or unjust, of anything he might say. He ends his article with an appeal for free speech, which I found most exhilarating; so exhilarating that I at once determined to take it as a text, as I now do. Speaking of the American people's progress in safety and happiness, and of the means to be employed in promoting that progress, Mr. Russell says, 'Our only hope is full, free, frank, open discussion from all sides, open propaganda, open influence upon the press, upon public opinion, upon our Congress and legislators, and upon our governors and President. Whoever thinks, let him speak. Whoever would muzzle another, let him stay his hand. Bring on the opposition. Let it be heard. Then shall we have all the forces in full play.'

These are noble and inspiring words; well, just what do they mean? I am not asking what they mean to Mr. Russell. I take it that he is a literal-minded person, like the statesman of the last century who said that the way to resume specie payment is to resume. If I might do so without impropriety, I would ask Mr. Russell's permission to

place myself beside him in that category. To such as Mr. Russell and myself, then, free speech means simply free speech, whether the words be conveyed by sound or by writing or by printing. That is that, and that is all there is, and there is n't any more — use no hooks. Moreover, it would appear to us that the plain provisions of the Bill of Rights mean nothing else, nor can be made to mean anything else, save through one of those processes of interpretation whereby, as a contemporary of Bishop Butler said, anything can be made to mean anything — processes, in other words, of sheer and patent shysterism. But I may remind Mr. Russell that the world seems to be rapidly going away from old-fashioned people of our kind, and it is therefore necessary to consider what free speech means to others who are not like us, and especially to those who are in a position more or less to prescribe the courses in which public sentiment concerning such matters shall run.

A little story occurs to me in this connection, which I shall tell, partly because it is amusing, but also because it tends somewhat to show what I am driving at.

In the interregnum following the fall of the Tsarist régime, Petrograd was full of spellbinders haranguing the crowds in the public squares, and telling them what they must do to be saved. Some were emissaries of foreign

governments. One of my friends was there; he entertained himself all day and every day by wandering around among the crowds with an interpreter, to find out what was going on. In one group that was being addressed in very thick Russian, he found a knot of five or six proletarians, took them aside and questioned them about their odd attitude of docility towards the speaker. 'Don't you know that this man is an agent of the German Government?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, he is a dangerous fellow. Why do you listen to him? Why don't you throw him out?'

'Anything the German Government has to say to us, we ought to hear.'

This was a stupefying surprise. My friend, being a man of great humor, saw his chance, and went on:—

'Is that the way you people generally feel about it?'

'Yes.'

'That is your notion of free speech, is it?'

'Yes.'

'But you don't seem to know the difference between liberty and license.'

'No; what is it?'

'Well, when some perfectly respectable person gets up and says something that everybody agrees to, that is liberty.'

They ruminated on this awhile, finally got it down, and then asked, 'What is license?'

'Why, license is when some infernal scoundrel, who ought to be hanged any-way, gets up and says something that is true.'

The men drew apart and had a long powwow with the interpreter, who finally came forward and said, 'These men say there must be some misunderstanding on your part, probably owing to differences in language. They say we are not for liberty at all; we are for license.'

I take it that, in the circumstances

set forth in Mr. Russell's article, he and I are for license; but the fact remains, I fear, that most of our fellow-citizens are very strong for liberty; very strong indeed.

II

This addiction seems to be the natural fruitage of another addiction which is more or less common to all men, but with us is so inveterate and so ingrained that we might almost take out a process-patent on it; and that is, the addiction to expediency as the supreme law of conduct. Among the many observers who came over from Europe to study us in the early days of our republic, the ablest and most profound was one who for some reason is also most neglected. This was the eminent economist and Saint-Simonian, Michel Chevalier. One never hears of him; yet he is probably worth more to us, especially at the moment, than all the Tocquevilles, Bryces, Chateaubriands, and Halls put together. I wish I might prevail on the editor of the *Atlantic* to arrange with Professor Chinard, who not only knows our history so well but understands it so thoroughly, to write an essay on Chevalier which should bring him out of a most unmerited obscurity and introduce him to us.

Chevalier, who spent four years among us exactly a century ago, traveling everywhere, has a great deal to say about the blind devotion to expediency which he found prevailing throughout our society. I should like to quote him, but space is against it. He found, in short, that in any circumstances, in any matter small or great, whenever considerations of expediency collided with principle, law, precept, or custom, it was invariably the latter that must give way.

Witnessing these collisions, he would ask such questions as, 'Where are your principles of action? What about

the doctrine set forth in the Declaration of Independence? What about your belief in the natural rights of man?'—and he would get but the one answer, that the action taken in the premises must be regulated by expediency.

Truly, it would seem that Americans of Chevalier's day were temperamentally more ill-fitted for the undertaking of self-government by written statutes, and under a written constitution, than any people who had passed beyond the patriarchal stage of political development. In this very matter of free speech which we are discussing, it is worth remembering that the ink was barely dry on the Bill of Rights when the Sedition Act was passed; and since then the history of free speech in America has pretty well been a history of efforts to show, as Mr. Dooley said, 'that th' Constitution iv th' United States is applicable on'y in such cases as it is applied to on account iv its applicability.'

So I believe it is unquestionably the inveterate devotion to expediency that has left Mr. Russell and myself standing together in this rather forlorn hope for the future of free speech. It is coercion based on expediency that suppresses what we loosely call 'Communist propaganda.' It is coercion based on expediency that enforces silence about this or that flagitious transaction in public affairs; and so on. As an abstract issue, free speech comes in for a good deal of discussion now and then, for instance during the late war, when coercion based on expediency was widely applied; and the general run of argument pro and con is probably well enough known. There is one line of argument, however, that is not often brought out. It proceeds from the fact that while as a rule action based on pure expediency gets the immediate results it aims at, those results always cost a great deal more in the long run

than they are worth; and moreover, the most expensive items in the bill are those that were not foreseen and never thought of.

For example, expediency suggested that the evils of the liquor traffic be suppressed by coercion. It got results, after a fashion, but it got them for us at the price of making corruption and hypocrisy respectable. A heavy price—were they worth it? Again, expediency suggested that the care of our poor be made a government job. It gets results, but at what price? First, the organization of mendicancy and subvention into a permanent political asset. Second, the indoctrination of our whole citizenry with a false and dangerous idea of the State and its functions—that the State is something to be run to in any emergency, trivial or serious, to settle matters out of hand.

This idea encourages, invites, nay, insists upon what Professor Ortega y Gasset rightly calls the gravest danger that to-day threatens civilization: the absorption of all spontaneous social effort by the State. 'When the mass suffers any ill-fortune, or simply feels some strong appetite, its great temptation is that permanent, sure possibility of obtaining everything—without effort, struggle, doubt or risk—merely by touching a button and setting the mighty machine in motion.'

There is no trouble about seeing how deeply our people are penetrated with this idea; even the cartoons in our newspapers show it. I saw one not so long ago, a caricature of the Revolutionary reveille, the fine old picture that everybody knows, of the old man, his son and grandson, marching three abreast, with banner, drum, and fife. The cartoon showed three ill-looking adventurers marching on Washington, and their banner bore the word, 'Gimme.'

This degrading enervation of a whole

people is rather a heavy offset to the benefits gained through a policy of expediency. The devotees of expediency, however, never consider the final cost of their policies; they are after the immediate thing, and that only. Their case was never better put than by Mr. George Horace Lorimer, in his observations on the young man who pawned a razor for fifteen cents to get a shave.

I had a desultory talk with one devotee of expediency not long ago, a good friend and a thoroughly excellent man. He was all worked up over the activities of Communists and what he called pink Socialists, especially in the colleges and churches. He said they were corrupting the youth, and he was strong for having them coerced into silence. I could not see it that way. I told him it seemed pretty clear that Mr. Jefferson was right when he said that the effect of coercion was to make one half the people fools and the other half hypocrites, and to support roguery and error all over the earth; look at Germany and Italy! I thought our youth could manage to bear up under a little corrupting — they always have — and if they were corrupted by Communism, they stood a first-rate chance to get over it, whereas if they grew up fools or hypocrites, they would never get over it.

I added that Mr. Jefferson was right when he said that 'it is error alone which needs the support of government; truth can stand by itself.' One glance at governments anywhere in the world proves that. Well, then, the surest way to make our youth suspect that there may be something in Communism would be for the government to outlaw it.

'That is all very well for Mr. Jefferson,' my friend said, 'but think of this: Some years ago, Emma Goldman went up and down the land, preaching the doctrine of terrorism. A weak-minded

young man heard it, was unbalanced by it, went forth and shot President McKinley. If she had been firmly restrained, that dreadful thing would not have happened.'

'A dreadful thing, truly,' I said, 'but let us try to strike a balance. Don't you think, when all comes to all, that the life of a President, now and then, maybe, — such things seldom happen, — is a moderate price for keeping you free of a civilization made up half of fools and half of hypocrites? Men have thought so before now, and pretty good men too. On the occasion of Shays's Rebellion, Mr. Jefferson said, "If the happiness of the mass of the people can be secured at the expense of a little tempest now and then, or even of a little blood, it will be a precious purchase. *Malo libertatem periculosam quam quietam servitutem.*" Again,' I added, 'you remember that when Sir Robert Peel proposed to organize a police force for London, Englishmen said openly that half a dozen throats cut annually in the Whitechapel district was a cheap price to pay for keeping such an instrument of potential tyranny out of the hands of the government.'

'That sounds rather cold-blooded, but the immense augmentation and strengthening of the police forces in all countries in the past fifty years go far to show that they were right. Get up in one of our industrial centres to-day and say that two and two make four, and if there is any financial interest concerned in maintaining that two and two make five, the police will bash your head in. Then what choice have you, save to degenerate either into a fool or into a hypocrite? And who wants to live in a land of fools and hypocrites?

'Mr. Jefferson was right,' I continued. (I could not resist winding up with a little flourish.) 'Error is the only thing that needs the backing of gov-

ernment, and when you find the government backing anything you are pretty safe in betting that it is an error. Truth is a very proud old girl, and if you or any crew of ignorant blackguards in public office think she cares two pins for your patronage, or that you can put her in debt to you, you have another guess coming. She will look at your little efforts with an amused eye, perhaps give you one or two mild Bronx cheers, and then when she gets around to it — in her own good time, no hurry, she is never in a hurry — she will stand you on your head. Rome, Moscow, and Berlin papers, please copy.'

To be on the popular side at the moment is not especially interesting; the thing is to be on the right side in the long run. As I see it, the best argument for free speech is what the suppression of it does to the character of a people. This is the only thing in the whole contention that interests me, though I have every respect for the Bill of Rights.

Mr. Jefferson said that 'it is the manners and spirit of a people which preserve a republic in vigour. A degeneracy in these is a canker which soon eats to the heart of its laws and constitution.' Nothing promotes this degeneracy more effectively than a check on free speech. We all remember, for example, what the 'spirit of a people' was like in 1917, when free speech was suppressed, and when any low-minded scoundrel might make character for himself by spying and eavesdropping. The Bill of Rights is all very well, so long as it has the manners and spirit of a people behind it; but when these are hopelessly impaired, it is not worth the paper it was written on.

But, as Mr. Jefferson saw clearly, we cannot hope to get something for nothing; and here, I think, is probably the real issue between old-fashioned

persons like Mr. Russell and myself, and the believer in expediency like my good and honored friend whom I have just now cited. My friend unquestionably wants the manners and spirit of our people kept up to par, — it would be a base slander to suggest the contrary, — but when it comes to digging up for it, he boggles at the price; in short, he wants to get something for nothing, and this simply cannot be done. The whole order of nature is against it.

I believe I may count on Mr. Russell being with me when I say that, if the spirit of a people is worth maintaining, we must be prepared to accept the offenses, inconveniences, and injuries incidental to its maintenance. We must take a chance on terrorists, pink Socialists, Communists, and what not; a chance on a fracas or two, on a few youths being corrupted, maybe on losing a President once in a long while, and all the rest of it. Possibly those chances are not quite so desperate as the believer in expediency imagines; I think it very likely. I have a letter just now from a French friend, who says that *quand les Américains se mettent à être nerveux, ils dépassent tout commentaire*; and I too have often thought I noticed something of the kind. However, desperate or not, those chances must be taken.

Julius Cæsar went unattended; he said that life was not worth having at the expense of an ignoble solicitude about it. Considering the outcome, the believer in expediency might say this was quixotic. Yet, on the other hand, it is conceivable that this example was better for the spirit of the Roman people than the spectacle of a *Führer* guarded by squads of secret-service men and plug-uglies. One of the greatest men that England ever produced was Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland; he was killed in the battle of Newbury, at the age of thirty-four. He held the

job of Secretary of State for a year, just when things were warming up nicely for the Civil War. He refused to employ spies or to censor correspondence; he would not open a single private letter. Horace Walpole sneers at this, saying that it 'evinced debility of mind.' Well, no doubt it incurred the chance of considerable inconvenience, even of some injury; but Falkland seemed to think it better to run that chance, rather than turn loose a swarm of sneaking vermin to deprave the spirit of the people.

So the issue is that 'you pays your money and you takes your choice.' The believer in expediency appreciates the benefits of freedom, but thinks they are likely to come too high. The old-style doctrinaire, like myself, is doubtful that they will come so high as all that, but never mind. Let them cost what they may, he is for them. He is for them unreservedly and unconditionally and world without end.

III

Thought on this subject opens the way for a few words about plain language; and here I must part company with Mr. Russell, for nothing in his article warrants the assumption that he would go with me, though he might — his article intimates nothing either way.

I am thinking particularly about the current treatment of public affairs, though in general I wish we were in the habit of conveying our meanings in plain explicit terms rather than by indirection and by euphemism, as we so regularly do. My point is that habitual indirection in speech supports and stimulates a habit of indirection in thought; and this habit, if not pretty closely watched, runs off into intellectual dishonesty.

The English language is of course against us. Its vocabulary is so large,

it is so rich in synonyms, it lends itself so easily and naturally to paraphrase, that one gets up a great facility with indirection almost without knowing it. Our common speech bristles with mere indirect intimations of what we are driving at; and as for euphemisms, they have so far corrupted our vernacular as to afflict us with a chronic, mawkish, and self-conscious sentimentalism which violently resents the plain English name of the realities that these euphemisms intimate. This is bad; the upshot of our willingness to accept a reality, provided we do not hear it named, or provided we ourselves are not obliged to name it, leads us to accept many realities that we ought not to accept. It leads to many and serious moral misjudgments of both facts and persons; in other words, it leads straight into a profound intellectual dishonesty.

The glossary of business has many such euphemisms; for example, when you hear that a concern is being 're-organized,' it means that the concern is bankrupt, unable or unwilling to meet its bills; it is busted. 'Bankruptcy' has, however, become an unfashionable word; we are squeamish and queasy and nasty-nice about using it or hearing it used. We prefer to fall back on the euphemism of 'reorganization.'

The glossary of politics is so full of euphemistic words and phrases — as in the nature of things it must be — that one would suppose politicians must sometimes strain their wits to coin them. For example, when Secretary A. tells Congressman B. that unless he votes right on a certain measure there will be no more pork-barrel funds distributed in his district, that is black-mail, — there is no other name for it, — but we prefer to lump off transactions of this sort under the general and euphemistic term 'patronage.' Sometimes we find a euphemism on a eu-

phemism; for example, what we used to call an indemnity is what our ruder ancestors called booty, plunder, which is precisely what it is. But the word 'indemnity' became in turn unfashionable, for some reason, — overwork, perhaps, — and for the last few years we have been saying 'reparations.' Some literary artist spread himself to give us 'unemployment relief,' when it became evident that the good and sound word 'dole' was a little heavy for our pampered stomachs; and while we all know well enough what 'mandated territory' is, and what 'mandates' are, we are quite indisposed to saying what they are, or to hearing anyone say what they are.

A person never sees so clearly how absurd these euphemisms are until he translates a few of them from another language into his own. The French language has a small vocabulary, and its genius is rather against euphemism, — as much against it as English is for it, — but it can turn out a few very handsome ones. Embezzlement, for instance, is known as an 'indelicacy'; you will read in French newspapers that yesterday's cashier who made off with the contents of the safe 'behaved indelicately.' Italian newspapers, reporting a bad accident on the railway, will begin by telling you that the *Sunrise Express* 'disgraced itself' yesterday morning, at such-and-such time and place; casualties, so-and-so many.

These sound as ridiculous to us as our pet euphemisms must sound to a Frenchman or an Italian; the reason being that all such sophistications of speech are intrinsically ridiculous. They sound silly because they are silly; and, being silly, they are debilitating.

Bad as euphemism is, however, indirection is worse. A writer in the August 1935 *Atlantic* gives this advice to budding newspaper men: —

Even where opinion is admitted, as on the editorial page, fact is often more desirable than opinion. Thus it is better to scrap an editorial calling the mayor a liar and a crook, and to write another which, by reciting facts without using adjectives and without calling names, makes it obvious that the mayor is a liar and a crook.

In the view of journalism, that is first-class good advice, because we are all so accustomed to indirection that a lapse from it affects us unpleasantly and sets us against the person or organ that indulges in any such lapse; and that will not do for journalism, because it makes people stop their subscriptions.

In the view of intellectual integrity, on the other hand, this advice seems to me about the worst imaginable. In the first place, if the mayor is a liar and a crook, saying so is certainly 'reciting facts.' It is not 'calling names,' it is not uttering abuse or vituperation; it is a simple and objective recital of fact, and only a weak and sticky supersensitiveness prevents our seeing it as such.

In the second place, indirection is so regularly the vehicle of propaganda that the use of it marks the man with an axe to grind. The advice which I have just cited contemplates a person who is more concerned with producing an effect on people's minds than he is with the simple expression of truth and fact. This may be good journalism, — I am not entitled to an opinion about that, — but I can find nothing to say for it on general grounds.

After the jury in the Beecher-Tilton trial disagreed, and the case against Beecher had lapsed, Charles Anderson Dana said editorially in the *New York Sun*, 'Henry Ward Beecher is an adulterer, a perjurer, and a fraud; and his great genius and his Christian pretenses only make his sins the more horrible and revolting.' To me that piece of plain language sounds purely

objective. On the one hand, it has not the accent of mere vituperation, it is thoroughly dignified; and on the other, it is not the language of a person who is mainly concerned with wangling somebody into believing something. When Mr. Jefferson wrote that one of his associates in Washington's cabinet was 'a fool and a blabber,' his words, taken in their context, make exactly the same impression of calm, disinterested, and objective appraisal as if he had remarked that the man had black hair and brown eyes.

Or again, while we are about it, let us examine the most extreme example of this sort of thing that I have so far found in English literature, which is Kent's opinion of Oswald, in *King Lear*:—

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch.

Now, considering Kent's character and conduct, as shown throughout the play, I doubt very much that those lines should be taken as merely so much indecent blackguarding. I appeal to Mr. Walter Hampden to say whether I am not right in thinking that an actor who ranted through them in the tone and accent of sheer violent diatribe would ruin his part. Frank Warrin cited those lines the other day, when he was telling me how much he would enjoy a revival of *Lear*, with our gifted friend Bill Parke cast for the part of Kent. He said, 'Can't you hear Bill's voice growing quieter and quieter, colder and colder, deadlier and

deadlier, all the way through that passage?'

Angry as Kent is, and plain as his language is, his tone and manner must carry a strong suggestion of objectivity in order to keep fully up to the dramatist's conception of his rôle.

IV

I repeat that I have no thought of weaving a web of implications to entangle Mr. Russell. I may say, however, how greatly I wish he would go at least some little way with me in the belief that, with the revival of free speech which he so ably urges, there should go a revival of plain language.

When we speak freely, let us speak plainly, for plain speech is wholesome; especially, plain speech about public affairs and public men. Mr. Justice McReynolds gave us a noble specimen of it in his dissenting opinion and his accompanying remarks on the gold-clause decision. Such language has not been heard from the Supreme Bench since the days when John Marshall Harlan used to chew up about half a pound of plug tobacco, just 'to get a good ready,' and then turn loose on his affirming associates with a dissenting opinion that would burn a hole through a rawhide. Nothing like it, indeed, has been heard from any public man in America, as far as I know, since the death of William Jay Gaynor; and it bucked me up almost to the point of believing that there might be some sort of future for the country, after all.

That is the sort of talk we should be hearing on all sides of any and every public question, and with reference to every public man. I have long since given up reading political editorials and the 'interpretations' of political reporters. I detest a flavored stink; and the stench of propaganda that has

been soaked in the musk and patchouli of indirection is peculiarly odious. If these interpreters set out, say, to deal with some public man of rank and responsibility who is on the other side of the political fence, they usually begin by buttering up his good intentions, fine gifts, and excellent character, and then proceed to associate him with some flagrant piece of political rascality, thus by indirection making it appear that he is actually a knave and a dog.

Really, one loses patience with this perpetual and exclusive concern with making people believe something, with 'putting something over,' rather than with plain objective statement. Even the editorial technique of Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk had at least the merit of eschewing indirection.

It seems to me indeed that the association of plain language with free speech is a natural one; that legality

alone is not enough to ensure free speech. Freedom of speech means more than mere freedom under law. It means freedom under a régime of candor and objectivity; freedom under a paramount concern with truth and clearness of statement, rather than a paramount concern with making one's statements acceptable to the whims and sentimentalisms of an enervated people.

This thought tempts me to go on and examine some specific infringements on the relation between freedom of speech and plainness of language; it brings Jeremy Bentham back to mind, with his chapter on what he calls 'impostor-terms.' But this article is already too long, and I must end it here.

If my editor's patience holds out, I may take the matter up again some day hereafter, and carry it on from where I now leave it.

HOW BRITAIN DOES IT

BY H. B. ELLISTON

I

So firmly implanted is the notion that in getting out of depression Britain has let nature take its course that a year ago President Roosevelt felt constrained to take notice of it. In one of his fireside talks to the nation he attempted to defend economic planning in a democracy by citing Britain's example. The citation misfired. To the sensitive bankers it seemed as if he were using his story as a stick with which to beat the American banks. All that the President said in this connection was, 'Let it be recorded that the British bankers helped.'

There may or may not have been an implication in that sentence. If there was an implication, it was wide of the mark. The American banks have helped the American Government more than the British banks have helped the British Government. In Great Britain the taxpayers foot the recovery bill; in the United States the reliance is partly upon the taxpayers, the bankers in the main financing the recovery budget. To this extent the American banks had no difficulty in proving that their record — whether willingly or otherwise — was far better than that of the British banks. But the fact that Britain has a budget balanced by the taxpayers does not destroy the President's main contention. In this he was abundantly right; Britain is certainly not recovering on what Mr. Roosevelt called do-nothingness.

The use of the word 'recovery' in

reference to Great Britain requires some statistical proof. In modern countries budget makers rely upon industrial production as the most representative single index of recovery, because industry will not produce without a market. In Great Britain this index is now above the 1929 level. The achievement might seem incredible to Americans, to whom 1929 has assumed the proportions of the unattainable. In Britain, however, the contrast is not so amazing as it sounds. The year 1929 was not the end of a prosperous, if somewhat gaudy, era in Britain as it was in America. Conditions across the Atlantic were still rated as subnormal. Then what is the best year on which to base British improvement? The year 1926, putative year of American normality, was the year of the general strike in Britain. That, therefore, must be ruled out. The next year, 1927, would be better. If we juxtapose the American record for 1926 and to-day, the British record may be seen in perspective. League of Nations figures are used.

	1926	1927	1935 (August)
United Kingdom	101.2	109.9	
United States	97.3		77.5

As compared with the norm, then, Britain is nearly 9 per cent better off, while America is still 20 per cent behind. Since August both countries have improved their positions, with the United States probably leading in rate of improvement.

It is often said that the American crisis transcended the usual crisis associated with the business cycle. The statement, I believe, is valid. In dropping into the trough of the business cycle, the United States discovered that the settlement of the last horizontal frontier had robbed it of the traditional method of getting out of depression — namely, by moving west. One could await one's turn for Upton Sinclair's bounty. Or, as Stuart Chase says, one could carry a spear in Hollywood. But in 1929 America's *colonizing* character had disappeared, and, consequently, for the first time it tailed into a business down turn on the European capitalistic model. The realization created bewilderment. Policy backed and filled under Mr. Hoover. Confidence, or the spirit of enterprise, which Professor D. H. Macgregor, in his *Enterprise, Purpose, and Profit*, gives first place as a turning point in the business cycle, remained a will-o'-the-wisp. It was made even shyer by Mr. Roosevelt's reformism. Enterprisers were positively frightened, not to say repelled, while Mr. Roosevelt was putting the country through a kind of 'European' adjustment with such devices as unemployment insurance, collective bargaining, minimum wages, and relief, to which European enterprisers had already grown accustomed.

Britain, too, had its fundamental crisis transcending the business cycle. Just as the United States was faced with the problem of the change that had come over itself, so Britain was faced with the problem of the change that had come over the world. Britain found itself out on a limb in a very bleak world. Its system was the antithesis of what economists call a closed system. Upon an economic cosmopolitanism it had depended for its prosperity. When the nations started to shut themselves in and others out, Britain's plight became desperate.

II

The world, as the British saw it in pre-crisis days, was well-nigh perfect. It was tied to specialization of labor. Will Rogers once illustrated this principle with a homely illustration. 'If ten men went on a hunting trip,' he wrote, 'you would soon learn which was the best cook, and which the surest hunter to bring in the meat. You would find that each excelled in something useful to all. Now nations are just so many men like that. Each can produce something better or cheaper than the rest.' It was the British way. While Britain ran the ships, the banks, the brokerage business, and fabricated machine-made goods for the world, it was quite content to allow other peoples to grow its food and mine the raw materials for its mechanized industries.

The arrangement was extremely profitable to Great Britain. It was rendered advantageous by the measure of the difference in the living standards between a banker and a miner or a field laborer. Nothing is wider of the mark than to say that Britain supported economic cosmopolitanism for the sake of cosmopolitanism. National policies respond to the demands of national well-being.

But the arrangement was fair as well as profitable, to the extent that the wider the market of exchanges, the more prosperous the exchangers. Consequently, with a perfect sense of national and world interest in mind, David Hume, the precursor of free trade, could say, 'I shall therefore venture to acknowledge that, not only as a man, but as a British subject, I pray for the flourishing commerce of Germany, Spain, Italy, and even France itself. I am at least certain that Great Britain, and all those nations, would flourish more did their sovereigns and ministers adopt such enlarged

and benevolent sentiments toward each other.' *Not only as a man, but as a British subject* — Hume knew on which side the British as well as the world's bread was buttered.

The perfection of this arrangement from the British standpoint is testified by my early life. No community could have been more provincial than my own in Yorkshire. There was a rigidity in our lives that turned people even in the next county into 'foreigners.' And yet in our economic habits we were completely cosmopolitan. Our county subsisted on foreign buying of our woolens. In return my mother, whose dislike of foreigners was intense, would load our table with practically everything foreign: Danish bacon, Irish potatoes, New Zealand lamb (the famed English lamb was too expensive for a big family), Ceylon tea, bread made of wheat from the United States and Canada. The British housewife, indeed, put a girdle around the world, as Professor Herbert Heaton phrases it. Only the eggs and the secondary vegetables, as I recall, were our very own. Even the wool that was used at the mill came from the Argentine. It was with such an exchange that large families were raised and well cared for. If the family grew too large, then one or other of the more adventurous would seek his fortune in the New World or the 'Colonies.' In the economic sense this human export was a kind of final balancer.

Perhaps this exchange system would have been disrupted without the war. But the war expedited the disruption. It divided two eras. With the home mills turned into munition making, other countries had perforce to make the manufactures that Britain had supplied, to fetch and carry for themselves, to rely on their own banking and brokerage services.

All would have been well if, after the war, these nations had dropped their

new work and resumed their old work exclusively. But peacetime Britain entered a new world. To the old compulsion to do the work that Britain formerly did for these nations had been joined new pressures to continue to do it. The new goods were 'poore things but mine own.' That is to say, economic nationalism had become the new god. It combined as many economic functions as possible within the state even if the state itself had to go into business to obtain them. It was a pathological flowering of the romantic nationalism of the seventeenth and the eighteenth century.

The initial attempts of these countries to do for themselves what they had allowed Britain to do for them brought a wry smile to British faces. Just after the war, matches made in Japan would not strike; pencils were found with only bits of lead at either end; crates of foreign-style crockery would be opened with cups divorced from their handles; a Japanese ship had to be weighted on one side to keep it from keeling over. All industrial neophytes had gone through this experience. Mr. Gustavus Myers has just reminded us that at one time the English Parliament had to pass legislation forbidding spurious work by goldsmiths, by silversmiths, by weavers, by watchmakers. These watchmakers actually used to export watches minus the movements. But British salesmen are not historically-minded.

It was the spread of mechanical skill that made the first dent in the self-satisfaction of the British. For some time they tried to comfort themselves with the explanation of cheap labor. Cheaper labor, however, counts only when it is united to efficiency. In 1868 Sir Charles Dilke, after a world tour, explained the main lesson gathered from his tour in these words: 'I have seen everywhere the man whose food costs four shillings a day victorious

over the man whose food costs fourpence.' To-day the relative cost of the food remains more or less the same. But whereas a Lancashire weaver, whose work constituted Britain's premier export, could turn out manyfold the work done by a Japanese, to-day there is nothing to choose between the mechanical skill of the two, and the Japanese thus finds his cheaper food a competitive advantage. The paralleling of skill is, of course, limited. But, in deference to the demands of an economic nationalism, a lack of aptitude in other pursuits did not prevent Japan from subsidizing them in order either to foster more aptitudes or to produce uneconomically for 'national' reasons.

After the war I noticed the change at first hand in the Far East. Textile men talked incessantly about the competition from Japan. Cotton men were positively afraid. Even the proud woolen men, drummers of the last British preëminence, saw a threat to themselves on the far horizon. Their number dwindled at the opulent clubs dotted on the China Seas from Yokohama to Singapore. Before I had left the Far East, British scouts were actually trying to find out the mysteries of improved looms installed in the Japanese mills. 'The flight of the born leader from the Machine,' warned the doleful Spengler, 'is beginning.' Adding insult to injury, the new industrial countries began to compete with Britain inside the British market.

I have used Japan merely as an example of what Britain's traditional customers were doing in greater or less degree. America was, of course, a much mightier sign of the economic transformation that time and opportunity had wrought. After the war the United States had actually come to share the British throne in terms of economic strength and political power. Nor was the urge to do for themselves what had hitherto been done for them

limited to the non-British world. Inside the Empire the same revolution was going on. The stocktaking after the crisis revealed its extent. Of the entire Australian production, formerly given over to wool and wheat, one third to-day is in manufactures. This figure is three times more than in pre-war days. South Africa, with about the same output as Australia, shows an even greater increase, its manufactures being six times the pre-war total. Canada, the most industrialized of the Dominions, has more than doubled its industrial production. India is producing the bulk of its requirements of iron, steel, and cement; it has doubled its output of cotton yarn, and there is a twelvefold increase in the looms necessary to weave that yarn into piece goods. The same rapid industrialization is reported in New Zealand and in that country which had almost been incorporated into the economic empire — Argentina.

What this meant in the more human terms of exchange is plain. The British continued to buy their wool from Australia and Argentina, but they could not sell back the fabricated garments. The Dominions continued to import yarn, but only for the purpose of feeding looms tended by Dominion weavers. Iron and steel self-sufficiency left whole areas in the North of England so desolate as to inspire a macabre literature. This loss of 'rough' cargo laid up millions of tons of British shipping and re-created the wartime phrase 'devastated areas' to apply to the shipbuilding areas in North Britain. Shipping and shipbuilding form Great Britain's greatest industry.

III

What was happening on the export side of the British ledger is fairly well known. The profound changes on the import side are not so generally ap-

preciated. For a long time British industrialization marched side by side with a heavily protected market in agricultural staples. This darkened the conditions of the masses so grievously that the 1840's are still called in British history the 'hungry forties.' Out of the trouble sprang the great Cobdenite agitation, which ultimately resulted in the repeal of the corn (wheat) laws in 1846. From then on, Britain gradually threw off all its protective duties till its system had become part of the world system. The declared policy of the country consisted in obtaining food supplies for its inhabitants at the lowest possible figure in a free market.

To be safe the system depended as much on free competitive conditions in the world's food market as on control of the seas. It was dangerous living. The war revealed the danger. Britain's navy proved highly vulnerable to undersea warfare. At the height of the submarine campaign Britain found itself with only a two weeks' supply of wheat. It was a narrow squeak about which those in the know still speak with wonder. After the war Britain resigned sea dominion for parity with America. That in itself upset one of the props of the British system. But what made more impression on economic thinkers than even this change was the metamorphosis in the marketing of foodstuffs upon which British households depended. Monopoly in the sale of food to Britain took the place of free markets.

Sir Samuel Hoare in his speeches about the Italo-Ethiopian crisis has revived interest in this vital subject. To him the monopolistic control of raw materials appears to be the basic cause of war. Italy had made the same statement in the same place as far back as 1920. In the Stevenson rubber scheme, Britain played this game as well as any other 'have' country. Tin is a present-day example. But Britain

has had plenty of experience on the side of the victims. In wheat, of which it was importing 80 per cent of its requirements as late as 1928, it had to face a world where combines, with power to withhold supplies, had taken the place of free farmers. In Canada there was the Wheat Pool; in the United States, Mr. Hoover's Farm Board; in Argentina, two dominant foreign firms; in Australia, more pools; and in Russia, a state trading organization. They introduced the device of the carry-over. As Mr. A. H. Hurst, in his book *The Bread of Britain*, says, 'When free competition no longer obtains, not only is the buyer opposing marked cards, but there is no certainty that those cards may ever be called.' Even now Britain is on tenterhooks as to the wheat-selling policy of Canada, which, in consequence of crop failures elsewhere, holds the dominant position in the export market.

National thought is less resilient than events. There is always what the economists delight to call a 'lag.' Britain either could not see its developing crisis or refused to see it. Slogans took the place of policies after the war. Back to 'normalcy' could be heard in Britain as in the United States. But normalcy for Britain was different from normalcy for the United States. Comparatively the tight little island was 'chained in infirmity.' Nevertheless, if America could go back to normalcy, so could Britain. I am never certain how much in British policy is due to the ostrich and how much to the defiant but battle-torn lion.

In 1925 the British added several more links to the chain by 'looking the dollar in the face' — that is, by tying the pound to the dollar at the pre-war value of \$4.86. 'Why the conditions of 1913 should be regarded as normal any more than those of 1927 or 1928 or any other date has never been explained,' commented the Right Honor-

able Reginald McKenna, leading British banker. The decision signified the hoisting of Humpty Dumpty to an artificial eminence. Specifically British goods, hard enough to sell in a world of economic nationalism, were made even harder for foreigners to buy. By the same token, foreign goods became more expensive. In 1926 the late Lord Melchett, leading British industrialist, in his book *Industry and Politics*, said, 'It has been calculated — I think correctly — by various authorities that one result of the return to the gold export standard, a result of the rise in the pound in relation to the dollar, is to add between 1s. 9d. and 2s. to the price of every ton of coal we export from South Wales.' No wonder that in the North of England one heard it said that peace 'broke out' when war ended.

What industry lost in the fateful decision, finance, of course, gained. Britain is a great creditor country, and the effect of adding a few cubits to Humpty Dumpty's stature was to ensure the payment of overseas debts to Britain in more valuable pounds. It was the triumph of the City at the expense of industry — the triumph, that is, of finance internationalism. But the enterpriser is vastly more important to economic society than the bondholder. This slowly dawned on British minds. Looking back in 1931, the Macmillan Committee remarked: 'The actual situation which was disclosed in the years following the return to gold marks that step as the beginning of a new series of difficulties for our trade and industry.' By that time the British depression had run into the world depression.

Let us now recapitulate the causes of the British crisis: (1) the breakdown in nineteenth-century world trade; (2) the return to a too high exchange for the pound; (3) the world depression — a triple shock from which the British system, traditionally as solid as the

Rock of Gibraltar, was shaken as it had never been shaken since the height of its Victorian glory. The Macmillan Committee, reporting in midsummer 1931, proclaimed the British difficulty from the housetops. Its report became a best seller, especially among foreigners with investments in England. It was implied that Britain was living beyond its international income. Since 1913, imports of food and raw materials had grown by 18 per cent. The exports of manufactures with which these imports were bought, however, had gone down 32 per cent. Human labor as well as the results of it had been shut out. Services had gone down correspondingly. Foreigners noted at the same time that the British domestic budget was getting out of balance, as well as its international accounts. They rushed to withdraw their British holdings. The run became so great that at last the Bank of England closed its paying-out windows. No more gold could be had; Britain was off the gold standard. And on that day in September 1931 the British tore up its history, and began to write a new volume based upon an entirely new concept of national interest.

IV

Britain has a habit of indulging in its crises calmly. At the time there is the minimum of excitement. The run on England's gold in 1931 was different from that in other countries in that the natives held aloof from it. Paul Einzig believes that the British character is at its best in emergency because it is unaware that an emergency exists. An illustration of this trait came to my attention several days after the British severed the link connecting the pound with foreign currencies. A hotel clerk in London had been in the habit of giving guests departing for the Continent the gratuitous service of exchanging their pounds into continental

money. He gave up the custom before the end of September, 1931. As he explained, 'It's become too difficult since those foreign currencies started to jump up and down!' Here was an unawareness of anything untoward happening to the pound. But the unawareness was partly compounded of a blind faith that nothing *could* happen to the pound. Britons who had sworn by gold the day before changed their allegiance to the pound overnight. We all wondered at the obedience with which the British responded to the invitation of the Royal Mint to sell their golden trinkets for pounds that were just beginning to depreciate in terms of gold. Then came the line-up to pay income tax before due dates. That was a miracle!

A character such as this was a tremendous economic asset to a nation engaged in revamping its economic system. There are many economists who seek the explanation of the entire business cycle in 'the mutual generation of optimism and pessimism.' Others call the business cycle the credit — that is, confidence — cycle. How much more important is confidence in the staging of a revolution!

Another natural advantage accruing to Britain at this critical stage in its history lay in the possession of a permanent and expert Civil Service. In England no class or profession is held in higher respect than its government officials. The most gifted boy in school in Britain is marked out for official life. Cecil Rhodes imagined that the granting of Oxford scholarships to the cream of American youth would be sufficient in itself to lead them to Washington. He failed to realize the superior drawing power of business and the professions. Graham Wallas's remark comes to mind when one thinks of the new economic responsibility with which democracies are saddling their government workers: 'Britain's soli-

tary contribution to political theory lies in Gladstone's establishment of the Civil Service Commission in 1870.' Before that year England had the same kind of 'political clearance' system as prevails under Farleyism. The source of jobs and jobbery was well called the Paymaster-General. An independent Civil Service is as fundamental to any economic enterprise guided by the state as mechanics are to machinery.

The task of the new Britain was twofold. In its international life it had once more to live within its income and to *readjust* itself in an economically nationalistic world. And *recovery* had to be forced by government action.

The British, freed from the fear of foreigners, began to use the off-gold, or national, pound as a weapon to improve their international balance. More exports had to be encouraged. Imports had to be impeded. To stimulate exports the pound was allowed to depreciate to a natural level. Some critics say that on occasion the pound has been beaten down below that level for the purpose of aiding British exports — that is to say, the British after 1931 have been suspected of going to the other extreme from that of 1925! The facts are screened behind the bland façade of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. One thing is clear. Monetary policy no longer is so imposed as to throttle the energies of enterprise. The Midland Bank of London considers this change the most important in the last twenty years. In its last review it notes that neither the British Government nor the Bank of England regards the maintenance of the sterling paper pound at its old parity with the gold pound — or, indeed, at any particular gold value — as the dominant objective of monetary policy. The pound has depreciated *on the foreign exchanges* 40 per cent without exciting even a sigh from Humpty Dumpty's former guardians. At home it has stayed constant in

purchasing power. Thus British goods have been produced at one price level and sold at a lower price level — just the reverse of the situation between 1925 and 1931. The benefits have been partly nullified by all manner of protective devices in the customer countries, but there has been a little improvement in foreign purchases of British goods.

The greatest improvement has occurred in sales to the countries which have tied their currencies to the British pound. So great was Britain's power in the world market that a number of currencies flocked to its standard. But this was not the only reason for the attraction. The desire for inter-valuation relations with England even after the pound had toppled off its golden throne is a tribute to the fact noted by Knapp in his *State Theory of Money* that it was not the gold standard *per se* which spread after 1871, but the *English monetary system*. So around British policy there arose a new monetary world that the late Sir Basil Blackett called Sterlingaria. Countries which one by one were dragged off the gold standard gravitated to the paper pound as an anchor for their own paper currencies. Over one third of the world's export trade is now conducted in sterling currencies. It is a new kind of monetary union which has the same effect in encouraging business as a customs union. From 1932 to 1935, Sterlingaria's proportion of total British exports has risen from 12.4 per cent to 16 per cent. British management seems to have attained a measurable degree of success in this double-barreled effort to prevent home costs from rising to the point where they would nullify the cheaper pound abroad.

In the disrupted state of the world, however, the greater hope of creating a better balance in Britain's international trade lay in limiting imports rather than in stimulating exports. This involved a most spectacular change in British policy. Britain abandoned Richard Cobden and free trade. Its own market became as protected as the markets from which British producers had been extruded. A tariff system is generally the beginning of economic planning, though, to hear some American manufacturers talk, one would imagine that it is the fundamental principle of *laissez faire*. No interference can be more comprehensive than that afforded by the tariff. The British, as will presently appear, faced this logic by using what Alexander Hamilton frankly called a bounty system for manufacturers as the justification for comprehensive interferences. They began by making the tariff a very flexible instrument. Under four heads they put a blanket duty on practically all imports, with the view of protecting home industry; negotiated a schedule of preferences with the Dominions; heavily protected key industries upon which the economic nationalism of the world had pressed most harshly; and negotiated particular bargaining rates with sterling standard and other countries.

The result has been a drop in imports (except food and raw materials) much sharper than the rise in exports. Thus the two sides of the ledger have again been brought into a comfortable balance. We can see as yet only the achievements on goods account; here the import surplus has been whittled down from the crisis year of 1931 by 30 per cent.

(How Great Britain shapes her policy to meet transformed conditions will be explained by Mr. Elliston next month)

MR. PENNYFEATHER ON SKIING

BY DONALD MOFFAT

I

SKIING may be and doubtless has been described as a new form of snobbery, an exercise in exhibitionism, the last resort of the muscular feeble-minded, a purveyor of thrills, a religion, a fad of the moment, and many another harsh or paradoxical epithet. And, accurate though some of these charges may be, it is nevertheless equally true that, almost alone among sports, skiing consists solely of fanatics. Poverty, disablement, marriage, or some such calamity may put him on the shelf for a time, but the axiom still holds generally good: once a skier, always a skier. And this becomes doubly curious when one considers that a man on skis is almost always a man tired, or scared, or both.

My friend Mr. Oscar Pennyfeather, with whom I frequently discuss these matters, agrees with me. Pennyfeather would be the first to admit that he himself is an indifferent skier — a magnificently indifferent skier. How he has come to assume his rôle of oracle is, therefore, a matter of mystery; perhaps it is because he compensates for his lack of skill by a singular adroitness in ski controversy and a mind firmly closed to opposing opinions. He beckoned to me from his favorite corner in the club the other day. We talked skiing, of course.

'Take the novice,' he said, in his habitually clear and resonant voice. 'I once met a young chap who really

tried to take up skiing in a spirit of calm inquiry; he was honestly determined to ski temperately. No good. It's the same with every beginner. Once his boot has felt the grip of the binding, once he has glided softly down a little untracked slope and heard the hiss of the dry snow against his skis, he is lost forever. He tries it again, he gets the feel of the thing; his skill increases, his knowledge expands, confidence and passion gather in his breast; he looks for longer, steeper slopes; he learns to complain of the snow, and masters the art of vituperative argument; he spends most of his money and all his time — spare, or stolen — in the mountains; he takes a few lessons, learns how to turn and stop voluntarily instead of by accident; he scans the weather reports, eagerly reads textbooks on the art, bores his non-skiing friends half to death, is shunned by them, gives not a single damn.'

Mr. Pennyfeather is right. And yet skiing is such a simple art, essentially: sliding downhill. Why all this passion? Control is the answer. Skiing is the art of *controlling the speed* of the body when said body is mounted on two strips of wood turned up at the ends and made deliberately slippery by the application of beeswax; this is the common denominator of skiing in all its forms, from winning a downhill race at the rate of a minute or two for each thousand feet of descent to sliding unstead-

ily down the fourth fairway at the country club. Fresh snow, hickory wood, and beeswax, besides smelling and feeling nice, have a natural affinity for one another; they are elemental substances; and the triumph over their joint and silent conspiracy to throw man on his neck is somehow, for this very reason, a more than ordinarily satisfactory one.

Furthermore, the skier is solitary on his skis, more than in any other sport dependent on himself alone. He has no stubborn horse to cope with, no mechanical contraption like a gun or a backstay or an engine to refuse to work at the critical moment, no human competitor trying to trip him or trick him, as in so many games. No, your skier is all alone with his God and his skis, engaged in an endless campaign to resolve the differences between two eternally antagonistic forces — gravity and control. When he fails, the failure is his own. When he succeeds, it is his own personal triumph, no less sweet if a minor one, for in the art of skiing the degree of one's pleasure bears no relation to one's skill. The beginner's very first successful run, indeed, with a timid christy or two on the way down and a neat little stop-turn at the bottom, is likely to give him the proudest moment of his career.

II

When Mr. Pennyfeather and I speak of skiing, we really mean ski running — that is, sliding downhill on snow, the branch of the art which in New England certainly, and probably all over northern America too, numbers nine out of ten of all skiers. To your true addict, ski jumping, for instance, bears the same relationship to skiing that fancy diving does to swimming: very pretty, but unimportant. Though the downhill runner has immense respect for the jumper as a jumper, and ad-

mires his nerve no end, he believes that his specialty has nothing to do with skiing. He really has a greater feeling of kinship for the honest plodding snowshoer than for the jumper. The cross-country race he recognizes for what it is, a magnificent test of stamina and ability with the element of thrill largely extracted; but for his own part he is content to leave the langlauf to the Scandinavians, who are quite unbeatable at it and who, moreover, are the people who have his gratitude for acting as midwife and nurse to the skiing tradition in this country.

Wherever snow falls on mountains in the United States, downhill skiing is king. New Englanders happened to be the first to recognize its sovereignty, and with the encouragement of such pioneer organizations as the Dartmouth Outing Club, the much older Appalachian Mountain Club (which has recently added skiing to its major interest of mountaineering), and the Ski Club Hochgebirge, its domination has become absolute. That the general level of ski running is higher in New England than elsewhere is demonstrated by the fact that five out of the six members of the recently chosen Olympian Downhill Team are New Englanders; the sixth is from the State of Washington, where the reputedly magnificent conditions will doubtless soon enough enable the Westerners to catch up. It is easy to show that skiing is alive and kicking hereabouts — so vigorous, in fact, that news of it has even reached New York, as new ideas eventually do.

Whatever the beginner's original motives, whether he goes into it for his health, or excitement, or amusement, or because he thinks it fashionable, the outcome is the same. Skiing makes him feel the way a king ought to feel, a triumphant king, full of conquest and glory, undefeated. Just because he has proved that he can slide downhill on a

couple of strips of wood without falling! Strange, mad, mysterious, unreasonable — but true!

III

The first Boston and Maine snow train left the North Station on January 11, 1931, with 197 self-conscious and rather defiant passengers; on succeeding week-ends eleven other trains steamed north to dump 8174 Sunday skiers on the snowy slopes of the White Mountains. It is probable that among the pioneers of 1931 were relatively few absolute novices. These were quickly manufactured; for four years later, during the winter of 1934-1935, fifty-eight trains were operated, and carried nearly 18,000 passengers. The snow-train patrons probably represent a small proportion of New England's actual devotees. There are sixty-odd ski clubs affiliated with the United States Eastern Amateur Ski Association, and many a village in the White and Green Mountains has its own less formal organization, consisting of every able-bodied man and girl in town and a good many of their grandmothers.

From the larger cities the week-end stream of automobiles is appreciably thickened by cars bristling with skis and packed with skiers who see nothing extraordinary in driving four or five hours on Saturday afternoon in zero weather, over roads slippery and bumpy from ice and frost heave, spending the night at farm or boarding house, skiing like mad all day Sunday, and driving home again that night. As long as the snow lasts this goes on, week-end after week-end. On the last day of March, 1935, 288 cars waited at the foot of the Tuckerman Ravine Trail on Mount Washington for the thousand-odd maniacs who had motored anywhere up to two hundred miles, and climbed three thousand feet up into the Ravine, merely to watch a downhill race. Understandable at the

beginning of the season — but at the end!

Boston's two leading ski shops sold between them in the neighborhood of three thousand pairs of best-quality skis last winter, at prices ranging from ten to twenty-five dollars for the skis alone, not counting sticks, bindings, steel edges, boots, clothing, and all manner of special gadgets that every skier itches to try at least once. Nor are the country people unaware of their opportunities. Rival Chambers of Commerce bid actively for the snow trains; snow carnivals are rife and getting rifer; and many an honest farmer has turned the front parlor into a dining room, freshened up the spare bedrooms, sent Elmer to town for more pork and oranges, and nailed a tourist sign to the old elm by the gate. He knows — or ought to, by this time — that the average skier does n't care what he eats or sleeps on so long as the snow is good and the house not too far from the skiing grounds.

The nearest thing to an official register of New England ski trails for 1935 listed fifty-five in New Hampshire, sixteen in Massachusetts, and fifteen in Vermont, open slopes not included. These eighty-six are real ski trails, cut through the mountain forests for skiing only, trails made purposely steep and difficult for the expert, or easy for the novice. The shortest has a vertical descent of five hundred feet; the longest, from the summit of Mount Washington, and practicable only in late March and April, a drop of forty-five hundred feet. Many of them were originally lumber roads and foot trails, widened enough to make them skiable; but a few of the more recently built, like the Richard Taft at Franconia, the Wildcat at Pinkham Notch, Hell's Highway on Mount Moosilauke, the Thunderbolt on Mount Greylock in the Berkshires, are real ski runs, steep, wide, and

hair-raising enough without the added menace of the encompassing forest. But, good as they are, there is nothing in the East that gives the skier even the approximation of his ideal, the Alps above timber line; and there never will be, though he is doing his best, with the help of Federal funds and state aid, to achieve it. For every honest ski runner takes it as axiomatic that the sooner every tree is stripped from the White Mountains the better. Trees are a nuisance — off with their heads! The trails are a hopeful beginning, of course; but only that. I venture to say that few ski runners travel the Taft Trail without giving secret thanks for the unhappy set of circumstances which brought the CCC boys there to build it. They may not admit it even to themselves, but their smile speaks for them: here, it says, is good, in visible form, come out of evil.

IV

Skiing is in its youth in New England, and youth, if I am correctly informed, is partial to speed and lots of it. The current ideal is not one or two perfect runs a day, earned laboriously by upward striving, but as many runs as possible at the greatest speed attainable, preferably with the uphill part accomplished by means of a rope tow. No matter if the surface of the trail turns to glare ice before the day is half done; no matter if the crowd is so great that an uninterrupted run is out of the question: the thing to-day is to get down that hill fast, faster than the next man, then up to the top and down again instantly. Only one group, so far as I am aware, has set its face against the current trend; this is the Ski Club Alte Bürger, a group of venerable ladies and gentlemen who believe in moderation in almost all things, whose speed limit is fifteen miles an hour, and whose avowed purpose it is, according

to their constitution, 'to bring to the noble sport of skiing the mature and mellowing influence of old age, and . . . to act as an antidote with the general public to . . . organizations of *good* skiers.' It cannot be affirmed, however, that the beneficent influence of these worthy old parties has so far been deeply effective. Figuratively and literally they are swept aside in the craze for speed; and many a young Boston bonesetter is now driving his own horse and carriage on the revenue derived from his Monday-morning business alone. It is said that the cripples queue up for blocks along Beacon Street on winter Mondays, and that the grisly symphony of bones and cartilages snapping back into place may be heard, when the wind is right, clear across the frosty Charles.

This mania for speed is at once a sign of the sport's infancy here and its principal mark of distinction from Central European skiing. In Austria and the Alps, skiing has been established long enough for its practitioners to take speed or leave it alone. Thus we find the Austrians, for example, scorning as one man the Swiss for their childish preoccupation with such toys as badges, clubs, medals, comparative ranking, and similar artificial spurs to progress, and the British for their obsession with racing and the competitive side of skiing in general. (The Ski Club of Great Britain recognizes one hundred and thirty-four fixtures for the season of 1935–1936, of which fifty-three will be held at Mürren and Wengen.) The Britishers in turn feel polite regret that a race as charming as the Austrians should be so indifferent to racing, so taken up with pure form and the art-for-art's-sake attitude. And it is generally true that the Austrians' interest in skiing is æsthetic rather than competitive. They have developed — and, under the ægis of Hannes Schneider of St. Anton in the Arlberg, standardized

— the most practical, the most easily taught, and, in the opinion of many, the most beautiful technique for downhill running. It is perhaps not too broad a generalization to declare that they think of skiing, primarily, as a way of getting up into the mountains and enjoying themselves.

It is in the Austrian nature to prefer grace of execution to mere daredeviltry. To them the uphill work is as much part of the game as the down, the technique of climbing and mountaineering as important as that of running. Perhaps that is why there are so few funiculars in Austria. One sees there the most beautiful downhill runners in the world, from the point of view of pure form. In Switzerland one sees the fastest. But the Austrians do not care to spend the necessary weeks in training and practising for the big meets, as the Swiss champions do; therefore the Swiss usually — though not last year — beat them, and therefore look down upon them a little in their turn, but not with so much scorn that they have been unwilling to tear leaves by the handful from the Austrian manual of instruction. The recently formed (1932) Association Suisse des Clubs de Ski now maintains standard ski schools in fifty-four different Swiss resorts, at which they teach what is virtually the Arlberg technique, with certain frills added. Interest is maintained by a graduated system of classifications, tests, badges, and so on. The Swiss system is a good one, and the schools have made an excellent beginning; but because the Austrian instructors are so much more experienced in their method and in the actual practice of teaching, and also because they concentrate more thoroughly on the basic elements of technique, I think it fair to say that it is still possible to learn to ski more quickly in the Arlberg than anywhere else.

The Scandinavians, of course, look

upon all the Europeans with the amused tolerance of those who learn to ski as they learn to walk — instinctively. The average Norwegian can no more tell you, in words, how to 'do a christy' than you or I could explain the familiar mechanics of breathing; Norwegians have never known how *not* to do a christy. Their competitive impulses find outlet in ski jumping and cross-country racing, and in these specialties they have no equals. Jumping is their art form of skiing, as the *langlauf* is their endurance form. The great Alpine sport of downhill racing is only just beginning to be accepted in the Scandinavian countries, I am told; indeed, the first formal downhill meet was held in Norway as recently as three years ago.

The late Viscount Knebworth, one of the recent British 'greats,' describing in the *British Ski Year Book* for 1933 a trip to the Swedish skiing country, found that his elderly host's notion of a day on skis was to pick a mountain ten or fifteen miles away and ski round it; and try as he might he could hardly keep up to his companion, who sauntered along with his hands in his pockets as if he were out for a walk — which, as a matter of fact, he was. 'I must confess,' says Knebworth, 'that after eighteen kilometres across comparatively flat country I learnt to appreciate the Scandinavian doctrine, at which we in the Alps have always found cause for laughter, that a downhill slope should be used for the purpose of resting.'

To take sides in such friendly racial controversies is good fun, but it does n't get you anywhere. The wise novice will follow his own bent. If he has strong legs, no nerves, and the universal native itch for competition, he will naturally gravitate toward downhill racing and its complementary test of adroitness, the slalom. If young enough, he may turn also to the pure

thrill of jumping. The average skier will continue to find his greatest felicity in simple downhill running, in a big way if possible, in a small way if not. During a trip abroad the practical-minded will certainly prefer the larger resorts, not for their greater comfort, but because the large resorts usually have funiculars to carry one up the mountain, and your practical-minded fanatic begrudges every instant he is n't downward bound. Those of a gentler or more romantic turn will shun the popular centres like poison. It is they who support the small, unspoiled, out-of-the-way hotels and country inns, which they use as bases for lonely, leisurely climbs and runs on the untracked snow of the high mountain shoulders.

Nor must we forget the submerged nine tenths, the vast army of camp followers; if it were not for them the mountain hotels could not afford to stay open. They really make the whole sport possible. Camp followers may be defined as carnivorous members of both sexes who are seen, clad in impeccable 'sports costumes,' in the lobbies, sun verandahs, and bars of the smart hotels. You may see their fashionable faces and pretty clothes in the rotogravures, their names in the society columns. Sometimes they even put in an appearance on the local nursery slopes, where they subject themselves and others to death by impact and apoplectic rage. Why they ever attempt to mingle their shriveled egos with a substance so elemental and unsympathetic as snow is truly puzzling. Probably because it is currently the smart thing to do — a theory that finds confirmation in the fact that they behave just as they do in Florida or on the Riviera at the proper season: drink a little, flirt a little, dance, bridge, shop, and, instead of playing golf and tennis, occasionally flop about in the snow.

The females — who are so rife at the

European resorts that in Austria, at least, a special name has been coined for them: *Skihaserl*, or ski-rabbit — the females, I say, do more: they fall in love with their teachers. In fact, the amorous propensity of the *Skihaserl* is recognized by the instructors as an occupational hazard, like stonecutters' tuberculosis. The average instructor — young, bronzed, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted, clear-eyed, a poem of strength and grace in motion — thinks nothing of having a dozen pretty women of as many different nationalities, all hating one another's eyes, in love with him at once. The teachers take it as part of the day's work, and get through by the use of such tact as God has given them. To prove that Eros, warmly furred and radiant, goes about the slopes on skis, one need merely mention the fact that the female ski professor is an unknown phenomenon. No, the girls like to be taught by males. So do the men.

V

Although the sport is young in New England, its practitioners have cultivated it with such calculated (and characteristically American) ferocity that the level of proficiency is already amazingly high. Despite all handicaps, — distance, uncertain snow conditions, a relatively short season, forest-covered slopes, lack of mountain railways and easily available instruction, — addicts by the thousand have stuck grimly to their skis, taken the bumps, and astonishingly improved. Distinct types have emerged from the snowy welter of the Northern hills, types which may vary in origin, in temperament, and in skill, but which, as I have suggested earlier in this essay, have one important trait in common: devotion.

Let us consider first the novice, or, as he is known in the new and rapidly evolving ski vocabulary of New Eng-

land, the Ape-man. For a description of the typical Ape, I am happily privileged to borrow from the report, issued by the Ski Club Alte Bürger, of the scouting expedition which they sent into the Ape fastnesses under the leadership of Mr. Pennyfeather himself, who recorded the observations which follow: —

CUSTOMS AND HABITS OF DOWNHILL APE
(*Apa Topsyturva*) FOUND ON MT. CARDIGAN, NEW HAMPSHIRE, FEBRUARY 10, 1935, BY THE OSCAR PENNYFEATHER
EXPEDITION OF S. C. ALTE BÜRGER

. . . On arriving by motor at base, it was observed that it is the custom among the Apes to segregate their young, as well as their aged females, on an open slope near their hut, where a number of healthy specimens were seen tumbling about in the snow and uttering their shrill cries of rapture. It was inferred that they were passing through a preliminary training period, before joining the adult males on the mountain; and it seemed apparent, indeed, from the frequency and violence of their falls, that not a few of them were ready for promotion. But it was not till the Expedition had left the base and climbed a thousand feet or so up the wooded trail that they had their first opportunity to study a genuine Downhill Ape in action — a specimen so typical that his description may serve for all.

The Expedition's first intimation of his proximity was gleaned from the sound of a piercing, far-off cry, high up on the mountain side, which seemed to them not unlike the English word 'track,' weirdly prolonged: '*tra-a-a-ck!*' — then silence, followed by a repetition of the same note farther down the mountain. The leader of the Expedition quietly ordered his men to take cover behind stout trees, and, as soon as they were safely bestowed, himself picked out a rugged oak and prudently followed their example. Again the eerie Ape-cry sounded, and again, ever closer; and presently they could detect an accompanying note, a loud crash, followed by the sound of clattering wood. Instantly, to the astonishment of the entire force, resounded the paradoxical echo, a peal of merry, almost human, laughter. And still all ranks stood fast, alert, wide-

eyed, prepared for anything — for anything, that is, but that which greeted their gaze.

For suddenly close above them again was heard the hysterical cry — '*tra-a-a-ck!*' — and round the turn at the top of the glade there whizzed into view a strange, man-like figure, leaning forward stiff-legged on widely separated skis, mouth open, eyes protruding, arms, sticks, and scarf flying. The creature zipped into the turn, lost his balance, bounded off a tree on the outer side, fell violently forward on his face, whirled over and over (thus explaining the clattering sound), and finally came to rest upside down against another tree in the deep snow beside the trail. Then sounded again the peal of wild laughter, and presently the creature extricated himself from his temporary hibernation and stood erect on wobbling knees, leaning on his sticks, panting, and completely covered with snow that adhered to the depth of an inch or more to his blue-and-orange-striped pelt. There he stood, affording the Expedition an excellent opportunity for study; a period heart-breakingly brief, it is true; for suddenly, without a sign of warning, the Ape hurled himself at the steep slope at his feet — this time, as the trail was straight, having the good fortune to avoid arboreal contact when he fell, as fall he did, halfway down, leaving a curiously shaped pit, or depression (OHG. *Sitz-Platz*), in the smooth surface of the trail. Then ensued a repetition of the over-and-over whirl, the clattering, the maniac laughter, and the painful extrication.

VI

A no less significantly characteristic type of New England ski runner, though in ability far advanced beyond the Ape level, is he who (according to Mr. Pennyfeather) has come to be known as the Bashi-Bazouk of the forest — possibly from the dictionary's description of this type of warrior as being 'notoriously turbulent; violently agitated; disposed to disorder; restless; unquiet.' In other words, that group of young sportsmen who have singularly devoted themselves to the pursuit of race

suicide. As Pennyfeather aptly expresses it, 'If all downhill racers possessed the grace, the courtesy, the silky skill of, say, the members of the Hochgebirge Club, not a breath of complaint would agitate the shriveled leaves of the winter woods. But alas, like all great men and pioneers, the Hochgebirges have their imitators, a coterie of young chaps who try to make up in brute force what they lack in skill. They wear, it is true, the authentic dead pan of the racing Hochie, but one misses, behind it, the twinkling eye and the debonair carriage. Caring nothing for the lovely technique of skiing, with its grace and easy precision, the Basher is victim of the pernicious drug, rash daring. He seems happiest when out of control on an icy track. He scorns the established rule which gives uphill the right of way. By temperament he is too insensitive to know that he is n't a skier at all by classic standards, but a mere thrill-monger fortuitously making use of snow to achieve a novel form of intoxication — beaten snow, that is; for your typical Bashi-Bazouk is comparatively helpless in deep snow, wherein he suffers most of his common dislocations and fractures. Listen to this,' — and Mr. Pennyfeather drew from his pocket a ragged copy of the *British Ski Year Book*, — 'listen to the mighty voice of Arnold Lunn himself on the subject, and note the distinction that he draws: —

'Soft snow skiing is skiing. Hard snow skiing is sliding. Sliding is a magnificent sport, but it cannot be compared with skiing. Sliding is a matter of nerve, strength, and natural balance. But to ski fast in soft snow which varies in speed and texture calls for great skill, and great knowledge of snow, for brain no less than muscle. The more's the pity that skiing properly so-called is tending to disappear in favor of mere sliding.'

Mr. Pennyfeather put down the volume and looked at me severely.

'To sum up,' he said presently, 'the typical Basher is immature, muscular, indestructible, impetuous, beef-witted, and slightly mad. He cares for one thing only, the thrill of speed; and he is as indifferent to what occurs to him during his brief bursts of headlong vivacity as he is careless of what happens to others he may meet. Like any child, he seems bent on proving to himself — or to his mates — that he is n't afraid. I don't know why Bashers ski. Parachute jumping would suit them better. Preferably,' Mr. Pennyfeather concluded with a curling lip, 'without a parachute.'

It is difficult not to sympathize with the Pennyfeather point of view. I too have dodged the downhill Basher. But for my own part I find even more annoying the Basher's bland assumption that the thrill of speed is all there is to skiing. If he likes to go fast, well and good; but that he, in his ignorance, should regard the classic school with pitying amusement unquestionably rankles, as I suspect the equivalent attitude has rankled in the breasts of more than one aged disciple of classicism in other fields.

We comfort ourselves, Mr. Pennyfeather and I, with the reflection that speed is relative, and that in fact no one yet knows what the limit of speed on skis really may be. Over the Flying Kilometre at Saint Moritz, the maximum so far attained is 84.7 miles an hour, electrically timed, on special sixty-pound skis ten feet long and equipped with short handles fixed to the skis in front of the toe irons for the crouching runner — who wears a streamlined suit — to hold on by. But who can say that this record will not be broken next year by somebody else on skis twenty feet long weighing two hundred pounds — and so on? The *British Ski Year Book* for 1933 has the following to say on the subject: —

The Flying Kilometre is raced on a specially prepared course which is, of course, much less than a kilometre. It is interesting to compare the amazing times which have been recorded under natural conditions using normal skis on the Joch Pass at Engelberg. The vertical drop from the Joch Pass to the Trübsee is 1500 feet, and the distance 1.7 kilometres, that is, just over a mile. The first fifty metres are gentle — there is no flying start as in the Flying Kilometre — and the ground varies rapidly in gradient. The greatest of downhill runners could not possibly take it straight from top to bottom. This year's record was achieved by Ernst Boss, who did the descent in 1' 12.4'', which works out to the amazing *average* of 53.5 miles an hour.

It is interesting in turn to compare this with the time made by the winner of the 1935 FIS at Mürren, Switzerland. FIS stands for Fédération Internationale de Ski, and the race to which it gives its name is to skiing what the Grand National is to steeplechasing. The race was won under bad weather and snow conditions by Franz Zingerle of Austria, in 3' 30.4'', over a course 1.7 miles long which dropped 2658 feet between start and finish, thus giving an average speed of a little over 29 miles an hour. Even this is very fast skiing, too fast for most mortals, probably faster than anything that can be achieved over a like distance on the trails of New England, where turns are not elective, but dictated by the requirements of the track's pattern.

The fundamental weakness of the Basher attitude may best be illustrated by his aversion to stemming — that is, braking. Not once but many times have Pennyfeather and I overheard one Basher jocularly *accuse* another of stemming, as if there were something faintly unsporting, even shameful, about the stem; whereas actually, as every experienced ski runner knows, the stem is the very foundation of all good skiing. If one is either unwilling or unable to employ

the stem, he is betrayed as an indifferent skier, no matter how fast he dare slip down a polished trail. To be charitable, this is perhaps less the Basher's own fault than the fundamental drawback of all trail skiing. The runner is in a chute, almost on rails, under conditions which put a relatively small premium on the use of judgment. The really fascinating elements of the sport — route selection, control, the instinctive choice of turn according to the conditions — are, in the case of trail running, largely nonexistent.

There is no prettier sight in the world than that of an expert ski runner slipping easily down over the steep shoulder of an open mountain, the picture of relaxation and springy grace, always under control, never pressing, never tense; now going into a series of linked stem-christies or telemarks and leaving his lovely pattern in the deep, unmarked snow; now stemming at the top of a steep cornice, or again slowing up for a jump-turn at a bit of wind slab or breakable crust; and reaching the bottom cool, breathing easily, still relaxed, and ready if he feels like it to make his leisurely way to the top and do it again. Pennyfeather and I, neither of whom is capable of doing anything of the kind, feel that it is the most soul-satisfying exhibition that man can behold, as we agree that there is nothing so pitiful as the sight of some grim young Basher diving headlong down an icy trail, tense and stiff and frantic, indifferent to form and grace of execution, skidding round the turns any old way in an attempt at the 'tempo' or high-speed turn, to reach the bottom dripping with sweat and his face wreathed in a silly self-conscious smile. 'There,' he seems to say, 'did you see that?' Yes, we saw it, both Pennyfeather and myself; and it makes us feel sick, much as we respect his nerve. Mr. Pennyfeather nudges me. '*C'est magnifique*,' he sums up in a

low murmur; '*mais ce n'est pas la guerre*,' I conclude, knowing the language.

As I have suggested, the Basher is not entirely to blame. Seldom having had the opportunity for anything but trail running, he is, moreover, the unwitting victim of one of Lucifer's most tempting forms of exhibitionism: a fast run on skis ending with a flourishing hotel stop before the crowd at the bottom. But, victim of circumstance or not, let him at least give up his smug complacency, his assumption that speed is all there is to skiing. As to the lady-Basher — oh yes, she exists! — not a word!

VII

The Pennyfeather ideal is the type of skier whose pleasure is aesthetic, whose enjoyment is derived from other aspects of the sport than sheer speed. Instead of counting up and boasting the number of feet of downhill running he has achieved in a day (like last winter's hero who 'did' eighteen thousand feet between dawn and sunset by means of sixty-odd runs over the three-hundred-foot towrope hill at Woodstock), your skiing epicure is indifferent to how far he goes or how fast, provided he gets a fair proportion of downhill work. At the end of the day he treasures the memory of having once or twice, perhaps, done a series of fast turns in form that satisfies even his own sense of perfection. He is happy in any depth or consistency of snow if it is fresh and untracked; and, if once or twice a season he finds the ideal circumstances of fresh powder over unbreakable crust, he counts himself sufficiently blessed. This idealist is most contented when out alone or in the company of one or two sympathetic spirits whose ability more or less matches his own; then there's no waiting for laggards, no worry about failure of equipment. These men — and women — know what to take on a

cross-country tour, and how to keep within their capacities at least most of the time — save perhaps when exuberance or a perfect slope gets the best of them and they let 'er go.

Touring is the sport for these superior beings, not racing. Part of their satisfaction is derived from the purity of the snow, part from the contemplation of the countryside, part from the day's accomplishment. It is no pose on their part when they say they enjoy climbing; they do. Not so much as the run down, of course, but still enough to count. Climbing, they believe, is an art in itself, and, aside from the ability required, they feel, having sweated for it, that they have somehow more thoroughly earned the pleasure of the run down. They like best traveling over unfamiliar country, where they never know what lies round the next turn or over the next rise, and instant control is not only valuable but essential. This form of skiing tests their all-round capacities in a way that the dash down a trail can never do, and, of course, steadily builds up their strength and endurance and ability. There is nothing in New England, alas, to make this epicure truly happy; he needs the Alps or the Rockies. But he is usually philosopher enough to make the best of what is available, and a day of bushwhacking over the rolling wooded hills of Vermont or up one of the less frequented valleys of the White Mountains brings him modest pleasure enough, provided he can find plenty of fresh snow and a place out of the wind to cook his lunch. They are likely to show the world a stiff, impatient face, these lonely idealists, and speak to it in a gruff voice. But there is a place for them, too, in the skiing scheme of things, and they ask only to be let alone to find it — preferably far, far away from the Camp Followers, the *Skihaserln*, the Apes, and the Bashi-Bazouks.

THE DEEP HEART

THE inconsistencies of the deep heart
Astonish goodness with their curious forms
And ways. Think how the deep heart sometimes knows
Exhilaration in night thunderstorms

Yet the next evening will contract in gloom
Because one raindrop settles on the glass;
Think how that heart dislikes the winter yet
Is glad with first dead leaves upon the grass;

Think how it shivers when a dog is killed
Yet leaps in exultation when the word
Comes that some great man suddenly has died;
Think of its sadness now that faith is blurred

With doubt, and think how that despair will run
Before a cat curled sleeping in the sun.

SNAKE

I HAD no thought nor any dream,
I only walked a road,
The sun was knotted on my back
And somewhere mowers mowed.

To reach the sea across a field,
A gull, and rock, and rest,
Automaton of steps I went
Crushing flower, and weed, and nest.

Ah then, quick then, the snap of snake
Whipped right, and left, and sped;
My roused, revolted steps drew high
In horror's tightened tread.

The snake was gone through quivering grass,
Still snake lashed through my sight
And every blade stood separate,
Each pebble eye was bright.

Because of snake my pulse and brain
Had burst aware to take
All summer in, yet shut in fear
Of stepping on the snake.

ROCK AND LEAF

I AM no leafage for the wind
To twirl upon its thumb,
Nor am I rock to bear the sleet
And be forever dumb —

I am a flesh of middle mould
Between the rock and leaf,
Sometimes I stand defying pain,
Sometimes I bow with grief —

An entity of flesh and mind
I envy cliff and stone,
Yet always know the leaf's contempt
For granite's senseless bone.

INCONSTANCY

No poet wishes life to be
A circle full of symmetry,
He does not wish the world all one
Eternity of flower and sun —

For who can feel the mountain's length
Fill up his pulse with acid strength
Unless sometime his groping hand
Held panic of the slipping sand?

Without a winter what is spring?
Without the serpent what is wing?
Without some hour of fear and fire
How can the cool of God inspire?

Perfection is a thin reward
For those who sit at Homer's board,
No absolute can tempt the soul
Of him who eats life strong and whole;

Within the barren of all-good
No beauty can be understood,
Without the heart's inconstancy
And whirl, a poet cannot be.

F. R. McCREARY

BLOWING THE BUBBLE!

There Is One Way Out

BY LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

I

THE need for balancing the Federal budget, and the methods by which that could be accomplished, have been fully discussed in previous articles. But—the mere balancing of the budget is not enough. Such action must be followed by the exercise of control mechanisms intended to prevent any repetition of inflation in the future. Otherwise business recovery and reemployment cannot be permanent in character. It would be tragic if the next business recovery were followed by another collapse. What we must seek is sound recovery, and reemployment of a permanent character.

No one has to be told that one of the principal causes of our present economic difficulties and widespread unemployment was the credit inflation of the 1920's, which had as its basis the wartime Government deficits. With the suffering and wreckage caused by inflation still evident on every hand, it would seem reasonable to suppose that every effort would now be made to prevent any similar inflation in the future.

Instead we find that the Government, by its fiscal policies, has deliberately laid the base for another inflation on a scale so gigantic that the bubble of the 1920's may finally seem small by comparison. We are now evidently going to have bigger and more painful inflation under Government sponsorship

and induced by direct Government action. The New Deal is only the former 'New Era' dressed up in different clothes. When the next bubble bursts, let it not be forgotten that the responsibility lies directly at the door of the present Administration.

In discussing the country's future prospects, many people to-day preface their remarks with this statement: 'If we have inflation . . .' There is no 'if' about it. *We have inflation now.* But this fact is not generally realized because the full effects of it have not yet become apparent. It nevertheless exists, and has been brought about primarily by two actions of the Government itself: the accumulation of enormous Government deficits, and the devaluation of the dollar, making possible the creation of the Government's \$2,000,000,000 stabilization fund.

Our accumulated Federal deficit of more than \$14,000,000,000 has been financed by the issuance of Government bonds. Since 1930, the Federal debt has increased 85 per cent, and of this increase, all but 15 per cent has been accounted for by increases in the holdings of Government bonds by the banking system. The nation's banks to-day hold approximately 53 per cent of the entire Federal debt—an unhealthy situation brought about primarily by the coercion of the banks by the Government.

Banks, when they buy Government bonds, rarely pay for them with cash that someone has deposited in the bank. Instead, they create a book-keeping credit, against which the Government is entitled to draw. When the Government draws against one bank and spends the money, such money finds its way into some other bank in the form of a deposit. Thus the purchase by banks of large quantities of Government bonds has led to an inflation of bank deposits.

The other definitely inflationary act of the Administration was the devaluation of the American dollar. By devaluing the dollar, we artificially wrote up our gold supply by approximately 66 per cent. Another inflationary effect of such a step has its source in the settlement of international balances.

If a citizen of France has francs equivalent to \$100,000 in American money, the devaluation of our dollar from 100 to 60 cents automatically increases his worth to the equivalent of \$166,666 in American money. Expressed another way, it permits him to purchase American goods or property at a discount of 40 per cent. This compelled a tremendous influx of gold to this country, which forms the greatest base for potential inflation that any country has ever had. To this must be added the gold which has recently come here because of fears of war and currency disturbances abroad. As a result, our present stock is more than twice as great as it was in the peak of the 1929 boom.

The so-called profit on gold, incident to the devaluation, also permitted the creation of the Government's \$2,000,000,000 stabilization fund. The use of this fund adds to the supply of credit in the same way as does the purchase of Government bonds by the Federal Reserve Banks.

In a country in which more than 90 per cent of all business is done by the

use of checks, there is no essential difference between the creation of bank deposits by fiat and the creation of printing-press money. Bank deposits — not currency — constitute our chief circulating medium. By devaluing the dollar and financing the Federal deficit through the sale of bonds to banks, the Government is responsible for the fact that deposits of reporting member banks now total \$3,000,000,000 more than at the peak of 1929.

As a result of this gain in bank deposits, and the gold policy, the combined excess reserves of the Federal Reserve member banks have increased more than \$2,000,000,000 since early 1934, and now stand at an all-time high of more than \$3,000,000,000. The significance of excess reserves is that they constitute the base for the expansion of bank credit. The greater the reserves, the greater the amount of credit the banking system can advance.

An increase of only \$600,000,000 in bank reserves from 1922 to 1929 was sufficient to support the enormous bank credit expansion of that period. The increase in the last two years has been nearly three and one-half times as great. This comparison may give some idea of the inflationary possibilities of the present situation.

Because of the low volume of current private borrowings, the dangers of this situation are not yet fully appreciated. But already the Government's spending programme has put into circulation billions of this artificially created credit. As confidence develops and businessmen grow more venturesome or speculative and are again of a mind to borrow, can anyone doubt that this enormous supply of artificially created credit, coupled with artificially low interest rates, will induce tremendous borrowing? But it is not wholly necessary that this happen, because the Government is doing precisely this very thing and it makes little difference who does it.

II

Record gold stocks, swollen bank reserves, artificially low interest rates, and devaluation of the dollar — all deliberately engineered by the Government — have laid the basis for the greatest inflation the country has ever known. Our present gold and bank reserves are sufficient to support a credit expansion infinitely greater than that of 1929.

In a previous article it was pointed out that the deliberate inflationary acts of the Government might temporarily give all the appearances of a recovery. There are already many evidences that this is now taking place. Commodity prices, as measured by the Index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, rose over 33 per cent in the thirty-one-month period from April 1933 to October 1935. The Dow-Jones average of thirty industrial stocks, which stood at 50 early in 1933, touched a recent high of 148, a gain of almost 200 per cent. This percentage gain is greater than was registered in the entire period from 1926 to the peak of 1929.

The average yield on the ninety stocks that make up the Standard Statistics composite average of industrials, rails, and utilities has declined from 5.58 per cent in April 1933 to 3.50 per cent in October 1935. This present average yield is only slightly more than the average yield of 3.16 per cent in July 1929. Bank debits, too, — that is, checks drawn against bank deposits, — are increasing at approximately the same rate as during the 1927-1929 period.

No one of these various factors taken alone is conclusive proof that we are now experiencing inflation; for any one of them a plausible explanation may be found. When, however, all are put together they make an unmistakable inflationary design.

Our current situation, if examined

closely, is found to be strikingly similar in many respects to the situation in 1928 and 1929. We had a rapidly rising stock market then. We have a rapidly rising stock market now. In 1929, stocks sold at abnormal levels in relation to earnings. So do they now. During the last boom, there was no substantial rise in the commodity price level, but rather a tendency to fall. In the present situation, a rising commodity price level is another expression of inflation. In 1928 and 1929, there was reluctance on the part of authorities to undo the harm of cheap money. To-day, we have a flat refusal on the part of authorities to undo the harm of cheap money.

In 1929, we had a moderate creation of fiat money or its equivalent. To-day, such fiat money or its equivalent is being created in staggering amounts by the Government. When people expressed fears of inflation in the recent boom, they were reassured by public statements that everything was healthy. We are now being reassured by similar statements from those in positions of high authority.

Once inflationary forces become dominant, they cannot be controlled. They cannot be stopped at a given point and be held on a horizontal plane. They either run their course until they collapse of their own weight or are reversed by deliberate acts. This is amply proved by all experience. Moreover, until everyone recognizes the existence of inflation, there are always large groups which undertake to prove its absence. Knowing all this and realizing the inflationary possibilities of our present situation and the inflationary trend of events, are we going to wait again until the horse is gone before locking the stable door?

The insidious thing about our current position is that, as the present course of our inflation continues, we shall temporarily show apparent signs

of recovery. As prices rise, speculative profits will be spent. Business will probably improve and private employment may increase somewhat. But the collapse that will follow this inflationary phase will again bring us the same destruction of savings, unemployment, and suffering brought by the 1929 collapse. Temporary improvement, bought at such a price, is paid for too dearly.

III

The Administration's inflationary acts have already been committed. The important question now is what can be done to prevent their evil effects. Theoretically, there are at least six existing mechanisms for the control of inflation.

The first is the raising of the Federal Reserve rediscount rates. This increases open-market money rates and is supposed to curb new borrowing by increasing interest costs.

The second available mechanism for control of inflation is the sale by the Federal Reserve Banks of their holdings of Government securities in the open market. This is intended to reduce the supply of money and thereby harden money rates, which discourages borrowing.

The third mechanism is a new one, created in the Banking Act of 1935, which specifically empowers the Federal Reserve Board to raise the reserve requirements of member banks to any figure up to twice the present requirements. Exercise of this power would operate to reduce excess banking reserves and thus reduce the available supply of bank credit.

The fourth mechanism for control of inflation is the upward revaluation of the dollar. The fifth and sixth mechanisms — namely, the adjustment of the capital gains tax and the raising of margin requirements — may be dismissed as being unimportant at this juncture.

In theory, these control mechanisms provide adequate protection against the dangers of inflation. But, as a practical matter, *can they be exercised under present conditions?*

If the Federal Reserve rediscount rates were raised — assuming the existence of paper seeking rediscount — the resulting increase in money rates would severely depress the prices of Government bonds. Such a drop in Government bond prices would jeopardize the Government's financial operations. For current and prospective deficits must be financed by the issuance of additional bonds. In addition, the Government still has to convert into long-term form an enormous total of short-term debt.

Almost 80 per cent of the increase in our Federal debt since 1931 has been accounted for by short-term securities, which must finally be funded. No such operations would be possible in a falling bond market for a Government whose budget was still unbalanced. Moreover, the decline in the level of Government long-term bond prices might easily impair the capital of many of the country's banks. In any event, it would cause enormous losses to banks generally.

The same factors operate to prevent the application of control through the sale of Government bonds in the open market by the Federal Reserve Banks, for such a move might likewise severely depress the Government bond market.

Any attempt to increase substantially the present reserve requirements of the Federal Reserve member banks might also seriously jeopardize the Administration's necessary new financing and refunding. This is because such a move, again, would tend to harden money rates. The higher rates, combined with continuing Government deficits, and losses by present holders of Government bonds, would provide a situation that would wreck the Gov-

ernment's chances to continue financing its deficit, except by creating fiat money in a more obvious way than the one it has been using.

Upward revaluation of the dollar — the fourth control mechanism — would, at this late date, involve too great a shock through rapid deflation of agricultural prices, and would also involve serious international consequences.

A balanced Federal budget is obviously the condition necessary for effective use of the various available mechanisms for the control of inflation. A balanced budget is the heart of the entire system of control. *As long as the budget remains unbalanced, the use of inflation controls is prevented by the primary need to protect the prices of Government bonds and thus assure the continued financing of the deficit.*

The statement made on November 22 by Mr. Marriner Eccles, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, shows plainly the position that the Administration must maintain. Mr. Eccles's statement made it abundantly clear that the Federal Reserve Board planned to do nothing at the present time to put the brakes on a rapidly rising stock market.

IV

Even assuming that the Federal budget is balanced, the use of control mechanisms — which would then be effective — would require considerable fortitude on the part of the American people. It would necessarily involve a short period of deflation. For a brief time, the prices of commodities and securities might decline. Some downward adjustment of costs might be necessary.

None of this would be pleasant. But it represents the price that must be paid to correct our inflationary actions of the past three years. The longer it is delayed, the more difficult it will be

to accomplish and the more painful and far-reaching will be the consequences. This is why the budget must be *immediately balanced* and the controls immediately applied. The basis would then be laid for a sound recovery without the recurring weaknesses of inflation. Henceforth a rigid and effective control of inflationary tendencies could be exercised through the various mechanisms now existing, and through new devices designed to prevent the diversion of bank credit to speculative and capital uses of any sort, either by the Government or by individuals.

If the American people decide that they do not want these correctives, which will permit the exercise of a control to prevent a repetition of the speculative excesses of the past, and if the present powerful inflationary forces continue in the ascendancy, then under our existing policies we are headed eventually for a repetition of the 1928-1929 frenzy and collapse. *The only difference is that this time, under Government auspices, deliberately induced by Government policies, it may be on an even greater scale.*

When the bubble bursts again, we shall be in a much poorer position to withstand the shock than we were last time. We shall find in the next deflation that our Federal credit, on which new demands will be made, has already been extended almost to its limit. We shall find that our banking system is already loaded to the gunwales with Government bonds and cannot be used to absorb billions of new Government bonds issued to finance new deficits. We shall be fortunate, in fact, if we do not find that a large portion of our banking system is insolvent as a result of declines in the prices of Government bonds forced upon the banks in the deflation of the early 1930's.

Under such circumstances, there will be no other way to meet the Government deficits except by continued is-

suance of worthless paper money. And we know well where that road leads.

If the American people fully appreciate the significance of the Government's fiscal policies, it seems unlikely that they will countenance the new inflation and collapse for which we are now heading, especially when it is still possible, with small penalty, to establish conditions that will prevent inflation and pave the way for a sound and lasting recovery.

After the budget has been balanced, after the present inflation has been reversed, and after the basis for inflation deliberately created by the Government has been removed, then the entire banking system should be revised in order to prevent the future abuse of credit either by the Government or by individuals.

The original Federal Reserve Act of 1913 was designed to provide a credit and money supply to meet the short-term requirements of commerce, agriculture, and industry. One of its major purposes was to prevent the creation of fiat credit, either by Government or by individuals. Unfortunately, that purpose was perverted by the Government under the necessity of financing the war, and during the period of the post-war managed currency. Even more unfortunately, it has been completely perverted during the past few years.

The ghastly results of these abuses of our credit system make it incumbent upon us to return to the original purposes of the Federal Reserve Act, for it is only by exercising inflation preventives and by keeping our budget continuously in balance, or, should there be a deficit, by selling government bonds to investors for cash only, that we can prevent a recurrence of the tragedies of the past. Only in this way can we bring about relatively permanent em-

ployment and social security. As long as Government fiscal policies and the operation of our banking system encourage booms and their inevitable aftermaths of human suffering, there can be no permanent employment, and notwithstanding the pious language of unemployment insurance legislation, there can be no social security.

Space does not permit of a discussion of the evils of monopolistic practices. It should be obvious, however, that they tend to prevent reemployment and the production of more goods at lower prices. In addition, under monopolistically fixed prices there may exist an excess of savings and a distribution of poverty, while under a competitive price structure savings in great amounts are always required for investment to produce more goods at lower prices and thus to distribute wealth.

Moreover, as was stated in a previous article, the exchange of goods between nations must be increased if there is to be full employment. There is no other answer to the agricultural problem. There is no other answer to the 'economy of scarcity.' There is no other answer to regimentation. There is no other way to assure a permanently stable currency.

To the predicament in which we find ourselves there is only one solution. It is to be found in a balanced budget, encouragement of the use of savings to create employment, a banking system and Government fiscal policies which prevent the manufacture of fiat credit money that leads to alternate booms and depressions, the avoidance of monopolistic practices, and an increase in the volume of goods exchanged between countries. These are the things upon which employment and economic security rest.

This is the one way out.

THE GRANDPAPA OF ALL THE FISHES

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

WITH our strong-minded horse between the shafts we dashed around a hairpin turn on the dizzy Vaihaa cliff. Below us stretched a mile of pure white beach, dividing Manea's gorge-like valley from the sea. The brown thatched roof of his house stood out plainly in a grove of breadfruit trees.

Tuahu, my old native friend, held the reins. With only a nod toward the house and a mutter that we were nearly there, he kept his eyes fixed on the road ahead. For a little he was busy guiding the charging horse down a steep boulder-strewn grade, where the road was scarcely wide enough for the buggy; then we were over the worst of it, and Tuahu had settled back to blow out his wind with a long whistling sound.

'There he is,' Tuahu said presently, pointing down the road where, a quarter of a mile away, old Manea stumped down a weed-grown path from his house to the road. He was nodding his head and waving his arms toward Mrs. Manea, in the cookhouse; and soon we could hear him greeting us in the ancient Tahitian manner: —

'It is Tuahu and his son. May you live, the two of you! Come and eat!'

Manea was a cheerful soul who enjoyed a good drink, a good meal, and a good companion. He was chronically penniless and in debt, but still he managed to entertain his friends with ungrudging hospitality. This was common enough, for in the Tahiti that I

remember the poorer natives were invariably the more generous. It was because they lived off the products of the land, caught their own fish, and ate them with their own plantains and their own coconut sauce. Children of Tahiti, they called themselves. They did very well without the luxuries demanded by the wealthier natives. For a man of Manea's class, a feast would call for a wild boar, a string of milk mullet, breadfruit, plantains, native coffee sweetened with honey, and a tub of orange beer. But to a rich native such a feast would be in bad taste.

I preferred the poor men, the true children of Tahiti, and even old Manea himself, in spite of his great elephantiasis legs that made him waddle in a duck-like manner. Of medium height, skinny save for his huge legs and one hand which had swollen to the size of an unhusked coconut, his temper was that of a mischievous but good-hearted schoolboy. His sharp little eyes, set deeply in a closely furrowed face, seemed constantly interrogating, highly amused with life in general, and shrewd. His forehead slanted back rather sharply, while his shaggy and graying hair hung in hanks and tangles over his ears and the nape of his neck, reminding one of the untrimmed thatching on a native hut. And there was the wart on one side of Manea's nose, —

. . . and there-on stood a tuft of heres,
Reed as the bristles of a sowes eres.

II

When we had climbed out of the buggy Manea suddenly threw up his arms; an expression of extreme despair convulsed his face, and he cried: —

‘*Ai ya!* Drive on, Tuahu and his son! This is a day of great shame! Drive on! Leave me to wipe the salt water from my eyes! *Aué-ué! Aué-ué!*’

Tuahu divined the trouble at once. ‘What is this, Manea?’ he shouted with a laugh. ‘If you are weeping because your beer tub is empty, then you are a foolish old man. You should know that we would bring better drink than you can brew from your sour Hitiaa oranges. Cheer up, Manea! We have brought that which will bring laughter to your lips!’

Manea brightened up a little at this. ‘You have guessed rightly!’ he cried. ‘I am greatly ashamed that my relatives should come to my house and find it empty. Yet, perhaps the old woman may be able to find you a thin little fish and the half of a breadfruit for your supper — eh, old woman?’

‘Humph! Your brains have gone to your legs, Manea!’ screamed Mrs. Manea from the house. ‘Attend to their horse, Lazybones, and don’t let them come to the house until I have straightened it up and put on my black dress!’

‘My son wanted to drive round the island, Manea, and particularly to see your valley,’ Tuahu said as we unhitched the horse and led him a little beyond the breadfruit grove, there to tether him in the deep water grass. ‘This son has been pestering me for months about visiting Manea, and going with him to catch some of those big *ruvettus* that the men of your side of the island are always bragging about. And so here we are, my relative, with a few bottles of wine and our bundle of quilts. You see we have come to stay for several nights.’

‘So you wish to fish for the big *ruvettus*,’ Manea said as we returned to the buggy. ‘Of course the fishing is poor on your side of the island. . . . Well, we will go after those big fellows to-night, for this is the fifth night of the moon, when they take a hook as a poor man takes tobacco.’

Back at the buggy, Tuahu reached under the seat to bring out a few bottles of wine and a bundle containing our quilts and pillows. In Tahiti it was a breach of good manners to visit even a close relative without bringing one’s own bedding. With the bottles and the bundle we followed Manea into his wattle-and-thatch hut.

III

At dusk we were served by the ample and cheerful Mrs. Manea with a great tureen full of river shrimps boiled in coconut milk, baked breadfruit, and bowls of orange-leaf tea. After the meal we prepared for the night’s fishing.

First Manea cut a V-shaped fork of ironwood to be used as a fishhook. He drove a tenpenny nail through the end of one prong, for a barb, and fastened his three-hundred-fathom line to the other one. The nail was lashed firmly in place, so it would not break loose, and was sharpened by a few rubs on the tire of one of our buggy wheels.

The finished article, I thought, might be serviceable as a hook on which to hang whole butchered beeves, or as a cargo hook. Of one-inch diameter ironwood, it might have supported a ton dead-weight; but that a fish would approach to within fifty yards of it seemed to me absurd.

While Manea was occupied with his hook, one of the children had caught an old red rooster, and, after decapitating him and plucking out his feathers, had tossed him into the canoe.

'Nothing like an old rooster for bait,' Manea told us. 'A ruvettus simply can't resist a drumstick or a juicy wing bone!'

A few drinking nuts for food and water, and we put to sea in our host's big sailing canoe. The mountain wind filled the sail; we glided silently over the black water, through the Vaihaa passage to sea. It was quite dark by then. The canoe rose gently to the long southeasterly swell; the feather from her bows flashed with phosphorescence, and there was a glowing pool of water under her stern that seemed to flow aft until it was lost in the shadowed water to landward.

'Shall we have luck, Manea?' Tuahu asked presently.

'Luck!' Manea exclaimed in a tone of disgust. 'We are wasting our time. We shall catch not a single fish. There are no fish in the sea; there never were any, and there never will be any — not a single one! We should have stayed at home and eaten tinned salmon!'

'What do you think, Ropati?' Tuahu asked me, diffidently; 'shall we have luck?'

'Not a hope,' I declared. I knew that the fishermen of Tahiti believed that the only way to assure success was to anticipate failure. One sanguine hope, in their minds, would have spoiled the night's fishing, so I replied that which was expected of me: 'We shall not so much as see a dead squid floating on the water; but we are almost certain to be capsized, or to break the outrigger, or to be blown to sea, where we shall all starve to death!'

Tuahu chuckled appreciatively. 'Ah! You are a true child of Tahiti!' he muttered. 'Another man might have brought us bad luck. Now, though I know that there is not a chance to catch a single fish, still I don't mind trying, just to pass the night away.'

Three miles from shore the mountain wind died down; but we were over the fishing banks by then, so we lowered the sail, rolled it round the boom, and laid it, with the mast, along the outrigger crossbooms.

It was a fine night, steely calm, with a new moon low to westward and only a scattering of clouds along the horizon. The great mountains of Tahiti stood out sharply against the sky, but the valleys were lost in shadows, and the distant headlands seemed to meet and dissolve in the sea. Between us and the beach was a mile-wide gap in the reef; but we could see the rise and fall of the combers on either hand, and their distant thunder came loudly across the still water. Presently we caught sight of flashes of torchlight in the valley above Manea's house; and, as the night wore on, bamboo flares appeared on the reef to the north, disclosing tiny figures moving slowly beyond the white wall of breakers. About the same time a bonfire blazed high up on one of the ridges: it was a pig hunter, Manea told us, signaling that he had made his kill.

IV

Manea had baited his clumsy hook with a leg of the rooster, and paid out the whole three hundred fathoms of line. The fish would bite, he said, as soon as the moon went down. He wound the end of the line round his great knotted leg, which he had propped up on one of the outrigger booms. Tuahu and I filled our pipes, and thus we sat and smoked in silence, thinking our own thoughts or none at all, as is the way with fishermen.

And presently the moon sank behind the western cloud rack. For a little time the clouds were lined with yellow light, but soon it faded and was gone. The night darkened, the constellations brightened. Scorpio rose to eastward,

the Southern Cross and the Centauri were just visible above the mountains, and to north the Great Bear lay low over the sea. By imperceptible degrees the Milky Way formed, out of nothingness it seemed, until suddenly we were aware that it was above us, a great glowing arch across the sky.

In an hour or two the land breeze flowed down from the mountains again, as cool and clean and fragrant as the rivers of Tahiti themselves. When the canoe started to drift, Tuahu picked up one of the paddles and, heading into the wind, paddled slowly, his eyes on Manea's line to ascertain that it was straight up and down in the water.

It was midnight before Manea had a bite. My head had been nodding and I was wondering whether I should stow myself in the bottom of the canoe for a watch below, when suddenly Manea jumped to his feet with a startling yell.

'I got him! *Ai ya!* I got him!' he shouted, and started to haul in his line, hand over hand. But presently his excitement lessened; he muttered an obscure Tahitian curse and handled his line in a fribbling manner.

'What's the matter, Manea?'

'*Ma'o,*' the old man growled back. Shark!

'That's because of the rooster bait,' Tuahu muttered, laying his paddle across the gunwales and wiping his hands on his shirt, preparatory to refilling his pipe. 'Who ever heard of fishing ruvettus with rooster? You'll catch nothing but sharks. Now if you had used flying fish as we do on my side of the island . . .'

'You're as bad as Maui-the-First-Born,' Manea growled. 'What do the men on your side of the island know about fishing? You just wait and see what my bait brings up!'

With that he slung a small shark over the gunwale; then stood over him a moment, watching him thrash the

hull with his tail. Gradually a grin formed on Manea's lips. He put one foot on the shark's belly, leaned over to twist out the hook, and, grasping the shark by the tail, swung him once round his head and flung him into the air! Then he stood motionless, in a peculiarly dramatic attitude, gazing fixedly upward, but paying no attention to the shark as he circled through the air to land with a splash in the sea.

'That's the way Maui-the-Last-Born did it!' Manea shouted suddenly. Then he laughed a trifle cynically, as one might who had just said his part in a bad tragedy and had stepped into the wings. He sat down, rebaited his hook, tied a rock to it, and dropped it over the side.

'Go ahead, tell the story,' Tuahu said presently, when all but the last few fathoms of line had trailed over the gunwale and the end had again been wound round Manea's leg.

Our host leaned forward until his face was close to mine. His sharp little eyes seemed to glow; and there was a grin on his lips, such as might have appeared on the lips of those strange *manahuné* bards of former days when they chanted their extravagant tales.

'How come the breadfruit to Tahiti?' he asked abruptly; then, without waiting for a reply, went on: 'And how come the banana plantations, and the fields of yams? And all the fish in the sea, and the stars in the sky? And Tahiti itself: how come Tahiti to rise out of the sea, eh? You don't know? Well, I'll tell you.'

He handed me the fishline, so as to give free rein to hand and foot gesticulations, and began his story.

V

One day the three gods, Maui-the-First-Born, Maui-the-Second-Born, and Maui-the-Last-Born, went fishing.

For a long time the first two gods had all the luck. They pulled up all the fat food fish of the sea, while the poor little three-fingered god caught only sharks.

'*Ai ya!* Why did you come with us, you cripple?' one of the other gods would shout. 'You catch nothing but sharks!'

'*Hail!* Weakling brother, look at this fellow!' another would shout as he tossed a fine albacore or bonito into the canoe. 'I bring up only the finest fish. No sharks for a fisherman like me!'

But Maui-the-Last-Born kept patiently fishing, pulling up one shark after the other; and, though his heart wept because of the stinging words of his brothers, he said nothing — just kept on pulling up sharks.

'Whoops!' by and by shouted the first Maui. 'A number-one barracuda! My wife and I eat to-night!'

'*Hail!*' shouted the second Maui. 'About as fat a dolphin as I've hooked this season! The wife's fond of dolphin. . . . Does your wife eat dolphin, little three-fingered god, or does she care for only shark meat?'

'*Aué atu ei!*' grunted the first Maui. 'I had quite a fight with that big tuna. Well, thank goodness it was n't a shark! It must be hard work pulling up all those sharks, little half-a-man!'

But Maui-the-Last-Born just kept on pulling up one shark after the other for a long, long time — maybe three, four days, till, all at once, there was a tremendous tug on his line. In he pulled, hand over hand. '*Ai ya!*' he yelled. 'I got one fine fish this time, all right!'

'It's only a shark!' sneered the first Maui.

'Another shark!' laughed the second Maui.

'No shark at all!' yelled the three-fingered god, and in he pulled.

VI

At this point in the story Manea demonstrated how the third Maui had pulled in his fish. With violent gesticulations he gave us a graphic representation of the struggle. Sometimes he would haul in frantically on an imaginary line; then, cursing, he would lay the line over the gunwale and hold it down tightly with his foot. Or again, panting and grunting, he would pull in slowly and laboriously until the fish, apparently, dashed off, and there was no holding him. Then Manea would yell as the line burned his fingers, and, reaching down, he would again take a bight over the gunwale.

But finally he gestured the fish into the canoe; then, pointing to it with one of the fingers of his swollen hand, he asked: 'Well, what do you think it is?'

'Another shark,' I hazarded.

'Not at all,' said Manea in a tone of surety. 'It is a nice field of yams!'

'A field of yams, you said?'

'Yes,' snapped Manea; 'and you need n't speak in the skeptical tone. It is a field of yams, perhaps two or three hectares of the round kind we call *ufi mené-mené*.'

He then went on with his story.

VII

Maui-the-First-Born and Maui-the-Second-Born laughed about the field of yams, though they were a little jealous that their brother should have pulled up so valuable a property. It was not sportsmanlike, they said, to catch things like fields of yams. They kept on pulling up the same kinds of fish, every kind in the sea, as a matter of fact: little red mullets and big blue carangoids; South Sea demoiselles and gigantic dogtooth tunas; pipefish and swordfish and parrot fish and sailfish and needlefish and bonefish, a few

whales, some sea serpents, and a school or two of porpoises.

Then Maui-the-Last-Born got another bite, and this time he pulled up a number-one banana plantation!

'Heh! He's got a banana plantation!' exclaimed the first Maui.

'Yes,' cried the youngest brother; 'and the nice red variety of bananas, too!'

'Pooh! Nothing but a banana plantation!' the second Maui sneered.

'But they're fine for banana puddings,' boasted the three-fingered god.

The two brothers did n't laugh so much about this, for, though neither yams nor bananas are sportsmanlike things to catch, still the gods liked them both; and when, a little later, Maui-the-Last-Born pulled up a whole grove of breadfruit trees, the brothers became green with envy.

'The little upstart!' one cried. 'He's trying to shame us!'

'Never mind,' growled the other as he swung a thin little triggerfish over the side; 'next time we go fishing we'll leave him ashore to weed his yams and bananas and breadfruit.'

Then they turned round in the canoe so that their backs were to him, and 'shook the salt water out of their eyes.'

The next time Maui-the-Last-Born let down his line he decided to fish deep, six thousand fathoms down, so he paid out the first line, and the middle line, and the last line, until finally his hook touched the bottom of the sea; and he fished for a long time, until, by and by, he wondered if his bait had been nibbled off. He decided to pull up.

'Whoops!' he yelled suddenly, thinking he had a bite. 'I got the grandpapa of all the fishes now!'

Maui-the-First-Born and Maui-the-Second-Born looked over their shoulders and laughed. 'You've got your hook fouled in the bottom!' they cried, and grinned at one another.

'I guess I have,' the youngest brother muttered glumly, so he took a bight with his line across the gunwales, wrapped one end of it round his foot, and waited for a sea to raise the canoe and wrench the hook loose. A long time he waited, maybe three, four days; then a monster sea came, and the canoe was heaved high into the air; but the third Maui's hook, holding fast, broke a great mass from the bottom of the sea.

'*Ai ya!*' Maui-the-Last-Born sang out. 'Now I got him!' And he started to pull in. '*Ai ya!*' he sang out again and again as hand over hand he hauled in his line.

VIII

Again Manea demonstrated for us by graphic and forceful gesticulations how Maui had pulled in his fish, straining, struggling, his eyes bulging, sweat, I imagine, actually pouring down his face. '*Ai ya! Ai ya!*' he yelled again and again; and he became so excited that he must for the moment have believed himself in the canoe of the gods, and about to land the most remarkable fish that was ever pulled out of the sea.

'There it is!' he shouted finally, letting out his breath in a long aspiration of relief. 'The Great Island of Tahiti!'

'He pulled up Tahiti?'

'Exactly; and he flung the yams and bananas and breadfruit ashore; then, turning to his brothers,' — here Manea turned pertly to Tuahu, — 'who were weeping with envy, he cried: "Now, brothers, just because you laughed about my catching sharks I'm going to catch a real shark. This one is going to be such a shark as was never seen before, and it is going to be my prestige symbol forever!"'

'So he let down his line once more, and presently, sure enough, a shark

took his hook. Maui pulled in until the great brute was at the surface: and he was so big his tail stretched beyond the sea into the Land of the Sky, and his two pectoral fins thrashed the most distant oceans in the world, and his mouth was big enough to swallow the island of Hawaii.

'Maui-the-First-Born and Maui-the-Second-Born glanced once at the shark; then, dropping their lines, they crouched in the bottom of the canoe and whined with terror. But Maui-the-Last-Born stood upright, plunged his ironwood spear into the shark, and with a mighty heave hauled him out of the water and flung him into the sky!

'And there he is to this day, hook, line, spear and all!' Manea cried dramatically, with a sweep of his elephantiasic hand across the sky. 'The hook!' — and he pointed to the stars in Scorpio's tail. 'The line!' — with a gesticulation toward the tangle of stars in Sagittarius. 'The spear!' — and he pointed to the black nebula in Ophiuchus. 'Maui's shark!' — and

his hand swept the Milky Way from north to south.

'Now,' Manea concluded, returning to the thwart, 'it's time you pulled up that ruvettus that's been tugging on the line since Tahiti was pulled out of the sea!'

There was a ruvettus on the hook, right enough, but his tug at the end of the three-hundred-fathom line had been too slight for me to detect when listening to a fish story such as Manea had to tell. Soon I had the slimy fang-toothed brute in the canoe, and then, as though the fish had only been waiting for the old man to finish his story before biting, they took the hook one after the other. We took turns pulling them up, until the canoe was deep in the water and the last wing of the red rooster had been tied to the nail-barbed hook. Only then did we paddle ashore; and by the time we had beached the canoe and walked up the river to Manea's house it was morning, and Mrs. Manea was busy in the cook-house preparing our coffee.

JEWS IN TROUBLE

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

I

ONE of the most excellent of my Christian friends (the greater number of my older friends are such) could finally hold in no longer. 'Your people *are* in trouble!' There was a tinge of over-eagerness in his tone; there was the faint shadow of something akin to the triumph of one who can say, 'I told you so.' He had, in fact, never told me anything. But an unspoken implication had hung in the air between us (as it has between other Christian friends and me) for years. The implication could be phrased somewhat as follows: 'You had become quite one of ourselves; we never thought of you as different. Did you have, as it were, to leave us and identify yourself so wholly with this people which, whatever its virtues and whatever be the merits of the case, does always create friction and commotion? Where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire. Did you have both to fan that flame and to leap into it?'

I did not answer my friend's unspoken but emphatic implication. For he is the type of American liberal, with slight theoretical radical leanings, who feigns to himself sincerely enough that the historic sources of life have run dry; that we are abstract and unfathered creatures; that the voice of the innumerable generations in our blood — the voice of common experience through pain and aspiration — can be silenced by a formula invented yesterday and very sure to be outmoded to-morrow.

He lives apparently merrily enough without piety (*pietas*) or metaphysical hope or God in the world, and he would have dismissed my explanation as mystical or — devastating word — reactionary.

Hence I limited myself to comment on his spoken words. I pointed out to him that the Jewish people was in much greater trouble than any reader of American newspapers and magazines could possibly suspect. The half million of men and women and children who are left trapped among the sixty million Germans have been rendered taboo, within the strict meaning of the term. They are isolated as savages isolate things or persons accursed or sacred, so that in many cities they suffer hunger because no one will sell them food. They spend the greater part of their time in their houses, for the streets are never safe for them. They pray for drenching rains in order to go comparatively unmolested upon the most necessary errands. All that for centuries they have built up or acquired of scientific skill or practical work or property is being crunched into dust under an iron heel. They are pariahs; the great majority are already paupers; to-morrow they will all be.

In Poland there has been a less spectacular expulsion of the Jews from the social and economic order; it has hardly been less complete. Of the three million Jews in Poland two millions are rav-

aged by perpetual famine punctuated by suicide and assassination. And in Lithuania and Latvia and Rumania, as well as in Austria, the Jews see the same terror approaching and slowly creeping nearer and nearer as a man in the very agony of fear sees coiling slowly nearer and nearer a monstrous serpent unescapable and sure to strike. These people have not the wherewithal to flee. But their flight, had they the means and courage, would be a flight without aim. The gates of the Western world are closed to them. They are precisely like the man in Poe's tale of 'The Pit and the Pendulum.' Thongs bind them; the merciless knife comes nearer and nearer; the dreadful walls close in.

My friend, who has a truly humane and feeling heart, had completely lost his slightly challenging air. Yet I had spared him horrors: the pogroms in North Africa suddenly fomented by German agents; the fierce Arab oppression of the group in Yemen. He was stirred. He abandoned at last the glib common superficial view of the situation and asked with impassioned insistence, 'But why? Why?' I was grateful for his question. For the trouble with so many of one's gentile friends is that they never ask. They turn up with a ready-made theory accompanied by a ready-made nostrum. Both are commonly empty of any exact knowledge of the problem; both are always by at least a quarter of a century too late. Thus a small group of American writers (Mencken, Dreiser, Boyd) have recently raised the cry that American Jewry must assimilate. Do they not know that the German Jews were the most assimilated group in all history, and that their penetration into German life and culture, the inevitable result of assimilation, was the immediate occasion, if not the ultimate cause, of their tragic martyrdom? We have in America, so far as I know, not a single highly

articulate friend, like the late Lord Balfour and Josiah Wedgwood in England or Justin Godard in France or Jan Smuts in South Africa, who thoroughly understands our plight. We must be glad enough when someone, like my friend, is impelled to make a sincere inquiry.

Well, the reasons for our persecution are evidently not the reasons which our persecutors give. For their reasons are all mythic or fantastic. We are, except on one point of which more presently, a wretchedly disunited people. Far from being capable of conspiring together, we are not capable (to the constant despair of every Jewish leader) of rational coöperation for purely defensive ends. We are an unbelievably poverty-stricken people. Of our approximately sixteen millions in the world, the vast majority are in a state of desperate need. Our bourgeoisie has felt the world crisis as keenly as any other and has, in addition, suffered expropriation through persecution not only in Russia but in Poland and Germany. Nevertheless we are, as astute Communists know, a bourgeois-minded, an essentially conservative people. Our Communists are noisy. True. But many of our young Communists are merely lost Jews who go in for proletarian assimilation after they have been rejected by the bourgeoisie of their countries. Nor can it have escaped observation that nearly all Communists are noisy, since they consider the decencies and amenities of life as part of the rottenness of bourgeois ideology. Numerically, Jewish Communists are a negligible group.

Shall I go on, I asked my friend, and assure you that we don't use Christian blood to bake the unleavened bread for Passover? He laughed and shook his head. Very well. Beyond myth and fantasy it may be said that the occurrence of highly ethical characters among Jews (as among one or two other

groups) is rather frequent, but that we have and are humanly entitled to our proportion of asocial and antisocial elements. We are a unique people, as ultimately every people or historic culture group is unique, but certain denominators are common. Then why this unending and forever recurrent persecution?

II

We were immensely unpopular in pagan antiquity. The gibes of Cicero, of Tacitus, of Juvenal, have no unfamiliar sound. We were the only folk within the Roman Empire that would not accept the *Pax romana*, the peace of Rome upon Rome's terms. We would not set up in our Temple the busts of the deified emperors; we would not bow down symbolically to the eagle and the fasces. State idol and other idol were all one to us. *Avoda zara*, idolatry, was the unforgivable sin. To it we preferred decimation and exile. To it, let us not forget, the primitive Church also preferred martyrdom. Hence, in the first two centuries, gentile Christians were often mistaken for Jews. Both were thrown to the beasts in the circus. But the blood of the Christian martyrs was the seed of the Church. Ours was a bitterer fate because our religion was an autochthonous and historic religion, anchored in our national being. And for our recusancy Rome, first in the year seventy, finally after the Hadrianic wars, drove us from our city and our land. A plough was passed over the site of Jerusalem, and where the Temple of God had stood was erected a shrine to the Capitoline Jove. Thus we were dispersed, thus definitely driven into exile, carrying with us, not like some pagan people the images of gods, but our written law and our oral tradition and an undying yearning for *Eretz Yisrael*, for Israel-land where we had taken upon ourselves the yoke of the law of

being the people Israel and of being, as every observant Jew still says in his daily prayers, separated from all the other peoples.

That separateness was now intensified. From the normal separateness of one geographically defined nation from neighboring nations, it became everywhere the abnormal separateness of a minority group living by the grace, whether more or less grudging, of the people of the land. Now every minority group living within or side by side with a majority is notoriously in an evil case. It exists at the mercy and by the dictates of the majority; it feels the repercussion of the majority's moods and fortunes. It need not be enslaved by law or fiat. It is enslaved by nature and circumstance. It can determine neither its mode of life nor its aims. Laws may be enacted for its protection, as they were for the American Negro. Those laws are nullified by the majority group.

Nor was this all. The Jewish minorities, cleaving to their law and faith, maturer through the long discipline of civilization, utterly disillusioned since the Hadrianic wars with force in any manifestation, were felt by all the majorities among whom they lived to be a living reproach and a living negation of all the ideals most dear to those majorities. No wonder that they were feared or hated — and fear and hate are one. Consider someone who is weaker than yourself, who is at your mercy, and who, by his walk and conversation, denies all your most cherished values. Worse, much worse — who upholds values to which as an individual Christian you give lip service or even a sincere allegiance, but which have little relation to your world's practical life of pagan loyalties and pagan splendor and pagan panoply of war. Of course the alternative that Europe placed before the Jew of the dispersion was first the baptismal font or death, and later

the degradation of the ghetto or expulsion. Of course his activities were limited. He could own no earth; he could join no guild. Because money-changing was held to be un-Christian, the Jew was picked as the world's money-changer. And so it came about that the most passionately agrarian of peoples, which in millennial exile from its land continued to celebrate in home and temple the spring and harvest festivals of that land, was forced by brute compulsion into urbanization and into trading with money and with goods.

But degradation degrades, and hate does not soften the heart of the hated. To endure life at all, the Jew clung with an iron tenacity to his law and way of life. His sages told him, and he accepted the saying, that a pagan who practices essential righteousness is equal to a high priest in Israel. But for centuries he saw few such. By his standard of the uncompromising practice of love and peace, he saw none. The hammer of destiny forged him ever more permanently into himself.

The civic emancipation of Jewry, first in France, next in England, later everywhere, came too late. Nor was it ever given on equitable terms. The Jews, dazzled since the Renaissance by the brilliant and beautiful life of the Western world, plunged passionately into that world. They adored its arts and its sciences, its culture and its glow. In their enchantment they forgot, they wanted to forget, that the nations had given them freedom at a definitely stipulated price — the price of being Jews no more. And it was a price which, profoundly as they often desired to do so, they could no longer pay. They tried to pay it. They lived for their new fatherlands and, pretending to themselves to share the martial spirit of those lands, died for them on all the battlefields of modern wars. But they remained Jews — recognizably such in both their spiritual and

their physical being. The hammer of destiny had done its work. The most assimilated Jew, himself in Europe often born of baptized parents, having no content in his consciousness except the culture of his European country, remains a Jew by the character of that consciousness, by his special relation to time and beauty, to love and peace, to man and God.

Jews have remained Jews. Assimilation as a method of adjustment is totally bankrupt. But that is not all. We have come to see that the nations, entirely sincere as they were at first, did not mean that they desired the Jew to assimilate. They desired him to disappear. That was beyond his power. For, did they desire him to assimilate, — to bring the argument home in both senses, — there would be, there *could* be no quotas in American colleges and universities; there could be neither social nor professional exclusion, and the recent immigrant and his children would always and everywhere be accepted in strict proportion to their need of being Americanized. One has only to state this truism to reduce to the utterly absurd the pretension even of the American people that what is desired is the assimilation of the Jew. He is not wanted. But he cannot disappear. The sincerely pluralistic state and society are too distant an ideal to comfort anyone to-day.

III

It is now more than sixty years ago that a group of men who called themselves 'Lovers of Zion' announced in Eastern and Central Europe their recognition of these facts and contradictions. The emancipation had not emancipated us. We remained a minority which, though now tolerated by law, was not truly or universally tolerated in fact because upon toleration was placed the price of successful

mimicry. These men also foresaw the fact, illustrated by the German catastrophe of to-day, that a too perfect assimilation would give rise to even more tragic disaster. They saw that the Jew is damned when he abstains from participation in the majority civilization and equally damned when, heart and soul and mind, he seeks to identify himself with it. They therefore negated the Diaspora in its present form as hopeless; they proposed the liquidation of the Diaspora wherever it became too cruel and the resettlement of the Jews in their ancient homeland. They argued, too, that the reconstitution of a Jewish nation in Palestine would normalize the condition of the Jew in exile, since it would give to him, as to the emigrant Swede or Dane or Finn, a moral status other than that of an utterly homeless suppliant at hostile thresholds.

It is needless to say that these men and their immediate successors met with violent resistance, with anger and with jeers, in the West of Europe, as well as in Germany and Austria. To the Jewish bourgeoisie of the world, things seemed tolerable enough. An expanding economy did not resist their participation. Whatever discriminations still existed they hoped, sharing the easy meliorism of the nineteenth century, to overcome. But, as that century drew nearer its close, even some of these people were shaken. For anti-Semitism, far from decreasing as the Jews became more and more Europeanized, had a way of rising and falling and then rising again like a malignant fever, and rising each time to a more searing point.

And so it came about that when, despite the resistance of those who sat in the seats of the mighty, Dr. Theodor Herzl of Vienna, under the impact of the Dreyfus Case, wrote *The Jewish State* and summoned the first World Zionist Congress to Basle in

1897, the foundations were solidly laid for that movement and that philosophy of Jewish reintegration which have been fortified by all history and by all experience. The final tragic witness to the truth of Herzl's vision came with the German revocation of Jewish emancipation in September 1935, and Zionism is to-day the dominant movement and the dominant philosophy of the Jewish people.

The rest of the story can be briefly told. Under the Turkish régime before the war, Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine were founded largely through the gifts of rich men. These colonies proved and have continued to prove the fitness of the Jew for Palestine and the fitness of Palestine for a normal human life for Jews. It was toward the end of the war that a group of men, headed by the eminent British chemist Dr. Chaim Weizmann, persuaded the British Government to issue the famous Balfour Declaration by which Britain pledged herself to the foundation of a Jewish home and polity as of right in Palestine and declared the World Zionist Organization to be the Jewish Agency for Palestine whose reports are made to the Mandate Commission of the League of Nations. This commitment was incorporated in the peace treaties; it was approved by special acts of both houses of the Congress of the United States; it gave the Jewish people at long last a legal status as a people among the peoples of the earth, and one small land where its wayfarers and fugitives could be as of right and not on sufferance.

The people responded to the call. Jews have turned immemorial deserts into rich farming communities by the work of their hands; Jews have built a city, Tel-Aviv, the Hill of Spring, which to-day has 125,000 inhabitants; Jews have made their ancient Hebrew speech into the current vernacular of a highly cultured community and have

begun to create in it a new and autochthonous literature. They have done more: they have raised the wage scale and standard of living of the Arab peasant and worker in the land, to the annoyance of the Arab feudal aristocracy; they have upon the whole made a genuine effort to build both a polity and an economy of justice, coöperation, peace.

A polity and an economy of justice! All previous colonization has been a colonization by conquest. Every people originally colonized the land that later became its historic homeland by force. The Greeks did that, and the Angles and the Saxons, and in a late age those who were to become Americans. The Jews, impelled to return to their historic homeland both by an inextinguishable yearning and by an unanswerable need, have used no force. They have bought every unit of land that they possess from its Arab owners. Next, they have earned that land a second time by reclaiming it from desert and wilderness. With that reclamation of lost land as a foundation, they have built up for all the inhabitants of Palestine a higher civilization. Wherever there is a Jewish colony the Arabs flourish both economically and socially. A new thing has occurred in recent years: an immigration of Arabs from Egypt, Iraq, Transjordan, and the Hauran into Palestine to share in the new civilization which the Jews have built. Beyond these incontrovertible facts, the Jews quite understand imaginatively that the Arab aristocracy would rather have been left to its own devices, and that the impact of our colonization, despite its benefits both lower and higher, disturbs these gallant but mediæval-minded men. The Jews have no answer to that except to double their scrupulous regard for Arab needs and sensibilities, to continue to alleviate the indescribable poverty of the Arab peasantry, to exterminate by

their medical service the immemorial endemic diseases that ravage the Near East.

They have not been unrewarded. Over 350,000 Jews live and work in Palestine to-day; 30,000 souls from the 'fiery furnace' of Germany have already found life and hope there; the immigration has steadily risen to over 50,000 a year. Yet such is the prosperity created by Jewish thrift and Jewish intelligence that the members of the Mandate Commission of the League of Nations, headed by Professor Lange of Norway, recommended strongly that Britain pursue a more generous policy of Palestinian immigration, not only for the sake of the Jewish people, but for the sake of all mankind. Cisjordan, West Palestine to-day, Transjordan, East Palestine to-morrow, can liquidate the intolerable exile of Israel in the lands of oppression and reestablish that people among the peoples of the earth.

IV

My Christian friend had listened patiently as I gave him more facts and far more statistics than are here set down. He said that in a vague way he had more or less known something of this entire matter. The knowledge, however, had never been a living knowledge to him. It had, as it were, risen above the horizon of his mind and then sunk again into the darkness. He had had the impression, he said, pondering, that the Zionist aspiration and work were confined to small groups of eccentric people of East European origin. He had seen nothing adequate on the matter in the American daily press, nor in the liberal weeklies, nor in the more intelligently edited monthlies. The final though rather vague conclusion he had come to was (here he laughed awkwardly) that Jewry — and specifically American Jewry — was divided between a standpat though

charitable bourgeoisie and a class-conscious pro-Communist proletariat with its usual sprinkling of intellectuals.

My friend, I saw at once, was utterly within his rights. He was in no wise to blame. He had read what he could and had received the impression, the tragically and dangerously erroneous impression, that had, in the current vernacular, been 'sold' to him. It is true that no representative or leader of the Jewish people is ever permitted on that specific subject to raise his voice in America. Articles on the Jewish problem appear here and there; they are almost uniformly written by men whom the vast majority of Jews throughout the world, including America, would in all seriousness hold to be betrayers of the cause, the hope, the very life of all Israel. The grievousness of this situation can be illustrated by eliminating for the moment any emphasis on the merits of the case. Would it not be monstrous and absurd to represent the spirit and trend of the American people by the voice of Mr. William Z. Foster or by that of even so good and moderate a man as Mr. Norman Thomas? The Jews who are permitted to speak loudly and conspicuously in America, with the at least tacit implication that they speak for their people, speak in all sober fact for small eccentric groups or for their isolated sterile selves.

The Jewish people is overwhelmingly Zionist to-day. From forty countries delegates, elected by 1,200,000 voters, came to the World Zionist Congress in Lucerne in August 1935. From thirty-four countries came delegates elected by 730,000 voters to the secessionist Revisionist Zionist Congress held in Vienna in September 1935. Nor should it be forgotten that of the 16,000,000 Jews, men and women and children, in the world 3,000,000 live in Soviet Russia, where Zionism is persecuted and where no voting can take place, or that

of the remaining 13,000,000 more than half live in such poverty and such dread as no American can even in this age imagine. Among these masses of ours the payment of the *shekel* to the World Zionist organization and the casting of a vote are often acts both of intense material sacrifice and of a moral energy above the reach of common men. So that a registered electorate of nearly 2,000,000 adults from among these masses scattered all over the world, who have to organize their own Zionist Districts and carry on, often amid poverty and oppression, the necessary drives for the great Zionist Funds, — the National Fund and the Foundation Fund, — is in itself an impressive witness of the essential solidarity of the Jewish people in this age.

Nor is this all. The desire of pro-Zionists, unready to embrace the total ideology of the movement, to lend their aid to the upbuilding of Palestine became so vigorous and vocal that in 1929 the Jewish Agency for Palestine, the body coöperating with the Mandatory power and responsible to the League of Nations, was enlarged by the admission of these pro-Zionists or technical non-Zionists on an equal basis and in an equal proportion, an arrangement that brought into our ranks eminent philanthropists like Mr. Felix Warburg and great creative spirits like Sholom Asch. And of these and hundreds like them it may be safely said that their benevolent coöperation has changed to impassioned participation since the German catastrophe of 1933.

American Jewry, finally and emphatically, is overwhelmingly Zionist or pro-Zionist to-day. Men of the highest vision, like Mr. Justice Brandeis, have been so for nearly a generation. Resistance has crumbled more and more. To-day the leaders of the Reform rabbinate (by historic tradition tending toward assimilation) are all active Zionists. Dr. Stephen Wise

is the most eloquent and powerful leader from among this group. With rapidly disappearing exceptions the conspicuous Reform pulpits are occupied by Zionists. The Central Conference of American Rabbis recently elected an outstanding Zionist, Dr. Felix Levy of Chicago, to its presidency. What is true of the Reform group is, of course, even more broadly true of the leaders of orthodox and conservative Judaism and of the faculties of our theological seminaries. In brief, middle-class American Jewry, which chooses its teachers and leaders and is very actively critical of them, is preponderantly Zionist or pro-Zionist to-day.

What of the masses? Our masses are the speakers and readers of Yiddish. The scattered workers up and down the land and the members of the great trade-unions — it is they who support the Yiddish press. And that press, headed by the *Daily Forward*, the *Day*, the *Morning Journal*, is strongly and overwhelmingly (though with various ideological shadings) Zionist. And so in an equal measure is to-day that

group of thirty-odd Anglo-Jewish weeklies, with a far from despicable total circulation, of which the *Jewish Advocate* of Boston and the *Jewish Criterion* of Pittsburgh are very representative examples.

American Jewry is Zionist in spirit throughout all its strata, and has used its good fortune of being a free community in a free land in its unexampled and often sacrificial contributions to the upbuilding of our ancestral land and the salvation *in* it and *through* it of our persecuted brethren everywhere in the world. It is an intolerable and dangerous misrepresentation to depict American Jewry or world Jewry, even the vast majority of our toiling masses, as radical in the extreme and pro-Soviet sense. The Jewish people as a people is Zionist. It clings to its pacifist and religious national movement as the instrument not only of its political but of its spiritual salvation. In religion it is definitely veering from both Reform and Orthodoxy toward Conservatism. More than for centuries the House of Jacob is united and seeks a new life for both its body and its soul.

OLIVER SPEAKING

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I

I WANT this paper to depict Oliver Herford as he was in life. His jests, his pictures, and his songs will live again in the hearts of his friends, and these more intimate sidelights on his wayward way will also interest those who knew him slightly or not at all.

Many descriptions of Oliver liken him to a sprite, an elf, or a pixy. But these terms do not really fit him. Richard Hovey's line, in his tribute to Barney McGee, comes nearer: —

Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you.

But Puck is not sib to Oliver. Puck implies a mischievous, teasing, mocking element, wholly foreign to Oliver's nature. To me, Oliver Herford is the personification of Ariel — 'Ariel and all his quality.'

Prospero says: 'Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,' and, 'My Ariel, chick . . . to the elements be free.' Thus might the gods have spoken to Oliver at his birth. And, like Ariel, Oliver might have returned: —

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Oliver Herford, the man, may be described in full in the usually misused phrase, 'a gentleman and a scholar.' Having spent many hours with many wise ones in arguing what or who is a gentleman, I find that in the last analysis that question is answered for me by — Oliver Herford.

And a scholar he was, as well. Few knew the extent of his widespread erudition. Few knew his familiarity with the classics, from Hesiod to Herodotus, or his positive knowledge of modern poetry and belles-lettres.

Of his work he was his own sternest, if not most consistent, critic. Many a time a gem of poesy was torn to shreds and wastebasketed, because it did not meet his approval at the moment. Possibly this hypercritical sense of his was a little pitted speck in his ripened mentality.

Listen to his own tale of woe: —

'And this is my tragedy. The Supreme Chemist, when concocting the thing I call me out of the odds and ends used in manufacturing character, with the best intentions in the universe, instead of making a perfect artist like James Montgomery Flagg or Wallace Morgan, as He surely intended to do, put in by mistake a whole lot of critic stuff left over in the fashioning of Alexander Woolcott; the result being a Jekyll and Hyde combination of artist and critic — like the Centaur — "two natures in perpetual strife," the one destroying as fast as the other creates.'

Oliver dilated on this theme, and detailed how often his trusty eraser helped him undo the errors of his pencil. One asked him then, if he were cast on a desert island and had to choose between his pencil and his

eraser, which would be his choice. Without hesitation he responded, 'My eraser, of course.'

This innate sense of criticism included human beings as well as their writings, and sometimes Oliver felt it as a premonition before he had seen the person. Once I asked him if he had met a man who had suddenly achieved a specious popularity, and whom we will call Shobal Jackson.

'Oh, Carolyn,' he said, a look as of fear in his eyes, 'if you knew how many hundreds of men I have refused to meet for fear they *might* be Shobal Jackson!'

Oliver was not at all Bohemian, not gregarious. He was much more conventional than strangers thought him.

He has been called an entertainer. He was the farthest possible remove from that. An entertainer implies a purposeful programme negotiated by a determined performer. Oliver's jests were spontaneous and impromptu. If his friends were entertained by him, and they were, he was also entertained by them, and there was no forced or even intentional entertaining on either side.

The great charm of Oliver Herford lies in the fact that, instead of following the main-traveled roads of wit and humor, he strays into bypaths of whimsical fancy and fantastic imagination.

No one is more successful than he in personifying animals or inanimate things. He never wrote an 'animal story,' but with a swift, fleeting touch of his pen or pencil he vivifies an ant or a lion, the earth or the sun, and the effect of a personage is given. His realm is Fancy, and his scope is the material universe. His success is due to his innate comprehension and mastery of the principle of *reductio ad absurdum*.

As the Duke in *As You Like It* remarked about Touchstone: 'He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under

the presentation of that he shoots his wit.'

And, after all, Oliver's bubble, reputation, rests on his wit — and humor.

Here is a fine example of his unposed, unpurposed humor.

He had various studios in New York, moving frequently. The one I liked best was a long apartment of three or four rooms, the top floor of an old house somewhere in the East Thirties.

Being an artist, Oliver was unable to preserve even a semblance of order or tidiness about his belongings. A visit to his studio revealed tumbled heaps of books, helter-skelter piles of papers, sketches, and letters.

But once every few years the chaos of that studio was reduced to order. A scrublady was summoned, a step-ladder brought, and a junk wagon stood at the door. As if by a whirlwind, sketches, books, and papers disappeared. Lucky was the friend who chanced to be present at such a time, for to him would be presented in rapid succession books, pictures, artist's paraphernalia, photographs, personal belongings, even clothes and pipes. Not old and worthless rubbish, either. I well remember Oliver's being obliged to rush out and buy a new Gladstone bag to take on an unexpected trip, because the day before he had given away his own new one. When these clearing occasions came, everything had to go. Even half-finished poems and pictures shared the common fate, and thus has the public been deprived of what it might have had. For a few days after the cyclone a spick-and-span order reigned, which would delight the soul of a New England housewife. No work was done, lest it disarrange implements or materials. Letters were not opened, as torn paper would sadly mar the effect of the empty wastebasket.

On one occasion I entered the studio

during one of these brief spells of spotlessness, and, unthinkingly, tore a letter to bits. Oliver walked the floor in dismay. *What* could be done with the scraps? I suggested that I had a half-filled wastebasket out in my New Jersey home. He hailed the fact with joy, and, stuffing the scraps in an envelope, directed and mailed it to my address.

Another time, when I had an appointment with Oliver, he was late at the tryst, and explained the delay thus:—

‘You see, Carolyn,’ he said, ‘I was hurrying here to meet you, and as I walked along Broadway I met a kitten, who stopped me and shyly asked if she might speak to me a minute. “What is it, my dear?” I said gently, for she was a timid little thing, and looked as if she had been crying, beside. “If you please, sir,” she said, in a hesitating way, “if you please, I can’t do arithmetic very well—and, will you tell me how much eight from nine leaves?” I saw through her in a moment! The little rascal had foolishly frittered away eight of her nine lives, and she wanted to know how many she had left. She looked so pathetic and waited so anxiously for my reply that I had n’t the heart to tell her the cruel truth, and let her know she had only one life left to live. So I told her six, and she brightened up wonderfully. “Oh, thank you, sir,” she cried, and with a saucy, kittenish bow and smile she turned and ran into one of the cross streets. I hope it was n’t cross to her!’

II

One of the dearest things about Oliver was his ready helpfulness in an emergency.

On the occasion of a dinner given in honor of Bliss Carman, the guests stayed unconscionably late. I had to return to my New Jersey home by

train, but we commuters thought little of traveling late on the good old P. R. R.

Oliver, however, would n’t hear of it. His sense of chivalry was too strong, and he insisted on taking me home, and then returning to New York. I told him if he went home with me he must stay the night, well knowing how delighted my family would be. To this he agreed, and then one of the guests observed that, though he could go home with me in his evening clothes, what about coming back in them the next morning?

This gave Oliver to think, for he was a meticulous dresser.

Whereupon the host offered a day coat of his own. This Oliver donned with glee, declaring that now everything was all right.

And it was, save that the said host was a much smaller man, and Oliver’s wrists came way down out of the too-short sleeves, and the coat strained perilously at its seams. But we reached our journey’s end in safety, and next morning Oliver appeared at breakfast wearing the far-too-small garment with an air of dignity that forbade all mention of it.

Another day he was out at my home, and my sister told him of a club we were forming and offered him the privilege of membership.

‘It is,’ she explained, ‘the Esurient Club. Do you know the meaning of “esurient”?’

‘No,’ said Oliver, ‘I’ve not the faintest idea what it means.’

‘Then you can join. A member must not know the meaning of the word, he must not ask anyone what it means, and he must not look in any dictionary.’

‘Then how does he find out what it means?’

‘Oh, you have to wait until you run across it in a book, or hear it accidentally in a casual conversation. When that occurs, you are given a degree,

but of course you mustn't tell the other members what it means.'

Oliver said he would think it over before joining the club, and later wrote to my sister that, after all, he had discovered he was ineligible for membership.

'I'm sorry,' he wrote, 'but I find that to belong to a club like that one must not only fail to know what "esurient" means, but one must *care* what it means. I don't.'

One evening the talk turned upon Shakespeare and his choice of words. One bewailed the frequent misprints in some editions of the Plays, and quoted, 'Ferdinand, with hair upstaring,' claiming that it should be 'upstarting.'

'No,' said Oliver. 'Anybody could say "upstarting," but that's commonplace. "Up-staring" — fine!

'It must be wonderful,' he went on, 'to be so frightened that your hair stands on end! Once, you know, the Seven Sutherland Sisters were out walking, late at night, and they thought they heard a lion roar, and they were so frightened their hair stood on end, and tickled the moon!'

These are the whimsies with which Oliver delighted his friends. His *bons mots* and epigrams reëcho through the Players, but in a small circle of intimates he was at his best. How little they know of Oliver who only Herford know!

Oliver, like Miniver Cheevy, sighed for what was not. He wanted to be an editor.

He began by having a page of his own in *Leslie's Weekly*, called 'Pen and Inklings.' I'm not sure how long this ran, but I have ten pages, dated during the summer of 1920. I also have one page of *Harper's Weekly* and one of *Everybody's Magazine*, with the same caption, all carrying short bits of Oliver's verse and prose. To quote one from the *Leslie's Weekly* lot: —

THE ANSWER

I sped the Mystic Ouija to and fro,
The Secret of the After Life to know,
And by and by the Ouija spelled for me
The letters, D, A, M, F, I, N, O.

This is accompanied by a lovely picture of a classic-looking lady with a halo. She is using a planchette, not a ouija board, but what of that?

Usually placid and urbane, Oliver was ever irritated by anything that offended his taste.

Himself a past grand master in the writing of a spring poem, he thus holds forth in his 'Pen and Inklings' page: —

There is one spring crop that shows no sign of failing, and that is the crop of Spring Poets — the spurious variety, I mean. Their medium is Free Verse. No frost of disdain can blight, no floods of abuse can wither their exuberant vitality, no mouse-tooth of satire gnaw through the tough fibre of their Art-Ego.

The true Spring Poetry, delicate as the yellow Lady-slipper and as hard to find, is threatened with extinction by the rank growth of this spurious variety, as irritating as poison ivy. If you think I speak too feelingly take a look at this versicule removed from the insides of a book of New Verse just published: —

Old, ugly and stern
The night lies upon the water,
And it quivers in the twilight
Like a tortured belly.

This, if alcohol were not so expensive, would be a specimen worthy of preservation.

Finding that a page did not fill the desire for editorship, Oliver planned, with two collaborators, a weekly, entitled *Enfant Terrible*. The editorial announcement read thus: —

ENFANT TERRIBLE

Governors

Gelett Burgess Oliver Herford

Governess

Carolyn Wells

The first number appeared on April first, 1898. It was a fine-looking paper about the size and shape of *Life*. It contained no contributions save those by the Gubernatorial Board. It was beautifully printed in blue and white, and yet a second number never appeared.

Oliver's next venture in the editorial field was *Dreamland*. This, a weekly also, started on May 20, 1905. In the first number the editorial staff is listed as M. Regan, O. Herford, F. Metcalfe. M. Regan was Mrs. Oliver Herford, and an able partner in the enterprise.

A second number came out on May twenty-second, and I think there were no more. I have only the two. This periodical contained the first pages of one of Oliver's cleverest conceits, the adventures of the Rough House Kitten, a most adorable specimen of hoodlum kittenhood.

The stationery of this periodical is a joy in itself. It bears a pictorial head-piece in Oliver's best vein, showing the Dreamland offices in the woods, elves plying typewriters, fairies writing at toadstool desks, a morning-glory telephone, and birds and bees for messengers. It is called, as second title, 'A Weekly Caprice,' and its optimistic motto is, 'All's gold that glitters.'

Much later, somewhere around 1922, Oliver became one of the editors of *Life*. Naturally, one result of this was amusing letters from his editorial chair:—

DEAR CAROLYN: A check for \$7.00 was sent you on November 24th—No! I mean a check for \$24.00 was sent you on November 7th. If you have no record of its receipt, please let me know.

In justice to the editorial board, I think I ought to tell you that we accept no Spring poetry before the 27th of January, except on Leap Year, when the date is extended to the 28th.

If anything of yours went back, I did n't

know about it. I take everything I see of yours, and I am

Affectionately and alwaysly yours,
OLIVER

And again:—

DEAR CAROLYN: I enclose a picture with caption, 'East is East and West is West,' which needs something to go with it. Something in verse. Only you can treat the startling proposition 'East is East and West is West' in a satisfactory manner, and about 500 words, and drag in the pictures.

Faithfully, OLIVER

III

A bibliography of Oliver Herford's books would be hard to compile. He himself had no knowledge of how many he had written and remembered only a few of their names. His first book, *Pen and Inklings*, in no sense a reprint of his page of the same title, was published in 1893 by George M. Allen. I have three variants of this book, but it is now out of print and practically unobtainable.

His next book is *Artful Anticks*, the Century Company, 1897. This, too, is now hard to come by.

As Oliver seldom had any one of his own books in his possession, it is not surprising that he said, on hearing that his earlier volumes were being 'collected,' 'Well, that's good; now when I want to refer to one I can borrow it from a collector!'

In quick succession his books came out under various imprints and frequent dates. I have about fifty separate titles, and yet I have never seen one that I have vaguely heard of, called, I am told, *Jungle Jingles*.

Oliver was especially happy in writing inscriptions. My copy of *A Little Book of Bores* has this in its inscription to me:—

Where are all the Bores?
Have they ceased to curse?
No, they're all out-doors
A-writing of Free Verse.

Oliver and I collaborated on a book called *A Phenomenal Fauna*, in 1902. When I asked him to inscribe a copy for me, he wrote thus:—

CAROLYN —

You'd oughter be oughtergraphing this here book for me, not me for you. But have it your own way!

OLIVER

I like best of all *The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten*. The inscription in my book is an inimitable little fluffy kitten, whose fur is trailing off in unloosened, disheveled snarls, with the legend:—

And many a cat unravell'd by the way —

thus parodying his own parody.

At times, though, *The Alphabet of Celebrities* comes to the fore as a favorite; or *The Tale of a Pen and Ink Puppet*, among the cleverest of the lot; or *The Kitten's Garden of Verses*.

To reread these books is to marvel anew at the illimitable stretch of Oliver's imagination, and the unimaginable expanse of his imagery.

He had a quicksilver mind. And, be it remembered, that word does not connote haste, but life. Living silver is the real definition of liquid mercury. Oliver Herford was quicksilver-witted.

His *métier*, to use long and unbeautiful words, was the apotheosis of the incongruous. An unused and unfinished series of pictures and text was planned to tell of Gertie, the Gungirl, a débutante desperado. Also a film version of an old fairy tale, in the days when captions were fine writing, has this first scene: 'Like a little red corpuscle in the arteries of silence, Riding-Hood sped through the wolf-haunted shadows.' And it goes on to where the bad wolf comes, disguised as a piano tuner: 'On the pulsant waves of the Lee Shubert serenade, Grannie is wafted to the vast Alhambra of dreams.'

Englishmen always seem to know

everything worth knowing, from the Battle of Hastings on. And especially do they know their mother tongue.

One day someone said, in Oliver's presence, that Americans almost invariably used their 'shalls' and 'wills' mistakenly.

'That is n't the trouble,' said Oliver; 'it is that they don't know that such a word as *shall* exists.'

Another time someone wrote to him, using the phrase 'Faith, Hope, and Charity,' with a comma after 'Hope.'

Oliver waxed wroth. 'A comma before *and*!' he exclaimed. 'The dullard! Is the conjunction to have *no* recognition in this language of ours?'

And Oliver knew his Shakespeare. It has often seemed to me that their fancies ran in similar channels.

Shakespeare tells of one who beat his tabor, and his hearers 'advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses as they smelt music.' Oliver, in a recent essay, tells of listening to a colloquy between two roses on a garden bush, and begins, 'At the moment when I caught the scent of their conversation . . .'

But, though Oliver Herford well knew and loved the lines published over the name of William Shakespeare, he was one of the strongest advocates of the belief that they were written by Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford — concerning which I append one of his characteristic letters:—

DARLING CAROLYN: A myriad thanks for the books. They came so quickly, they (as Charlie Towne once said) 'almost took my breath away.' It was as if you had a private flash of lightning and you stuck it into the books as you would a fork (which accounts for the term forked lightning). I am eager to read the new evidence in support of De Vere, — and why don't we start a De Vere society? I nominate you as President, Harriet as Vice President and Peggy and me as Treasurer.

With love from the both of us,

OLIVER

Oliver's conviction that Oxford wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare was so positive that he wrote many essays on the subject. And, though disclaiming any interest in rare books, he tells of a Very Rare Book in his possession. He writes:—

It is an obese red cloth 12mo, and upon its back and cover are (in gold) the words 'THE COMPLETE WORKS OF EDWARD DE VERE, seventeenth Earl of Oxford.' It was once a volume of Shakespeare. It is now the only copy of Oxford's plays and poems in the world, and on the title-page are the words, 'FIRST EDITION.'

Oliver's comprehensive tastes included knowledge of all types of poesy, with more or less admiration. Though thoroughly conversant with all the rules for French forms, he resented their trammeling exactness, and seldom wrote them. He called them Frog Verse. But he had a liking for the limerick, in its better manifestations. In an essay he calls it the Black Sheep of Poetry, and defines it thus:—

The Limerick is a wadgetty little verse of five anapestic lines, of which the first, second and fifth are three stress and rhyme and the third and fourth two stress and rhyme. Roughly speaking, the first line tells the hero's (or heroine's) name, nationality or station in life. The second line describes his character, occupation or desire. The third and fourth tell what he does or what happens to him and the fifth line brings the story to a surprising yet logical conclusion.

The Limerick is the smallest, the speediest and the most promising of all the verse family, and yet to-day the Limerick is lying idle, or, what is worse, wasting its substance in riotous ribaldry.

Yet Oliver did n't write many limericks. His Muse was too fanciful, too graceful for that vehicle. But he said he had two lines to use as third and fourth in any limerick, so he was never at a loss, except for the other three. His patent inside lines were:—

When they said, 'Goodness me!'
She replied, 'That may be' . . .

On one occasion Oliver and I, and a mutual friend, were asked to be judges of the results of a newspaper Limerick Contest. As the honorarium was beyond the dreams of avarice, we consented, and when the time came we forgathered in conference. The great mass of material had been winnowed down to a hundred or less, and we diligently scanned the 'last lines' to select the best.

Finally, after much and heated discussion, we found ourselves unable to reach an agreement. Oliver and the Mutual Friend each stood out for a different prize winner. I was ready to vote with either if they would only agree and let us go home. We started early in the afternoon, as we all had dinner engagements, but the weary, quarrelsome hours passed until it was too late for any of our dinner parties. I tried my best to help them get together, but without success. Late in the evening Oliver declared he was going home and we could do what we pleased. Naturally the Mutual Friend gleefully decided on his own original choice, and, as I could n't combat him successfully, I had to agree.

But the two men never spoke to each other again.

IV

In due time Oliver discovered the woman the good Lord had made purposely for him. After he married Peggy, their home was the dearest spot on earth to visit. She complemented his wit with her humor, and his humor with her wit. The Herfords' became a rendezvous where at four o'clock, every day, tea awaited all friendly comers, and where I passed crowded hours of sheer delight, listening to the kind of conversation I like best of all—the desultory, humorous chat of serious minds. Or, better yet, I would be

summoned as in this peroration of an editorial letter:—

When are you going ever again to give a party at our house by coming to see Peggy and me? Just you, Carolyn dear.

As ever, OLIVER

Peggy is the most delightful of hostesses, and has a marvelous laugh like the sound of the old-time musical glasses. Oliver's laugh was a smile.

A trip anywhere, with the Herfords, was a carnival. One summer we were all in London, and several of us went down to Kent to spend a week-end with Frances Hodgson Burnett in her historic villa, Maytham.

We went by train and the start-off was complicated. What with getting luggage stuck, and keeping the party together, and getting a compartment to ourselves and suchlike, we were put to it.

Oliver was inventing. 'It's a way to get a compartment to one's self, d' you see?' he explained. 'You invent some collapsible rubber people—like balloon pigs, you know—that may be carried in the pocket and blown up when necessary. Three or four of these placed in the various seats would fool any guard. And if one were shaped like a baby, with a crying arrangement that would work mechanically, the others would not be needed.'

I admired the beauty of the hopped country as we rode through it. 'But oh, Carolyn,' Oliver said, 'if you could only see it in the spring! The lanes are walled in on either side with the pink bloom of the may—and the wild flowers—'

Tears came to his blue eyes at the mere thought of spring in Kent, and I realized at last why English poets have sometimes written poems about spring.

But all thought of sentiment was lost when we challenged Oliver to make a limerick about each absurdly named station as we passed it. Railroad trains

in the shires are not streamlined speeders, so, with abundant time, Oliver came out ahead.

Soon after our arrival at Maytham Hall, Mrs. Burnett took us out to her own special rose garden and seated us all on great stones, placed there for the purpose, and read to us fairy tales of her own composition.

Sitting under trailing wild roses, and being herself of a fairy clan, she transmuted the whole atmosphere into fairy gold. Oliver was in his element, we all fell under the charm, and when it was over we found it difficult to return to the house as ordinary mortals.

Among the most fascinating of Oliver's by-products are the whimsical letters he wrote to friends. This is an extract from one sent me while he was in London:—

I would send you a kitten an I had one to send, but in truth I have had no kittens for a long, long time. Do you remember the kitten wreath I sent you once? That was a grand kitten year. Now the trees are bare, and only one little kitten have I been able to shake down for you. I sent thee once a kitten wreath, now all the trees are bare; and I can only find enough to make a kittonière. I send you the kittonière and I hope that next year will be brighter and more kittenful.

The wreath, looking like flowers and tied with a big bow of ribbon, proves on close inspection to be made of tiny kittens with smiling faces, and the kittonière speaks for itself.

Later he writes, 'I would enclose another kitten, but there are nothing but very small buds, and I don't know what color they would come out, and I know you hate magenta kittens. There should be one out week after next.'

A bit from another whimsey letter says:—

I'm planning to rewrite the alphabet, and have it begin with C is for Carolyn instead of A is for Apple or Adam (or

Adam's Apple, for that matter). It's a terribly simple thing to do if you don't lose your nerve. You just consider the alphabet as a circle, and instead of (when you straighten it out) dividing it between Z and A you divide it between B and C and make B the last letter and C the first. Don't say anything about it, though, as I want to surprise the schools — and the writing world.

Oliver was especially clever in the art of inscribing his books. In my copy of *Artful Anticks*, he has filled three flyleaves with pictures. One is a portrait of himself as gardener, with a sprinkling pot in hand, carefully watering a kitten tree, which, in full bearing, grows thriftily in a wooden tub.

A more elaborate picture of the beautiful wreath of kittens bears this legend: —

As I walked around my garden
I spy'd a kitten tree,
And I gather'd all the kits to make
This kitten wreath for thee.

A darling conceit is a check, given to me because, Oliver said; he had no gift kittens by him at the moment. The check, on a Boston bank, is duly drawn and signed, and bears, in the blank for the amount, the words 'One Kitten,' and the loveliest picture of a kitten ever seen.

Another of my cherished possessions is a drawing of a kitten which Oliver made while sitting opposite me at a table. He drew the kitten upside down to *himself*, thus it was right side up to me, and I could watch the drawing progress from the proper point of view.

When it was finished, no one would guess that the artist had worked in reverse!

Fooling? Yes, but such excellent fooling.

Endless are the anecdotes which might be told of Oliver's impromptu fun. At a publisher's dinner in honor of a newly published book, copies of the volume were given to the guests. As usual, these were sent round the table for autographs. Oliver sat next to Mary E. Wilkins, another waggish genius. In every book, as it came around to them, Oliver wrote Miss Wilkins's name and she wrote his.

Familiar as Oliver's sketches are, in the world of illustration, few know much of his colored pictures. His paintings have a charm of their own, with their luring quality of pastel tints and mysterious tones. Seldom has his color work appeared in magazines, but one delightful series was published, which included that acme of daredeviltry, 'The Wash That Stayed Out All Night.'

An old nurse gives us a word picture of Oliver, at five, 'sitting in his tiny armchair by the ingleside, brooding and pondering like a little old man.' And we respond: —

So walked he from his birth;
In simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean
mirth.

Or is not the most appropriate dirge his own inspired couplet: —

The Bubble winked at me, and said:
'You'll miss me, brother, when you're dead.'

STRAWS FROM ALBERTA

BY WILLIAM F. RUSSELL

I

THERE was once a time in the United States when a youth seeking the road to success was advised to work hard and save his money. To-day he is told, 'Vote for me.' Instead of exalting the ideals of industry and thrift, we are coming to advise allegiance to this or that system of political economics, or economic politics, as the way to security and fortune. One politician offers \$200 a month. Another, by whirling the printing presses, would grant greenback pensions, bonuses, and other forms of 'social justice.' A third offers a house, a radio, an automobile, a college education, including trips to all football games away from home, and \$2500 a year, 'sharing the wealth' by 'soaking the rich.' *New America* bids \$4000 a year. Technocracy raises the offer to \$20,000.

There was once a time also when such offers fell on deaf ears; but to countless thousands to-day they no longer sound silly. In the Province of Alberta in Canada a political party pledged to an 'equal deal for all citizens' triumphed at the recent elections. It promised an increase in the purchasing power of the consumer, the elimination of profiteering by the revival of the mediæval idea of a 'just price' for all goods and services, the prevention of hasty foreclosures, the provision of loans and grants from the government to refund or liquidate present interest-bearing mortgages, loans to stimulate produc-

tion, and the development of new export markets to assist agriculture. Specifically the new party promised \$25 a month to every worthy citizen, as a dividend from the state to be expended at will within the province. This promise was sufficient to sweep it into power. For the first time on the American Continent, the Athenian idea of every citizen living at government expense successfully appealed to a majority of the voters. The pledge of direct distribution of government funds gained an election.

If this election had taken place in the United States instead of Alberta, some of our leading citizens would have made it the occasion for yet another attack upon our schools. When there is an increase in crime, a decline in good taste, an accession of unusual stupidity in the councils of the nation, it has become the fashion to blame it upon public education; and to say that discipline has declined, severity has moderated to softness, the fundamentals have been sacrificed to fads and frills, and sound instruction has vanished before tricky methods of teaching. The little red schoolhouse, with its ignorant teacher, slight equipment, few books, red-hot stove, and icy walls has become glorified in some minds; distance has lent enchantment; and the inference is that if we should only return to the good old days all would be well.

But if there is any place on the

American Continent where the old conservative educational ideals hold full sway, it is the Province of Alberta. There they are innocent of 'modern' educational methods. They are guiltless of progressive education. They centre their attention upon reading, writing, and arithmetic. They keep the one-teacher country school. Their instructors have been drilled in the subjects they teach. No trick methods. No standard tests. The high-school teachers come from the university without professional training for teaching. There is no mad rush for secondary or higher education. Only the best go on — and the mass of the pupils in the elementary schools are disciplined in the good old-fashioned ways. Their time is not wasted. There is no over-elaborate curriculum. They read, they write, they spell, they cipher. Nevertheless the citizens of Alberta voted to pay themselves \$25 a month.

It takes a steady head and a good education to resist the blandishments of the modern socio-economic politician. There was once a time when promises of \$25 a month, or \$2500 a year, or \$4000 a year, or \$20,000 a year, or free land, or the full dinner pail, or *'la poule au pot pour tout le monde,'*¹ were made only by political charlatans or fakers; but I doubt if this is the case to-day. In fact I am confident that many of these easy promises are made by persons who believe what they say, and their faith is transmitted to their followers, even to those of considerable knowledge and intelligence.

II

Their argument begins with a world in misery and distress. The depression — which we have passed through, according to the Democrats, which we are experiencing, according to the Republicans, which we are just beginning

to suffer, according to the Socialists and Communists — has only served to bring to general notice what was present even in times of greatest prosperity: the fact that most of the population lives in insecurity. The spectre of unemployment hangs over all. Mergers, consolidations, new inventions, new processes, are abolishing the small factory and substituting increasingly intricate and automatic machines for men. By modern technology, production steps up and the worker steps down — and out! Huge combinations of power plants, factories, mines, and systems of transportation and distribution are concentrating our workers in a few great industrial centres. At times labor is fast and furious, and at times everything and everybody stand idle. Six million persons, at least, in the United States to-day want work and cannot find it.

In the second place, the argument continues, it is generally agreed that we know enough in the world to-day and have sufficient control of our environment to be able to give comfort and security to all. No longer do we need to live under an economy of scarcity, where there is not enough to go around. Scientists, engineers, and technologists assert that we have the necessary raw materials, and the capacity to gather, modify, combine, transform, and transport them, so that every person may be provided with all the necessities of life and many of its luxuries. There is no exact agreement on estimates of our capacity to produce; but technologists believe that a part of the population working part-time in the Power Age will be able to provide for themselves and for all the rest a high standard of living.

If, then, we feel certain that were we to produce to capacity, and were we to divide the opportunities both to work and to enjoy the products of work more evenly, unemployment would dis-

¹ Camille Desmoulins. — AUTHOR

appear and distress diminish, it is only natural that people, even politicians, should begin to inquire into the causes of the disparity between the life we live and the life we might live.

Some attribute the difficulty to the inability of the people to purchase what the mines, farms, and factories are able to produce. Of the money paid for goods, they say, too much goes to the capitalist and too little to the worker. The worker puts his money back into circulation; the capitalist puts his away. The worker cannot buy as much as he should. Soon the factory closes; other workers have nothing to spend; other factories close. This is a vicious circle. To correct this condition, governments strive to increase purchasing power, 'to prime the pump,' and to this end provide doles, unemployment relief, and public works. Those who benefit from these expenditures will be able to buy. If they are able to buy, the factories will open. If the factories open, workers will be employed. If they are employed, they will be paid. If they are paid, they can buy.

It is only a step from using public works and unemployment relief for pump-priming purposes to the actual provision of cash to all the citizens. This explains why some of the graduates of the conservative public schools of Alberta voted for a party that promised \$25 a month. They might in the future even support candidates who would increase purchasing power by providing \$200 a month, or \$5000 a year, or soldiers' bonuses. The psychology of prohibition was based on the idea of helping the other person who could not take it or leave it alone. The fairly intelligent man who votes for government dividends to the citizens may do so not so much for the benefit to himself as for the benefit to the great mass of the population. When he comes to think of paying the bills,

he will think first of taxing excess profits, then all profits, then he will 'soak the rich'; and somewhere in the process he will begin to inflate the currency. Robespierre and Danton were not graduates of progressive schools.

It is only one further step from government cash subsidies to the abolition of private ownership, profits, and money. The radicals, such as the Communists, Technocrats, and *New America*, attribute our poverty in the midst of plenty to the hit-and-miss, haphazard organization of our economic life. We need to be managed. We cannot run ourselves. Under *laissez faire* both production and unemployment are irregular. There is no sense in this. Our country is like a crowded restaurant where one waiter is at work and four others stand idly by. Put a powerful person in command of the government. Let him enlist the services of sociologists, economists, technologists, and engineers. Let these scientists ascertain our capacity to produce, to consume, and arrange our economic order to match. Then we shall have no depressions. Then we shall have no poor. Then will the good things of life become distributed equally to all. Then will the opportunity to work become the privilege of every citizen.

III

I rehearse these arguments not because they convince me. I repeat them because they convince so many others. So far as political economics is concerned, or economic politics, the ordinary elector to-day is like a child. One of the supreme problems of education is to give to the young the benefits of the experience and the wisdom of the old, to teach them to resist the temptation of the social shell game and gold brick, and so to order their conduct that greater rewards which are hidden and long delayed may be preferred to those

which, immediate and apparent, may seem to be greater. This is the problem of moral education. Honesty is the best policy, but this is apparent only if one sees the ultimate consequences of dishonesty. This is also the problem of health education. A rigorous regimen, somewhat unpleasant at the start, is preferred by the wise man to the full satisfaction of immediate desires. There is greater happiness in the long run.

Anyone who has studied the history of government in business, anyone who has traced through the ages the experiences of mankind as he has tried to order his economic life, knows full well the consequences of government payments of doles, bonuses, dividends, and salaries to all the citizens. However they may seem justified in economic argument, in the past they have been a prelude to decline and fall. In fact they are more than a prelude; they are a symptom of a process of decay already in progress, although unrealized at the time. Similarly, although government efforts to control and operate economic life sometimes have had happy results at the start, in the long run they have degenerated into tyranny; misery and distress have been the consequences; liberty has vanished before government dictation, and equality before special privilege. For, no matter how hard they have searched, governments have never been able to enlist the services of men wise enough to 'superintend the industry of private people.' If the citizens of Alberta had read and thoroughly mastered Blanqui's *Histoire de l'Économie Politique en Europe*, had walked with him across the ages, had seen the folly of the Athenians in electing to office the highest bidder, had suffered as economic ignorance began to triumph in Rome, had watched the snuffing out of the little gleams of economic freedom here and there by the stupid policies of Charles V, and had thrilled as economic liberty was

rediscovered by the Physiocrats and Adam Smith — then I doubt very much if they would have been enchanted by the dulcet strains of Mr. Aberhard, a teacher in a nonprogressive school. They would have seen the danger signals ahead.

It has been said repeatedly that we are in a race between education and catastrophe. This has been said so often that it is like the cry, 'Wolf! Wolf!' But we had better heed this cry to-day. For what happened in Alberta may happen in the United States. If this should occur, what will be the result? Are our voters prepared to decide on such questions as: How can the purchasing power of the consumer be increased? What is a just price, a fair wage, and how can they be regulated? When money is borrowed, should it be repaid? Should the government protect the borrower and not the lender? Should the government advance money to stimulate production? How can new export markets be secured? These questions were put before the people of Alberta by the Social Credit Party. When they come before the people of the United States, shall we succumb to the offer of a specific sum of money each month? Shall we support the economic theorist who proposes a remedy which, though he does not know it, has been tried repeatedly before, and always before has failed? We shall if we don't know anything about political economics.

However much the American schools may deserve criticism at present, however much their methods may warrant ridicule, however much they may be overexpanded, overexpensive, overprogressive, and underconservative, they are, nevertheless, our only hope. We have in the American educational system an agency which can reach all the people. All the children are in elementary school. Most of those from fourteen through eighteen years of age are

in high school. A huge number are in institutions of higher learning. A half million are in the CCC camps. The agencies of adult education have so greatly expanded in the last decade that men and women formerly beyond the reach of an educational programme are now regularly attending conferences, lectures, and classes.

It is high time that the American people direct all their educational agencies to the task of giving our citizens the basis upon which to decide questions of political economics. I am not advocating indoctrination in the principles of the present social order any more than I am urging adoption of any specific different order such as Technocracy or Communism. I am not saying that, because government economic dictation has never succeeded, it never will. It merely seems unlikely. The American voter within the next decade will be called upon to express his opinion upon a great variety of questions on the relation of government and economic life. Somehow or other he must acquire a background of knowledge, that his decisions may be wise.

IV

There is only one solution to this problem. Political economics should be taught in our schools, and the science of Education should be consulted in planning what should be taught, and when, and how.

We shall have to apply to the field of political economy the methods of curriculum construction which have been used with such success in reorganizing the materials and methods of instruction in most of the subjects taught in the progressive elementary schools, high schools, colleges, and professional schools. The indiscriminate insertion in the lower schools of an abbreviation and simplification of what is now taught to college students will be both

inadequate and wasteful. It is imperative to find out what facts and principles of political economics the boys and girls who leave school from fifteen to twenty will need and can use as voters, workers, buyers, borrowers, or savers. It is desirable to arrange these facts and principles in such an order that the learning of each will facilitate the learning of all, and that the difficulty of the tasks will be adapted to the pupil's growth in ability to master them. Educational science can provide sound methods for carrying on this investigation; it has already done so for spelling, for arithmetic, for geography. Education has useful techniques for suggesting and testing effective orders of arrangement; their value has been demonstrated in the teaching of other school subjects. These techniques can be used with equally good results in the teaching of political economics. But, even with a suitable content and arrangement, there can still be great differences in outcome, depending on how the various principles are taught. It is highly probable that individual teachers and writers of textbooks may use meaningless and even harmful devices unless they are guided by sound ideas and impartial observation of methods of teaching. It is certain that the methods which are the best for the selected and mature college group will not be the best for the lower schools.

We shall need to find out *what to teach*. What will the American people need to know? Is there any priority among such questions in economics as government ownership and operation of business, industry, commerce, and agriculture; currency management and inflation; regulation of prices and wages; tariffs and free trade; exploitation and utilization of natural resources; borrowing and lending; public responsibility for the young, the weak, the poor, the ill, the handicapped, the

ignorant, and the unemployed? What attention should be given to Mr. Aberhard? To Father Coughlin? To Upton Sinclair? To Dr. Townsend? Mr. Hoover? Mr. Borah? Mr. Douglas? What is happening in Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Japan? How are Laval's socio-economic decree laws working in France?

We must not only explore the field and list the problems in the order of their importance, and mass around them the information needed for their solution, but we must have some rough idea of their relative difficulty in order to know *when to teach*. If at all possible, basic topics should be given in the elementary school; and as much time as is necessary should be devoted to teaching them. It may be that some are so very difficult that they will have to be long delayed. We also need much research to find out *how to teach*. Certainly we should explore the value of proper textbooks, visual aids, charts, and so forth, and the possibility of using the radio and talking motion picture.

With advances along the scientific front, with progress in knowledge of *what, when, and how to teach*, we can then proceed to preparation of courses of study, textbooks, and other materials of instruction, the training of teachers, and, most important, the effort to win the approval, support, and enthusiastic coöperation of the general public.

For it will be necessary to change the popular attitude toward what is taught in the American school. For many years past it has been our custom to exclude from the public school any consideration of such questions as may reflect a common division of opinion. We disagree about religion; so we exclude it from the school. Some people in Tennessee believe in Evolution, some do not; so the theory is prohibited in the educational system. In some communities where there are two

or more powerful camps holding conflicting opinions about the cause of disease, the courses in hygiene are emasculated. This policy, carried to its logical conclusion, would reduce the course of study to mathematics, dead languages, and archæology. If continued, it would exclude from the American public school all consideration of the issues of political campaigns.

The most spectacular illustration of this problem at the moment is the question of teaching about Communism. If the argument to this point has merit, it means that American children in the future should study how men in the past have tried to relate government and business; what is *laissez faire*, what is capitalistic society, what is democracy, what is dictatorship, what is Fascism, what is an imperial autocracy, what is Communism; how does each work; what sort of life do the people live in these various societies? Here the enterprising reporter will centre his attention; these are fighting words, and over the wires will flash the headline: *College Dean Advocates Teaching about Communism*.

And indeed this is exactly what I do advocate, just as I advocate teaching about democracy, Fascism, dictatorship, and empires. For the surest way to make America Communistic is to adopt the hush-hush policy that Russia once had. Keep ideas from the light of day; confine discussion to the dark corner of the cellar; have whispering in the back alleys, and a mushroom movement will spread. Some people think that a Communist is a tall dark man with bushy bristling whiskers, a gun in each hand, a knife in his teeth, and two hand grenades in each pocket of his smock. If this were the case, the American voter could recognize him and be on his guard. But the Communist, as I know him, is generally a quiet, simple man. He looks something like a professor; and he argues with

you in a forceful and persistent way. If you are n't wise, you are apt to be convinced. He plays on the injustice of this world. He inflames your resentment against others, particularly those who are better off than you.

American voters in the prairie states have elected candidates whose platforms closely approached those of Communism, although they did not know it. If the American people generally agree that they wish to preserve their old plan of life, social organization, and government, then it is all-important that they recognize Communism when they see it, and be wary of its plans and promises and early allurements. Otherwise they will be unable to appraise political policies that inflame envy, pit class against class, lay taxes unevenly and unjustly, handicap private business by giving every advantage to government competition, and reserve security and comfortable life to the government functionary. All these are trends toward some form of Communism. If the American people do not know it, how can they be on their guard?

V

American schools have long been active in political education. Professors as individuals and in groups have been attacking the problem. Certain progressive schools, now that they are freed from the burden of college entrance requirements, have been reorganizing their courses, to provide a more comprehensive and useful programme of political and economic education. Several notable committees are at work. But we must go much farther, and, if I mistake not, with much greater speed. We need immediate, widespread, and thorough appraisal of the problems which are likely to become critical. We need an analysis of the knowledge necessary to

provide a basis for the development of a reasoned opinion concerning these problems. We need to determine what should be taught early and what late; for, if the American voter is to avoid the example of his Alberta brethren, much of the political economics of the future must be taught in the elementary and secondary school. We need attention to the problem of how to present these materials, how much by lectures, by books, by charts, by the radio, by the talking picture. We need a national campaign to convince the people, including patriotic societies, the American Legion, and the press. Only with their support can the schools go forward.

If this argument is sound, if it is true that American voters through ignorance may be tempted to make a mistake from which our country may never recover; if there is a possibility that by organizing our scattered forces and directing our efforts we may foresee the political and economic issues of the future, ascertain their relative importance, collect and organize the materials and information necessary to their understanding, study the difficulties of teaching, recommend as much as possible for the elementary and high school, and through publication, teaching, and demonstration convince the public of the worth and soundness of these proposals — then American universities should turn special effort to this task. It will require coöperation, for professors of politics, economics, law, and sociology must work shoulder to shoulder with professors of education. It will require special administrative adjustments and added funds. But boards of trustees and other wise citizens, if they judge correctly the direction of the wind by the straws blown from Alberta, will permit nothing to block the path of our scholars. No project is of greater importance, none of such immediate need.

A CROWN OF LIFE

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

I

FOR five centuries Frogstreet farmhouse was thatched, the kitchen floor was cold and damp and uneven with slate slabs, and there was nothing to do on winter nights except to sit round the open hearth, on which all the cooking was done, and which smoked—nothing to do except go to bed, if you were one of the children, and listen to Father's voice mumbling through the floor, the whining of the new puppy shut up in the barn, cows belving for lost calves, the owls hooting in the trees, and the rain dripping from the thatch.

For five centuries the walls and the downstairs floors were damp and the rooms were dark. The yeomen Kiffts worked hard from before sunrise to after sunset during three of the four seasons; they possessed the lives of their sons, who were forced to work often beyond middle age, without pay, for their fathers; they shouted at and kicked their ferocious barking cattedogs as a matter of course; they thought nothing of beating, with their brass-buckled belts, their unmarried daughters if they stayed out late without permission; they went regularly to church on Sundays; and they died of rheumatism usually before the age of seventy. A small stream ran under part of the kitchen floor, giving the place its name of Frogstreet.

When Clibbit Kift inherited the property, it already had a mortgage on it, raised by his father because wheat

no longer paid, owing to the importation of foreign corn; and Clibbit was forced to raise the second mortgage to pay death duties. Then he married the young woman he had been walking out with ever since his mother had had her second stroke and died. Clibbit Kift had hated his father, believing that the old man's wickedness had killed his mother. Clibbit had loved his mother dearly.

Clibbit's wife was a large woman, retaining through life the fresh red cheeks and brown wondering eyes which made her prettiness when Clibbit had been courting her. She had been sorry for Clibbit, knowing how, when a boy, his father had thrashed and starved him. His long swinging arms were said to be so loose because of the number of times his father had caught hold of him by the arm and swung him round before hurling him on to the kitchen floor. As a young girl, daughter of Vellacott farm, she had pitied the poor young man with the shy and awkward manner. After his mother's death, when they were walking out together, he had never seemed to want to take her in his arms, but always to be clasped and held like a child. He was often querulous and moody for no reason that she could see, liable to leave her suddenly and not come near her again for days.

They walked out during the fall and winter, and when the warmer days

came they went among the furze brakes on the combe side and she was tender to him, and during that spring he was almost happy, often making her laugh with the way he imitated and mocked his father's ways; but when one night she told him they must be wed, Clibbit got into a real rage and shouted just like his father, before breaking into tears with the thought of what his father would do to him now that he would have to find a cottage and work for wages—saying that Father would n't have no strange woman about the place.

Father told him to go and never show his face again; but the parson helped Clibbit, giving him two days' work in the Rectory garden, — that made three shillings a week coming in, — and lent him seven shillings to buy a pig. The parson also gave him an old bed and a table with three legs which had been lying for years in the disused Rectory stables. Clibbit rented a cottage for fifteen pence a week, and the banns had been read in church, — none too soon, said the neighbors, — when Clibbit's father died without making a will. Clibbit had been an only child, otherwise the farm would have been sold and lost to the family a generation before it actually passed into the hands of strangers.

When Clibbit's fourth child was coming, Clibbit was past thirty, and growing just like his father in every way, said the neighbors; with one exception: the old man had been a limmer, drunk or sober, while Clibbit was sweet as a nut when drunk.

Clibbit's wife, and his small children, lived in perpetual fear of him. She never knew what he would do next, or how he might appear. He might be home on time for his supper, the last meal of the day and eaten about six o'clock, or he might come an hour or two late, and find his plateful put back in the oven. He might eat it in silence;

but he was just as likely to mutter that he did n't want no supper, then take it out of the oven, give it a glance, and declare that it was 'zamzawed' (dried up), or not cooked enough, and tip it on the floor for the dog. Whatever he did, his wife would say little, but look at him and then at the silent children with apprehension. This look, and the unnatural stillness of the children, set him off in a proper rage; and as the time for her fourth confinement came nearer, so his moodiness and fits of violence increased.

One Sunday's dinnertime he seized the tablecloth and pulled it off the table and sent all the things clattering on the floor. He kicked the loaf of bread through the window, where it was sniffed out by the sow and promptly eaten with grateful grunts. After that he neither ate nor spoke for three days, except to reply, once, to his wife's faltered, 'Won't 'ee have your dinner, won't 'ee, surenuff? Tes no use denying your stummick further,' that he could n't 'afford to ait no more meals, what with all the mortgage money vor be paid next quarter day.' On the fourth day of his fast he came home 'mazed drunk,' said the neighbors, who behind window curtains watched him lurching down the street, followed by his Exmoor pony; and they listened at their thresholds for noises following the opening and banging-to of the farmhouse door. Clibbit had had only a half quartern of whiskey, and after eating his supper and saying it tasted 'proper' he slouched about the kitchen, smilingly patting his children's heads, shaking his wife's hand with beaming solemnity before taking off his boots and leggings, and going 'up over' — to sleep exhaustedly in his clothes.

So the years went by. One August his eldest son — who had just left school, being fourteen years of age — was sent to the inn for two bottles of

beer. Returning with these, the boy jumped down into the field which they were reaping, and the two bottles, one held in each hand, clashed together and were broken. Unfastening the leather belt with the big brass buckle which had been his father's and grandfather's 'girdle,' Clibbit roared out a curse and ran after the boy, pursuing him across half the field, whirling belt in one hand and holding up his breeches with the other. He stopped only because his breeches were slipping down. The boy ran on, and when he disappeared over the sky line, nearly a mile away, he was still running. The village thought this a good tale, and it was laughed over many times during the next few months — the beer bottles 'knacking together' and young Kift 'rinning like a stag' over the sky line. The boy never came back, finding a home and work with his uncle at Vellacott Farm.

II

Clibbit Kift's appearance was remarkable. Village boys called him Sparrow behind his back, but never to his side-whiskered face. They would sometimes dare to jeer when he had gone round the corner, riding his short moor pony. The intense wild blueness of his eyes under shaggy brows was instantly noticeable because of the long nose with its crimson tip. He was tall and very thin, a bony animation of long arms and legs in ragged clothes. His ancient cloth cap was so torn by brambles, as he knelt to till his gins and snares for rabbits, that only the lining and half the peak and shreds of cloth were left. Likewise jacket and breeches; and his leather gaiters were almost scratched away by his work.

Passing through the village on the way to one of his fields, riding the shaggy pony bareback so that his great nailed boots on the long legs almost knocked on the road, his sharp-

featured head glancing about him from side to side, he appeared to some on-lookers to be gazing about him in search of further devilment. The rims of his blue eyes were always inflamed and his voice was perpetually hoarse. The Adam's apple in his scrawny neck was almost as big as his nose. 'Clibbit's throat would cut easy,' the hen dealer would remark at cottage doors after one of Clibbit's domestic rages.

The thatch of Frogstreet farmhouse was so old and rotten that docks, nettles, and grass grew out of the clumps of green moss on it. Oat sprays grew every summer, too, near the base of the chimney stack. The green waving awns of June always pleased Clibbit. 'Tes ol'-fashion like,' he used to say to the Rector in his scrappy voice. 'Tes wonnerful old, thaccy wuts up auver. 'T was me girt-girt-granfer, I reckon, laid thaccy wut reed up auver, 'cording to the records in the Bible box.' Thatch was usually laid with wheat 'reed,' or unbruised wheaten stalks; oat or barley reed did not last so long as that of wheat. 'Aiy, tes a wonnerful long time ago, when you come to think of it, y'r riv'rence. 'T was a master lot of smut that year, and the wheat crop was ruined, so they laid wut reed up-along. November, seventeen-seventy, George the Third's reign, I reckon, zur. A long time ago. Aiy. Wull, us'v all got to go sometime, beggin' y'r riv'rence's pardon.'

Everyone in the village liked the parson.

Rain went right through the remains of seven thatchings — the thatch was relaid four or five times every century, and the oat berry which sprouted and started a colony beside the chimney stack of Frogstreet farmhouse must have lain dormant in the roof for more than a hundred and sixty years.

Starlings, sparrows, and swifts made their homes under the eaves of Frogstreet, and every year a pair of martins

built a mud nest over the front door, which opened on the road. In summer the stone of the threshold was continually being splashed by the clotted wreckage of flies, as the parent birds cleaned out their nest. Just like Clibbit Kift, said the neighbors, 'to be heedless of they dirty birds biding there'; but let it be remembered, now that all the life of that farmhouse is passed away, that Clibbit once said to the parson that the martins were God A'mighty's hens, which he liked to hear twittering there in the morning before he got out of bed.

When at last he was alone; when his three sons had run away, one after another, at school-leaving age; when his wife, whose cheeks were still fresh and eyes candid as a child's despite her experience, had left Frogstreet finally, taking away the four smaller children; when the cows and horses and sheep and the last pig were gone; when the various inspectors of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, had paid their last visits; when for years no one in the village except the parson said a good word for the farmer, the martins were still there. It is unlikely that they were the original pair: so many long flights to Africa and back would have worn out those tiny hearts. Let it be thought that, although the old birds were long since dead, the impulse and desire to fly home to the English spring and the place of their birth was immortal. It lived on in the younger birds, and, when they too were fallen, in their nestlings.

The soft waking twitter-talk of house martins in their nests before daybreak is one of the sweetest and happiest sounds in the world; and, although Clibbit's head was often poked out of the window just by their nest, the martins of Frogstreet farm never had the least fear of him.

III

'Aiy, Clibbit let bide they dirty birds,' a village voice declaims, but what about the long black pig Clibbit shot? 'A raving bliddy madman was Clibbit,' declares the voice; 'a proper heller, that should have been stringed up long ago.'

Yes, Clibbit shot a pig, a long black pig it was, that had been reared on a bottle by his eldest daughter. A sow died of fever, and the surviving seven of the farrow of little black pigs were placed in a basket before the kitchen fire. One of the elderly female cats that lived about the place attempted to adopt them, with an obvious lack of success which amused Clibbit greatly. Six of the piglets were fobbed off on Ship, the gray bitch who drove the cows to and from milking; her litter of mongrel pups had recently been drowned. She took to them as gladly as they took to her, and the old cat derived pleasure from helping Ship wash them. The other piglet was bottle-fed on cow's milk and afterwards grew to the habit of coming into the kitchen to see the eldest daughter, who had fed it, and also to rout for and crunch in its jaws charcoal in the hearth. Clibbit drove it out with kicks and blows, and the pig learned to be absent whenever it heard his voice or footfalls, but when, after listening and staring and snuffing, it thought he was not about, it would walk in and begin its eager search for charcoal. It so happened that one evening Mrs. Kift 'put back' Clibbit's supper on the hearth, and the animal had just finished a baked rabbit stuffed with sage and onions, a dozen potatoes, and a score or so of carrots, when Clibbit walked in. He swore and jerked his head about with rage, while the frightened animal bolted behind his wife's skirts. 'The withering limmer!' roared Clibbit. 'The flaming bliddy hog won't

ait no more zuppers nowhere, noomye! Why didden 'ee stap the bissley bigger aiting vor my zupper, you?'

'I didden hear nor see nought!' cried the wife.

'You vexatious li'l loobey, you!' screeched Clibbit, 'd' ye mean vor say you didden hear no flaming bones crackin'?''

'I did hear something, surenuff, mi-dear, now you do mention it, but I thought it was only th' ole pig chimmering 'bout in they embers, I did.' She looked at him, her eyes wide with fright, and the look as usual set him dancing and swinging his arms with rage, while he ground his teeth and hit his head with his fists. Then, seizing the gun from the nails driven into the lime-washed beam across the kitchen ceiling, he whirled it round his head, took aim first at his wife, then at the baby happily gnawing a carrot in the decrepit perambulator in the corner, and finally pulled the trigger when the barrel happened to be pointing at the head of the pig. When the policeman, hastily summoned from sleep and wearing his helmet, with his tunic imperfectly buttoned over his nightshirt, knocked at Frogstreet door, entered, and asked sternly what 't was all 'bout, Clibbit replied that he knew of no law against killing a pig after sunset, and asked if he could sell him a nice li'l bit o' fresh meat.

Shortly after the incident of the pig shooting, Clibbit was summoned for cruelty to a cat, 'in that he did cause it grievous bodily harm by compelling it to inhabit an improper place, to wit, a copper furnace of boiling water used in the process known as the washing of soiled domestic linen.' Clibbit said he was sorry, and he looked it, and the chairman of magistrates, a prominent stag hunter, said he jolly well deserved to be pitched into boiling water himself just to see how he liked it. Fined two pounds or a month's imprisonment.

While Clibbit, his small head jerking about like that of a dismayed turkey, was trying to say that he did n't have the money, a voice at the back of the court said, 'I should like to pay the fine on behalf of my friend, if he would permit me.' It was the village parson.

A woman cried out that such brutes should not be given the option of a fine, but should be flogged, and then be shut away in solitary confinement.

'Order!' cried a voice, while the clerk prepared to read the next charge. Clibbit went out of the court, wondering what he should say to his reverence; but the parson was gone. He saw the woman who had cried out; she was waiting for him among a group of friends with blank faces; and she said, 'We're going to watch you, let me tell you, and you won't get off so easily next time with your revolting cruelty. We know all about you, so you need n't think we don't!' He did not know what to say, but stood there blinking awhile, smelling of moth ball, and jerking his head about, unable to look at any face; then, touching his 1884 bowler hat, — for he wore his best clothes, which also had been his father's best clothes, — he muttered, 'Yes, ma'm,' and shambled away to where his pony was tied up. He would have liked a drop of whiskey, but did n't like to go into any of the pubs lest he be recognized.

So he went home, and ploughed the three-acre field called Butts Park until it was dark, having had no food that day. The kitchen was dark, the family in bed. He lit a candle and took down the gun from the beam. He sat down in a chair, the gun across his knees, and tried to cry, but he could n't. The poignant mood passed, and he put the gun back, thinking that he would sell the calf next market day and pay back parson.

Clibbit did not sell the calf, nor did he pay back the two pounds fine. He avoided the parson, or rather he

avoided the awkward feelings of gratitude and obligation, almost resentment, within himself by keeping out of the Rector's way. He was in debt already, for he could not work the farm single-handed, and the fields were poor, the crops taken out of them not having been 'put back' in the form of artificial and stable manure. Farmers at that time were exempt from paying rates and taxes on their land and farm buildings; but, in spite of this, many small farmers were being sold up, noticeably those who spent many hours every day in the inns.

IV

At last Mrs. Kift made up her mind for good and all, she told the neighbors; her brother at Vellacott had lost his poor wife, and was agreeable to have her live there with the children. All the neighbors watched the departure. Clibbit, after a couple of calls at the inn, helped load the boxes and perambulator on the long-tailed cart.

'What, be goin' vor leave your old feyther?' he squeaked to the baby, also called Clibbit, as Mrs. Kift turned to give a last sorrowing look at the room, and the broad bed, with its wire mattress like a chain harrow, where her children had been born. Clibbit bent down and wriggled a scarred forefinger at the blue-eyed baby. He saw the tears in his wife's eyes, and spoke loudly to the baby. The baby smiled at Clibbit. 'Proper, proper!' said Clibbit. 'Be goin' vor leave your daddy, hey? Aw, I ban't chiding 'ee, mideal!' he said in a serious voice, gazing at the infant, whose eyes were suddenly round. 'Tes proper, tes right, vor you to go away. I ban't no gude. You go away, li'l Clibbit, and don't trouble nought about I. Go along, missus, your carriage be waiting, mideal.' Blinking the tears from her eyes, the woman went downstairs with the baby, and out of the house, and

Clibbit was left alone with his pony, his dog, a pig, and two cows.

That night he spent in the inn, smiling and nodding his head and praising his wife in a voice that after four glasses of whiskey became soft under its perpetual roughness. The neighbors remained silent. Clibbit told them what a beautiful animal was Ship, the gray long-haired sheep dog that followed him everywhere. 'A master dog, ay!' Ship's head was patted; her tail trembled with gratitude on the stone floor. They said nothing to that, thinking that in the morning the dog's ribs were likely to be broken by one of the farmer's boots. Ship had long ceased to howl when kicked or beaten by her master. Her eyes flinched white, she crouched from the blow, her eyes closed, and a sort of subdued whimper came from her throat. She never growled nor snarled at Clibbit. Nor did she growl at anything; she seemed to have none of the ordinary canine prejudices or rivalries. Ship was old then. She was a gray shadow slipping in and out of the farmyard doors with Clibbit, or lying in the lane outside, waiting to fetch the cows for milking and returning behind them afterwards. Strangers visiting the village in summer, and pausing to pat the old dog, were likely to wonder why there were so many bumps on her ribs; explanation of the broken ribs was always readily forthcoming from the neighbors.

That evening Clibbit was drunk, but not so happy that he could not find his way down the lane to Frogstreet. He sang in the kitchen, and danced a sort of jig on the slate floor; the first time he had danced and sung since his courting days. In the morning he awoke and got up before day-break, lit the fire, boiled himself a cup of tea, and ate some bread, cheese, and onions. He milked and fed the two cows himself, watered and fed the pony, gave

the pig its barley meal. Afterwards he and Ship followed behind the cows to the rough pasture in the marshy field called Lovering's Mash; all day he ploughed with a borrowed pair of horses, and towards dusk of the wintry day he and Ship brought the cows back to be milked and stalled for the night.

After more bread and cheese, he went up to the inn, drank some whiskey, and then smiles broke out of his angular, tufted face and to the neighbors he began to praise wife, li'l ol' pony, dog, and parson. When he had gone home, the neighbors said he was a hypocrite.

Clibbit's lonely farming became the joke of the village. He was seen pouring away pails of sour milk into the stream which ran under Frogstreet and through the garden. He tried to get a woman to look after the dairy, but no one would offer. A letter written by an anonymous neighbor brought the Sanitary Inspector to Frogstreet; one of the cows was found to be tubercular, and ordered to be destroyed. Clibbit sold the other cow to a butcher. He sold his sow to the same butcher a month later. His fields were overgrown with docks, thistles, and sheep's sorrel. A plough stood in one field half-way down a furrow, its rusty share being bound by strol grass whose roots it had been cutting when the neighbor had come up and taken away the pair of horses. This neighbor, a hard-working Chapel worshiper, intended to buy Frogstreet farm when it came into the market, as inevitably it must. He was the writer of the anonymous letter to the Sanitary Inspector, and saw to it that everyone knew the property was worth very little; meanwhile he waited to buy it. Clibbit still worked at his traps, always accompanied by old Ship, getting a few shillings a week for rabbits. The neighbors said he did n't eat enough to keep the flesh on a rat.

The pony, already blind from cata-

ract in one eye, and more than twenty years old, developed fever in the feet, and hoping to cure it, for he was fond of it, Clibbit turned it out into Lovering's Mash. It was seen limping about, an inspector came out from town, and Clibbit was summoned to the Court of Summary Jurisdiction.

The stag-hunting chairman of the bench of magistrates, after hearing the evidence of the prosecution, and listening without apparent interest to Clibbit's stammered statement, remarked that he had seen the defendant before him on another occasion. The clerk recalled that occasion. H'm, yes. For the callous neglect of the horse, which with the dog was man's best friend, — a most un-British line of conduct, he would remark, — defendant would be sent to prison for seven days without the option of a fine, and the pony to be destroyed by Order of the Court. A woman cried, 'Bravo, English justice!' in a shrill triumphant voice; she was immediately turned out of court. The clerk read the next charge, against a terrified and obese individual who had been summoned for riding a bicycle at night without sufficient illumination within the meaning of the Act, — to wit, a lamp, — who said he had forgotten to light the wick in his haste lest he be late for choir practice. He led the basses, he explained, nervously twisting his hat. Laughter. Clibbit, following a constable through a door, thought the laughter was against him. He had not eaten for three days.

That night Ship broke out of the barn, wherein she had been locked, by biting and scratching a way under the rotten doors, and in the morning she was found sitting, whining almost inaudibly, outside the prison gates. The sergeant of police on duty, recognizing her, said he would report the stray for destruction, but a young constable, to whom as a small boy Clibbit had once given an apple, said he would look

after it until the old chap came out.

When Clibbit came out, his hair cut and his nose not so red, Ship ran round and round him in circles, uttering hysterical noises and trembling violently. Clibbit patted Ship absent-mindedly, as though he did not realize why he or the dog was there, and then set out to walk home.

Next day he was seen about his incult fields, followed by Ship, and mooning about, sometimes stooping to pull a weed — a man with nothing to do.

It was a mild winter, and the frosts had not yet withered the watercress beside the stream running through the small orchard of Frogstreet.

Three weeks before Christmas, Clibbit picked a bunch of watercress and took it to Vellacott farm. 'For the baby,' he said. His brother-in-law told him to take himself off. 'The less us sees of 'ee, the better us'll be plaised,' he said. Clibbit went away immediately. His body was found the next day lying in Lovering's Mash, gun beside him, and Ship wet and whimpering. Watercress was found in his pocket. The coroner's court found a verdict of *felo-de-se*, after much discussion among the jury whether it should be 'suicide while of unsound mind' for the sake of the family.

The neighbors were now sorry for Clibbit, recalling that he had been a 'wonnerful generous chap' sometimes, especially when drunk.

V

A fortnight before Christmas the ringers began their practice, and the pealing changes of the Treble Hunt fell clanging out of the square Norman tower. It was freezing; smoke rose straight from chimneys. The first to come down the stone steps of the tower and out of the western door, carrying a lantern, were the 'colts,' or youths still learning to ring; they saw something

flitting gray between the elms which bordered the churchyard and the unconsecrated ground beyond. The colts gave a glance into the darkness; then they hurried down the path, laughing when they were outside the churchyard. But they did not linger there.

Others saw the shadow; the constable, followed and reassured by several men, went among the tombstones, cautiously, flashing an electric torch on a heap of earth, still showing shovel marks, without flower or cross: grave of the suicide.

Frogstreet was dark and still, save for the everlasting murmur of flowing water; people hurried past it; and at midnight, when stars glittering were the only light in the valley, the grayness flitted across the yard and stopped, lifting up its head, and a long mournful cry rose into the night.

Towards dawn the cry rose again, as though from the base of the elms; and when daylight came the mound of earth was white with rime, and the long withered grasses were white also, except in one place beside the mound where they were pressed down, and green.

The church choir, grouped forms and shadows and a bright new petrol-vapor lamp, went round the village, singing carols. Snow was falling when they walked laughing by the door and blank windows of Frogstreet, on the walls of which their shadows slanted and swerved. The girls laughed shrilly; Christmas was coming and life seemed full and good. Above the wall of the churchyard, raised high by the nameless dead of olden time, two red points glowed steadily. A girl ceased laughing, and put hand to mouth to stop a cry. In the light of the upheld lamp the red points shifted and changed to a soft lambency, and they saw the face of Ship looking down at them. 'Oh, poor thing!' said the girl. She was kitchen maid at the Rectory. The cook told the Rector.

The Rector was an old man with a white beard, a soft and clear voice, and eyes that had been very sad when he was young, but now were serene and sure. He had no enemies; he was the friend of all.

Late that night he went to the ground left unconsecrated by ecclesiastical law westwards of the elms and stood by the mound, listening to the sounds of the stream and feeling himself one with the trees and the grass and the life of the earth. This was his prayer; and while he prayed, so still within himself, he felt something warm gently touch his hand, and there, in silence, stood Ship beside him.

The dog followed him to the Rectory, and, touching the man's hand with its nose, returned to its vigil.

Every morning the Rector arose with the sun and went into the churchyard and found Ship waiting for him, and his gift of a biscuit carried in his pocket. Then he entered the church and knelt before the altar, and was still within himself for the cure of souls.

On Christmas Eve the yews in the churchyard were black and motionless as dead Time. The ringers going up the path to the western door saw between the elms a glint and shuffle of light — the rays of their lantern in the icicles hanging from the coat of the dog.

And on Christmas morning the people went into the church while the sun was yet unrisen behind their fields, and knelt in their pews and were still within themselves while the Rector's words and the spoken responses were outside the pure aloneness of each one.

With subdued quietness a few began to move down the aisle towards the chancel to kneel by the altar rail behind which the priest waited to minister to them. He moved towards them with the silver paten of bread fragments.

'Take and eat this in remembrance . . . ' he was saying, when those re-

maining in the pews began to notice a small chiming and clinking in the air about them, and, as they looked up in wonderment, the movement of other heads drew sight to the figure of the old gray sheep dog walking up the aisle. With consternation they watched it moving slowly towards the light beginning to shine in the stained glass of the tall eastern windows above the altar. They watched it pause before the chancel step, as it stood, slightly swaying as though summoning its last strength to raise one foot, and a second foot, and again one more foot, and then the last foot, and limp to the row of kneeling people beyond which the Rector moved, murmuring the words spoken in olden time by the Friendless One who saw all life with clarity.

The verger hurried on tiptoe across the chancel, but at the look in the Rector's eyes, and the slow movement of his head, he hesitated, then returned down the aisle again.

The dog's paw was raised to the rail as it sat there, with dim eyes, waiting; and at every labored breath the icicles on its coat made their small striking noises.

When the last kneeling figure had returned to the pews, with the carved symbols of Crucifixion mutilated in Cromwell's time for religion's sake, the Rector bent down beside the dog. They saw him take something from his pocket, and hold it out to the dog; then they saw his expression change to one of concern as he knelt down to stroke the shaggy head which had slowly leaned sideways as sight unfocused from the dying eyes. They heard the voice saying, slowly and clearly, 'Be thou faithful unto death; and I will give thee a crown of life,' and to their eyes came tears, with a strange gladness within their hearts. The sun shone through the eastern windows, where Christ the Sower was radiant.

I SET MY HOUSE IN ORDER

BY STEPHEN DIRCK

I

I AM a writer. Not of the first rank; yet I make my living that way. I am not signing my real name to this. I can write more frankly under an alias in telling what I am going to tell. I do not care to be connected with it by name, for reasons you will understand.

Two renowned specialists told me last year that in all likelihood I had an incurable malady; and that my one very bare chance for life lay in an operation. They were honest enough to offer only a minimum of hope that it would be a success. I asked how long this all-necessary operation could be delayed. They went into a huddle with a third specialist. Then they reported that it ought to be performed at once; that a three-month wait was the very utmost limit, and that such a delay might lessen my chances.

I took advantage of the time clause. I promised I would come to the hospital at the end of three months.

I was not frightened. I don't know why I was not, for I have not thought of myself as brave. It was not indifference. Life meant much to me. I had enjoyed it more and more, every year, as it ripened.

I cannot understand why the news made me neither afraid nor sad. Perhaps it was too big for ordinary fright. Perhaps my sick cosmos did not react to it.

Whatever the reason may have been, I found myself viewing my prospects

with an almost indifferent calm. I was able to see the chances from every angle, with an odd impersonal interest. I have never thought more clearly or with less emotion. I was able to analyze the whole thing, as a wiser man than I might analyze some friend's troubles and give him sage counsel.

A scrap of my own advice came to my memory — something I had written and spoken, more than once, in other days. It ran: —

'Don't pity yourself. Don't let others pity you.'

Of old, this dictum of mine had seemed to me a bit of genuine wisdom. I had descanted windily on the weakening vice of self-pity and on the ill effects of slumping limply upon the sympathy of others. I had felt my theory was rock-solid.

Now that I had at last a supreme chance to apply it to my own case, I found I did not need it. For one thing, I was not pitying myself at all. I had not the faintest twinges of self-pity.

Nor did I want the pity of others. It would have been of no use or pleasure to me. It would have turned the jolly comradeship of those around me to a doleful tenderness which would have exasperated me past words.

I had no impulse to tell anyone my Great Secret — not even my wife. Most assuredly not my wife.

It was a game where I must play a lone hand; not from consideration for

others, but for my own sake. My sword arm must be left clear for action.

I made the doctors promise to keep mum. To my family and to my acquaintances I babbled something vague about not feeling very fit because of a cardiac aftermath of flu — this to explain my slowing down of pace.

Having guarded my position in this way, I went on to the next and far biggest chore which must fill my allotted three months of grace: I must 'set my house in order.' I had ample time for this mighty task, if I should go at it with speed and energy and with clear planning.

I reasoned that if I were to be appointed to some post in Australia for a long term of years, thus to be cut off from all my old associations, there would be a hundred needful things to be done, before sailing, to wind up my affairs at home. There was tenfold need, now, for such wholesale 'redding up.' And I had three months wherein to complete the tough job.

I took account of stock.

II

First, of course, came the financial aspect. It is well, perhaps, for a man to leave sweet memories to those he loves. But it is infinitely better and more important that he leave them safe from want.

I am exaggerating when I apply that rule to myself. For I had been fortunate enough to arrange, long ago, that my family should have our home and a comfortable income in the event of my death; but the depression had cut deep into my funds, as into everyone else's. It had pared down the volume and the prices of my work. It had tangled my fiscal affairs.

There was much to unravel and to clean up, to put straight, to make solidly foolproof, if my family were to live, afterward, in the unworried way

I had planned for them to live. I preferred to do this myself — I who alone knew all the details — rather than leave the financial jigsaw puzzle to my executors or to have it cause annoyance and uncertainty at a time when my wife would have scant heart for such problems.

This, then, was my first and major duty; this, and to add as much cash as possible to the sum in hand. I started in from that angle.

I grabbed at every form of writing job I could find, were the pay good or poor. I took work that once I would have deemed miles beneath my notice, from sources that would not appeal to the average writer of any standing, sometimes at incredibly low rates.

When a man goes on a hunt for such work there is more of it to be found than one would suppose. I did it all, to the best of my mediocre ability. For there was a strong chance that some of it might carry my name when I should be a memory. I did not want even the pettiest monument to me to be fashioned from slipshod scribbling. Wherefore I put into the labor all the skill I had in me.

I got more worth-while jobs, too — some of them chased after, and some which were thrown my way without any plotting of mine.

Chief of these unforeseen assignments was a request from a national magazine for a four-part serial. I had written much for that magazine, from time to time, for many years. From letters received by me I had grown to look on its readers as personal friends.

If this serial were to be my valedictory to these readers, I wanted it to leave a good taste in their mouths. (Nor was this a form of maudlin sentiment. Rather was it the normal desire of every host to give his guests a pleasant time.)

I think I succeeded. I had a lot of fun writing that serial. I wrote it

faster than usually I write, not only because the editor asked for a certain amount of speed, but because I wanted to make sure it should be finished.

When I say I think I succeeded in my effort to make the serial worth reading, I am not bragging. I base my belief on a letter from the editor, telling me it was the best thing I had written for him in a long time and the snappiest and most spontaneous. His letter went on to say even more glowingly kind things of it.

But it was a race against time. Midway in its course, the doctors told me the operation should not be delayed a week longer. I shut my ears. And I wrote on.

There was a queer thrill in that queerer race; a thrill I reveled in, even as I had reveled in the athletic contests of my youth. When the serial was finished and accepted, I was more childishly delighted than in all the athletic trophies of my career. It was the happiest contest I had waged in my whole long life.

It was the high spot of my year—a triumph at which perhaps you may laugh, but which meant more to me than I have the right words to describe.

I wonder if I have given you the impression that I forced myself to do all this writing, through sheer will power and through mists of agony. If so, I have described it overclumsily. I enjoyed every minute of it and of various other jobs; but the serial most of all. I was as glad as any novice scribbler when several editors were good enough to praise the quality of my output.

There was no heroism or even pluck in my sticking to my desk for nine or ten hours a day during those months of waiting. There was nothing much else to do. I did not feel like going out. I did not feel like doing any of the myriad gay things which strew my average winter. I was too tired. I was in too much pain.

Thus, I had nothing to distract me from my writing. I could live in it, every day and all day. It was great fun. It was more: it was the most important part of my long process of setting my house in order.

For during those three months I earned more money by my writing than I had earned in the preceding year and a half. Things seemed to come my way, in bulk—orders and other chances to land my pseudo-literary products. I was able somehow to fill those orders and to avail myself of those chances, in a more satisfactory and more speedy and workmanlike fashion than for years before.

The luck was with me. And I was adding to my family's welfare, in case the operation should fail. It was not a battle. It was a game.

III

During the breathing spells from my work, I was straightening out my financial affairs. I was simplifying everything; codifying and explaining on paper my every investment or other material interest; making things easy and rock-solid, to the best of my power, for those who should come after me. Figuratively, I was clearing out my desk.

Yes, and I was clearing out my desk literally, too. Most people, I think, have documents of various kinds which need burning; others which need classifying and whipping into shape.

This was the least agreeable of my many hurry-up duties. I was urged to it by memory of a tale told me more than thirty years ago by two fellow writers.

A world-famed author of their acquaintance had kept a deskful of proof sheets and of letters and other things he would not have wished his cleanly, gentle wife to see. On the night of his death, these two men vowed his widow

should not come across the contents of that desk, and thus have her golden memories of her husband smeared or shattered.

They went to the house, on pretext of condoling with her. She was in bed, prostrated, under the care of a doctor — as they had been told she would be. They bribed a servant. Then they jimmied the desk, stuffed its papers into a bag, took them to the apartment of one of the two, and spent the rest of the night in burning them.

Well, I had hoarded no such collection of literary filth and indiscreet letters and the like, against which friends must protect my wife. Yet there were letters and papers which would have caused needless pain and which would have revived needlessly cruel memories. These I got rid of, in the course of setting my house in order. That corner of the slate was cleaned.

My next step will have to be prefaced by a line or two of explanation, lest I be classed with Little Eva and other saintlets of Sunday School tales. It called for some thought and planning.

In those moral stories, the doomed hero goes around to those he has wronged, or who have wronged him, and kisses them on the brow, and either asks or grants forgiveness.

To me this seems the sloppiest and most ignoble conduct imaginable. There are a few — a very, *very* few — people with whom I am still on passively bad terms. Perhaps the fault is mine. Perhaps it is theirs. What does it matter whose fault it is? In each instance it is a perfectly good grudge. As such it stands; and thus it shall stand (as far as I am concerned) until doomsday.

I would sooner have cut my tongue out than to have gone to any of these people and told them I was in imminent danger of death, and to have made my peace with them on that basis.

I have a memory of a letter I re-

ceived from a hospital ten years ago, from a man who had done me much gratuitous harm. He wrote me he was dying. He besought me to come to his bedside and make up our differences. I did not go. If the grudge was worth carrying through life, it seemed to me worth carrying through death. (I saw him on the street, by the way, this year. He was as healthy, apparently, as ever.)

But I had a memory also of an old and dear friend, with whom I never had quarreled, but who drifted out of my life — or I out of his — because we both were so busy at the petty routine details of making a living that we found no time to see each other as of yore. When I read of his death, I felt a keen pang of regret that I had allowed the good friendship to lapse, through my own sheer laziness. I did not want other close old-time friends of mine to feel the same way, in case I should drop out.

So I arranged jolly evenings and lunches and mild sprees with no fewer than five of them — all of the ancient lot who were within hail at the time — and we renewed the comradeship where we had let it lapse. Call that maudlin, if you choose to. I did not consider it so.

If I had died soon thereafter, those five men, each and all, would have been glad their chum of earlier days had happened to spend so much time with them before the fall of the curtain. None of them would have had the sadness which was mine at the death of the neglected pal I spoke of. I think that was one of the minor methods of setting my house in order. I may be wrong. But I was happy, at the time, that I had done it.

In the same goody-goody storybooks, the dying hero or villain almost invariably goes through the mystic process of 'making his peace with God.' This smug ceremony was no part of my work in setting my house in order.

In the first place, it seemed — and still seems — to me cowardly and unsportsmanlike to live a regrettable life, and then, at the Gates of Death, to howl for divine mercy. In the second place, I had no 'peace' to make with the Father who created me and whose wisely tender care has followed and guided me throughout my days.

A million times I have transgressed His laws and turned my back on His precepts. But He who ordained my earthly course surely will judge me as gently as I have judged a foolish and naughty child of my own. So I did not belittle His justice and glorious mercy by yelping to be forgiven for my sins, on the score that I might be about to die.

IV

I have touched on only a few of the several methods by which I sought to settle accounts during the three months allowed to me. But I think I have given you the general idea. I do not need to bore you with more of the myriad details: the effort to pay every bill, great and small, whether a monetary debt or other and graver kind of indebtedness.

I should like to be able to add that I went around, during this period of waiting, with a glorified smile on my face and with an inspiredly helpful word to everybody who came near me. But I did nothing of the kind. Looking back, I seem to remember that I displayed for the most part all the lovable friendliness of a sick wildcat.

I was played out. I was suffering acutely. Moreover, I was not seeking to leave sugar-coated memories behind me among those I loved. It would take off some of the grief and loneliness if they could remember me as cranky — a man not greatly to be missed. Besides, I was too busy setting my house in order to have time to pretend to be a patient and softly smiling saint.

My supposed remnants of flu, and the genuine heart trouble which I pretended was a part of it, served as ample excuse for any surliness and for the declining of all declinable invitations. I am sorry for those who had to be around me. Luckily there were few of them.

(I am sorriest, a millionfold, that at the end my wife had to know what was the matter. I tried harder to spare her the knowledge than you would be interested in hearing.)

Now for stark anticlimax.

I was carted to a hospital when the three months were up. There I was sent into the Darkness — into at least the shabbier suburbs of the Valley of the Shadow of Death (fearing no evil); and the operation fanciers drew their knives and fell zestfully to work on me.

And they found — to their relief, I like to hope — that they had been almost wholly wrong in their diagnosis!

My ailment was not what they had foretold. It yielded readily — if temporarily — to the operation.

In due time I was shipped home, cured. I had somewhat the feeling of a non-swimmer who has nerved himself for a plunge into a bottomless lake and who finds the water is only six inches deep.

So much for my story. It would be edifying to say that, having set my house in order, I shall keep it so. I shall not.

I know that. I am slovenly. Things will lapse to where they were, now that I have no exigent impetus to rouse me to constant effort. Next time I may not have three months for preparation, nor three minutes. But something tells me I shall not profit by my experience.

Yet, perhaps you may profit by what I have said, and may set your house in order while there is yet plenty of time. Or perhaps you may not.

It is no business of mine. Just the same, it is a good idea. I proved that.

AN X-RAY OF THE CAMPAIGN

BY J. FREDERICK ESSARY

I

At last the opposition to the New Deal is out in the open. It is not only in the open, but it is articulate, clamorous, embattled, and buoyant with hope.

For more than two years this opposition was in a state of abject despair. It saw only another defeat ahead, a defeat as overwhelming and humiliating, perhaps, as it suffered in 1932, and again in the Congressional election of 1934. During that period the Republican Party, the 'natural enemy' of the party in power, reached the low tide of its existence. Its name remained; its traditions and philosophy remained, and so did a vast majority of its voters. But the party's spirit was broken. Its morale was shattered; its faith in itself had evaporated. For the unbelievable had happened, first to stun it, and next to paralyze its energies. A major depression had actually come under its auspices!

In the past the Democrats were the legendary breeders of depression. Their régimes only were associated with hard times. Their policies were the policies that frightened business, and often stampeded it into storm cellars. Prosperity in these United States had long been regarded as a sort of God-given asset of the Republican Party; with the result that when, in the course of a Republican Administration, prosperity withered, then faded away, the shock to the self-esteem of the Republican Party was dreadful to contemplate.

As a matter of simple historical fact, however, neither of the major political parties has had an exclusive lien either upon prosperity or upon economic adversity. In the course of its career each has had a fair share of both. And it may be safely calculated that each will have a fair share of both in the future.

Because the Republicans plumed and prided themselves on their mythical monopoly on good times, the debacle of the Hoover Administration reduced them first to bewilderment and apology, then to utter political consternation. All this made the Roosevelt victory in 1932 so easy as to be child's play. In no sense was it a great political contest; it was a sham battle, first to last. In the course of it Mr. Roosevelt smiled and purred through the whole of a colorless campaign. The Republicans did nothing but wiggle and wobble.

By the time the successful candidate was inducted into office he was an all-powerful figure. No man in all our history, save only Abraham Lincoln, assumed the Presidency under conditions more terrifying than those of March 4, 1933.

Depositors were wildly demanding their money. Banks were closing in every quarter. General business was in a state of near collapse. State governments floundered helplessly in a pitiful effort to meet the emergency. Panic was spreading east and west with

nothing to check it. In such a crisis all eyes were turned upon Washington.

A series of bold, swift, and telling strokes by the new Executive brought order from threatened chaos. They inspired men with confidence in themselves, in their government, and in their country. The tide turned, but it turned slowly. The country was still afraid. The nightmare had passed, but not its effect. Congress, when it met, was filled with fright. It stood ready to grant the President any power he might require. It stood ready to abdicate, and, in effect, it did abdicate.

Through two full sessions of the Seventy-third Congress, that body was a pliant instrument in the hands of Mr. Roosevelt. Opposition to him was practically silenced. Some of the legislation which he proposed was enacted without being read by 10 per cent of the membership. Even in the third Roosevelt Congress, he was defied and defeated upon one major measure only — ratification of the World Court protocol. And he lost that because he did not really fight for it. He compromised on other measures, to be sure, juggling and jockeying here and there, but in the end he won approximately what he wanted.

Party resistance to the New Deal during these three sessions of Congress to all practical purposes was nonexistent. An overwhelming majority of the Republican members voted for nearly all the reform and recovery measures the President proposed. Some of them were thunderous enough in their shout for amendments or for delays, but when the showdown came most of them voted as tamely on the New Deal side as did the tamest among the Democrats. Such vigorous opposition as there was came from the irregulars among the Democrats. The late Senator Huey P. Long of Louisiana, for example, found himself in league with such Senators as Carter

Glass and Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, and Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland. What an incongruous combination!

II

The essential New Deal reform proposals have now been given effect. There is ample reason for believing they have all been unfolded; there is further reason for believing that if this were not true that 'breathing spell' letter would not have been written to Roy Howard.

Linked with these proposals, of course, are the purely recovery measures. The joint programme has been passed on to the country; it is being examined and analyzed and digested. The digestive process is slow, for the American stomach was never before asked to feed upon a diet like this.

I imagine most thinking people of the country will agree with the observation of a thoughtful Washington newspaper publisher that the time has now passed when the present Administration can offer as an alibi for its failures the fact that it inherited from the previous régime conditions that were unbelievably bad. The Roosevelt policies have now been operative over a sufficient period for the country to assess the degree of success or of disappointment that has attended them, or may hereafter attend them. Responsibility for what is ahead cannot longer be thrown back to the failures or the blunders of the Hoover-Coolidge era.

Even in the early stages of the New Deal there were a few critics of it, mostly skeptics of the journalist brand. They were bold, even brave, in their way, but they had no measurable following. They seemed merely to be voices crying in the wilderness; unbelievers in the good, the pure, and the beautiful; rockers of the boat. Until the 1934 election and for some time afterward, political opposition, except

for Huey Long and his senatorial followers and except for the newly formed American Liberty League, was incredibly timid and futile. After its initial fling, even the Liberty League subsided for nearly a year. It subsided because it did not seem to know where it was going; it talked in vague terms of the sacredness of property rights, radicalism in government, subversion of our democracy, and the menace to our liberties. As a matter of fact, the League was lying low until the Congressional election was over; it was playing safe. Its adroit politicians realized that an Administration victory was probably inevitable, and they did not want to be too much identified at that early stage with the losing side.

That election further dismayed and depressed the Republican organization. The Administration had been given a tremendous vote of confidence. The Democratic majority in the House was increased from 313 to 332, and in the Senate from 60 to 69 — at a time, moreover, when the party in power was due for a jolt! Republican leaders asked each other what was to be done with voters so ridiculously infatuated with Mr. Roosevelt and his works.

Seven months more were to pass before the Supreme Court decision in the *Schechter* case pierced the gloom which had enshrouded the minority politicians since 1932. No boon was ever more gratefully received by a political party.

Vital phases of the NRA were declared invalid! The backbone of the New Deal was broken! A unanimous court had found the Administration and the Congress to be guilty of a violent assault upon the Constitution! At last an issue had been raised, perhaps a winning issue. Republicans were overjoyed; and the more so because outstanding Democratic lawyers joined Republican lawyers in denouncing the New Deal. Recalcitrant Democratic

leaders (out of office) united with Republican leaders to rescue the country from the 'terrors' of unconstitutional government.

Immediately a movement was started for a coalition ticket in 1936, a ticket bearing the names of an anti-New Deal Democrat and a four-square Republican. Such a ticket, it was figured, might sweep the country — if it were skillfully picked. The movement gained headway. It seemed for a time to captivate the opposition.

The measure of various Democratic insurgents was taken. Senator Byrd of Virginia seemed the most promising. Here was a Southerner, one who could surely carry his own state and perhaps further smash the Solid South. He is a young and dashing figure. He had been an excellent Governor of the Old Dominion and had been a candidate for the Presidential nomination against Mr. Roosevelt. But, more important still, he had followed Senator Glass in opposing the New Deal in the Senate at almost every turn.

It could not be foreseen, of course, that the time was not far distant when Senator Byrd, along with his colleague Senator Glass, would return to the fold; when he would announce in his own newspaper, the *Winchester Star*, that Virginia would support the renomination and reelection of Mr. Roosevelt, and that nothing could wean him away from the Democratic Party.

Former Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland is another who was measured. He too is a Southerner — Virginia-born. He is an archcritic of the New Deal. Also he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination when Mr. Roosevelt won it. But he too has announced that he is a Democrat still — 'very still,' as the late David B. Hill of New York once remarked about himself.

Third in line of consideration for the coalition ticket was Lewis W. Douglas

of Arizona and New York. He had served as the first Roosevelt Director of the Budget, and had resigned because he could not accept the Administration's fiscal policies. He is a young and gallant political figure also, a man of personal charm, of rare courage, and of conspicuous ability. And he is the only one of the three who did not fatally discourage the coalition idea.

Coalition plans are now in the discard, however. They went out the window with a dull thud a few weeks after the Schechter decision. Another startling event was responsible. The First Rhode Island Congressional District held a by-election on May 6; and to the astonishment of Republicans and Democrats alike it elected a Republican candidate by a plurality of approximately 24,000, to succeed a Democrat who had been elected less than a year before by a plurality only a few thousand less.

A suspicion had been engendered long before that the New Deal had 'slipped,' particularly in the East; that disappointment in its magic was being felt over a wide area, and that even the personal popularity of the President could no longer be invoked against a rising opposition. Rhode Island furnished tangible proof of that fact.

III

That election changed the course of the pre-convention campaign. It knocked out of the ruling Democrats such complacency as was left in them after the NRA decision. And it filled the Republicans with a degree of confidence scarcely justified, but thoroughly understandable. It was really the first heart-warming development in their favor at the polls since they lost control of Congress in 1930.

On the practical side, the Rhode Island result abruptly ended the agitation for a coalition ticket. That result

convinced Republican leaders that they need not bargain with unfaithful Democrats for victory. It convinced these leaders that they had at least an even chance of winning in their own right; and, if win they should, why be under the necessity of dividing the spoils with their allies?

The fact is that a coalition ticket of Republicans and anti-New Deal Democrats was at no time a political possibility. It was a fantasy, conjured up by a sense of desperation. To expect a Republican National Convention to nominate a Democrat to head its ticket is and was preposterous. To expect any Democrat with the following of a corporal's guard to take second place on a Republican ticket is equally preposterous. And to expect the Republican Party to change its historic title and character in order to beguile an uncertain number of Democratic malcontents into an alliance is obviously out of the question.

Still another practical effect of the Schechter decision and the Rhode Island turnover was to bring from cover countless Administration critics, long in hiding. They emerged by the thousands. One heard them pillorying the New Deal in the halls of Congress. One heard them reviling it in the market places, arraigning it in the press and in conventions assembled, in the clubs, and wherever else a hearer could be found. Not that this chorus of castigation was made up of new converts to the Old Deal. Nothing of the sort. Nine out of ten of these excoiators had been in an attitude of antagonism to the President or his policies from the beginning. They had been profoundly and sincerely distrustful of Roosevelt experimentation for two years or longer. The difference was that they had become articulate once more. They had recovered from their faint-heartedness, or perhaps from their genuine desire to give the Adminis-

tration the benefit of every reasonable doubt.

I appeared recently before a meeting of nearly a thousand bankers in a Mid-Western state. When they had finished interrogating me at the conclusion of my address, I requested the privilege of asking them two questions. I asked how many men present were in sympathy with the New Deal. Not more than ten hands were raised. I then asked how many of those not now in sympathy with the New Deal had voted for Mr. Roosevelt. Exactly two hands were raised!

Just as the Schechter decision and the Rhode Island election killed off the coalition chimera, so the assassination of Huey Long dissolved the last prospect of a sizable third-party movement.

Senator Long confided his plan of action not alone to me but to many others infinitely more close to him. He proposed to lead an anti-Roosevelt delegation from Louisiana to the next Democratic national convention. He proposed to dramatize his opposition to the President to the utmost of his resources. He expected to be outvoted a hundred to one, to be vilified, and perhaps to be howled down by New Deal partisans.

Then he proposed to bolt the convention, unfurl his share-the-wealth banner, and organize a nation-wide revolt against the party in power. He would not have been deterred by the bigness — the impossible bigness — of creating a national organization; nor by the fact that he had not the remotest chance of winning; nor by any other obvious discouragement. He would have played for two results. One was the defeat of President Roosevelt; the other was the nomination of Huey Long by a radicalized Democratic Party in 1940.

With Senator Long gone there is no leadership left to coalesce the forces which he hoped to bring under his

command. Governor Floyd Olson of Minnesota is not to be counted on. He wants to succeed Senator Schall in the Senate and become the leader of the 'wildcat' group in that body. In his effort to unhorse Mr. Schall he is flirting with the Roosevelt Democrats in his state.

The La Follettes are out of it. For the time being, they are satisfied with their Progressive Party in Wisconsin. To strengthen it, they too have coquetted with the Roosevelt Administrationists. And the Administrationists have played ball both with the La Follettes and, in an offside fashion, with Governor Olson. Mr. Roosevelt wants the electoral vote of Wisconsin and Minnesota. He may need them to win. And to say that he will not do what is necessary to draw these two states into his column is to misjudge his political astuteness.

The following of Father Coughlin might be a formidable element in the campaign, if it were deliverable; so might that of Dr. Francis E. Townsend. So far the political weakness of Father Coughlin is that he blows both hot and cold. One day he is in violent opposition to the New Deal; the next he is apt to be equally violent in his derision of the Old Deal. It is difficult to be sure which side he is on.

In the case of Dr. Townsend, it is as improbable as an August snowstorm in Washington that either of the major political parties will espouse the Townsend Plan. If neither does, the Townsends, as a body, will have no place to go. Their vote would be split about as that of the American Federation of Labor or the Elks, or the Rotarians or any other organized group of citizens.

IV

It is now manifest that the two old parties will fight it out between themselves next November. There may be

sideshows here and there, but they will not draw much attention from the performance under the Big Top. And in this contest the West, or perhaps it is more accurate to say the Mid-West, will have an important part. It may even play a decisive part. In any event, that area is being advertised as the great 'battle ground' of 1936. This is upon the assumption that the East is slowly congealing against the New Deal, and can be taken for granted; and upon the further assumption that the South will go Democratic in any case.

As a matter of fact, both parties are already making overtures to the West. President Roosevelt lately visited the section. He stopped there long enough to tell the Western farmers the difference, as he sees it, between Democratic performance and Republican promises.

Republican leaders, on their part, are flattering the Western voters. These leaders are saying that the next party candidate must come from the farm belt. This is intended as an assurance to the agriculturalists that the Republican heart beats for them. They are saying further that the Westerners may write their own ticket so far as farm-platform pledges go. And, as a final bouquet to the West, Easterners are prepared to hand the next national convention to any farm-belt city that wants it.

It might be said parenthetically that not all Western Republicans are convinced that the East will award them the next candidate. If the situation looks hopeless, they say, that might be done. But if the New Deal seems headed for defeat when the June convention is held, there is a strong suspicion in the West that the East, with the support of its allies in the South, will grab for itself the richest of all political prizes.

At the moment Republican leaders admit freely that they are at a disad-

vantage in their quest for Western support. They have nothing concrete, for example, with which to match the New Deal millions that are going to corn and hog and wheat farmers. They have nothing with which to match the hundreds of millions that have gone to refinance debt-burdened Westerners. Nor have they anything to offer in trade to those political elements of the radical brand which hold the balance of power in such states as Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota. And so far the Republican leaders have been utterly unable to interest deeply the great bulk of farm voters in any issue except the issue of the farmer's own pocketbook.

City residents in the West, as elsewhere, see more to next year's battle than AAA benefit checks or FCA mortgage relief. But that is not true of ruralists; and the rural population in most of the Western states runs from two to one to ten to one.

I recently completed a month's survey of the 'Grass Roots' states of the West. My intensive inquiry extended both to economic and to political conditions, and they are closely interlocked. As a result of that inquiry, certain very positive conclusions were reached. They are in line, moreover, with the conclusions reached by a number of my journalistic associates, on the same errand, each working independently of the other.

That part of the West which lives by the soil — and most of it does — is unshaken, if not unshakable, in its support of the New Deal. It is so unshaken that if it had been called upon to vote last November instead of November 1936 it would have rolled up a decisive majority for the reelection of President Roosevelt. What its state of mind will be next autumn, if the chorus of criticism continues, — and that criticism is as caustic in the West as in the East, if not in comparable volume, — is as

much one man's guess as another's. But if the Western farmers are called upon to repudiate the AAA, without the guarantee of a substitute subsidy, it is more than a mere guess that they will do nothing of the sort.

There are other issues between the two parties in the Western region. But they do not count at the moment, and it may fairly be assumed that they will not count heavily next year.

Political principles are preached in the West, but principle cannot be made to outweigh personal profit in a section that has lived on promises more than on profits since 1920.

It is a literal fact that, among the scores of farmers that I encountered, I did not hear one complain that the Constitution was being undermined by the Roosevelt régime. I did not hear the Supreme Court mentioned except for an occasional inquiry whether I thought the court would knock out the processing tax. There may be frenzied cries in the East, 'Save the Constitution!' But one hears no such cries in the West. Even in the Western cities that issue is dismissed as a matter of no particular importance.

I did not hear social security mentioned in any quarter, rural or urban. I did not hear the new banking act referred to except by one banker in Omaha. Once or twice holding company legislation was brought up, but in a most casual manner only. The matter of a balanced budget seems to concern no Westerner save an occasional editor here and there. Public expenditures are a matter of concern only in so far as hereafter they may be translated into higher taxes.

In other words, precious few of the New Deal policies and practices, other than farm relief, engage the interest of the Western country. The East may be losing sleep over these policies, but to the West they are almost as far off as war in Ethiopia.

When one talks to these Westerners about corn-hog checks, or wheat prices, or livestock prices or mortgages, a light of intimate knowledge and satisfaction appears in their eyes. This is essentially true of the farmers. It is scarcely less true of the small-town banker, the cross-country bus passenger, the filling-station pumpman or the railroad brakeman.

It is this satisfaction with things as they are in the West that convinces me that the New Deal enters the campaign in that part of the country with the odds in its favor. My conviction is strengthened by the testimony of every Republican editor and reporter I met in a dozen states, by every political leader of whatever party, and by most of the business men, however anti-New Deal they themselves might be.

This attitude seems to exist, it should be added, in spite of the fact that the New Deal has scarcely a defender among the newspapers of these states. Only here and there does one find an isolated journal — one in Lincoln and one in Madison, among them — that is sympathetic toward Mr. Roosevelt.

In the larger cities the more important business interests are distinctly anti-Roosevelt. This is true regardless of the fact that business itself is admittedly better than it has been for years.

Little credit for this improvement, however, is given the present Administration. That which is given is given grudgingly. The feeling prevails in the bigger business quarters that the AAA probably has justified itself, but that the country would be better off if the rest of the Roosevelt experiments had never been made. There may be far less enthusiasm in the West for Mr. Roosevelt personally than there was a year ago. Certainly this seemed to be true in that part of his westward swing between West Virginia and Fremont, Nebraska, where he made his farm speech.

When he visited this same country a year ago, those of us who accompanied him saw in the people an attitude akin to adoration. No such attitude was evident a few months ago. Perhaps it was because he appeared this second time more in the rôle of a party candidate and less as the man who had rescued the country from economic demoralization.

If there is one positive notion among Mid-Westerners regarding Republican candidate possibilities, it is that, with the single exception of Mr. Hoover, one man might perhaps do as well as another. The feeling against the former President is one of intense and almost unbelievable distrust.

V

It is a truism in politics that personalities are infinitely more interesting, if not more important, than principles. It has ever been so. Similarly, candidates in any campaign are apt to become more absorbing in the end than the platforms upon which the candidates offer themselves to the people.

In the presidential contest that is ahead, the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt, if he lives, may be put down as the one certainty of the moment. This will not be believed, I know, by those who swallow all that 'confidential' news-letter writers dish up to them, or by those who are perhaps influenced in their judgments by maladroitness Liberty League salesmanship.

Certain of these letter writers, I happen to know, have confided to their clients the positive information that the President will be frightened into withdrawing from the race to succeed himself. He will be shown in a few more weeks, it is added, that if nominated he cannot conceivably win, and, rather than take a beating, he will find a diplomatic excuse for retiring. He will surrender his party leadership.

It is difficult to imagine anything more fantastic than Franklin D. Roosevelt — or any other Roosevelt, for that matter — yielding to such alarms. The members of that distinguished family may run head-on into defeat. Some of them have, but they never have been known to anticipate it. They may run toward a fight, but never away from one.

And what is there in the political situation of the hour that need scare President Roosevelt?

The Supreme Court in the NRA decision did, in fact, delimit certain powers upon which the New Deal rested its case. A single Congressional district in New England somersaulted into the Republican column. In the recent November voting, the Democratic Party lost its narrow margin of control in the New York General Assembly. Philadelphia and Cleveland elected Republican mayors. Hudson County, New Jersey, went Republican. That about sums up the reverses, major and minor.

In taking the November test votes into account, however, one must balance against these reverses the unprecedented majority given 'Happy' Chandler, the New Deal candidate for Governor of Kentucky. The Democratic majority in the state was in excess of 95,000. It was 20,000 more than any other Kentucky gubernatorial candidate ever received. No lost ground there.

Also, an Associated Press compilation of the popular vote cast on November 5 in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky showed that Democrats cast 3,909,474 ballots to 3,766,884 cast by Republicans. And three of these states are in the East, where the New Deal was assumed to be weakest.

There is nothing there that might give the President, ambitious for a second term, a nightmare.

The truth is that whatever there is of funk in the political setup at the moment is on the Republican side. That party is floundering in its search for a candidate more desperately than it has floundered at any time in its long career. And it is floundering almost as desperately in its search for issues.

The candidate offerings have not been impressive. Governor Alfred Landon of Kansas is locally famous for his balanced budget, for his Coolidgean common sense, and for his rare courage in dealing with scandal in the state house. He is famous for little else.

Colonel Frank Knox, the vibrant and outspoken Chicago publisher, seemed to be making headway toward the nomination until he boldly announced his substitute for the AAA. It may have been suicidal. Another bounty for the farmers! The only essential difference between his brand of farm relief and that of the New Deal is that he would finance his farmer subsidy directly from the Treasury instead of by processing taxes.

In the far distance is Senator William E. Borah of Idaho. Every four years for two decades he has been paraded by his friends as a formidable figure, six or eight months before a nominating convention. But as each quadrennial roll call drew nearer, his candidate potentiality would steadily subside. It is subsiding once more.

On the side lines, awaiting the call, is that brace of obliging Senators, Vandenberg of Michigan and Dickinson of Iowa. They owe their availability chiefly to geography. They are Westerners. When that is said of them the most has been said that can be said.

Republican Party poverty in the matter of strong or striking or sparkling candidates is matched in the matter of issues. There is the Constitution. But one cannot escape the suspicion that as an issue it has largely spent its force.

The NRA might have burned as an issue if it had lived. But it no longer rises to plague its parent-in-chief.

Money spending on a colossal scale by the New Deal undoubtedly disturbs thousands of thoughtful men and disturbs them profoundly. They realize that some day a torturing accounting must be made, an accounting that will involve either heavy taxation or worse. But that taxation will not come until this campaign is over. Meanwhile, the question is whether the beneficiaries — there are millions of them — of this spending will support the spenders next November.

Perhaps, after all, the Republican travail at the present time over candidacies, on the one hand, and platform planks, on the other, is wasted grief. I strongly incline to the belief that it is wasted. I have a conviction that it will not make a great deal of difference whom the minority party nominates, and, except for the farm plank, it will not make any more difference what the platform promises.

That conviction rests upon the proposition that the next election will turn upon the state of the American pocket-book. If there is a sense of security and well-being on the part of the country ten months from now; if the belief prevails that the depression is past and that substantial recovery has come, the Democratic ticket will win. All else will seem to the majority of the voters to be so much excess baggage.

But if the country should go sour in the summer and autumn of 1936; if large-scale unemployment still casts its blight upon our economic system; if a feeling of futility and despair grips the hearts and minds of millions of men and women, then a gigantic protest vote will be cast against the New Deal. That vote will elect whomsoever the Republicans may nominate, and it will elect him without bothering overmuch about his platform proposals.

THE PRICE OF NEUTRALITY

BY T. J. WERTENBAKER

I

ONE of my students came forward at the conclusion of a lecture on the War of 1812 with a somewhat puzzled expression. 'You state that the causes of our entry into the Napoleonic Wars are very similar to the causes of our entry into the World War,' he said. 'Why, then, did we not use our first experience to keep out in 1917?'

'I wonder how many of our leaders in 1917 understood what caused the War of 1812?' I was about to reply, when I recalled that Woodrow Wilson was a student of American history. So I contented myself with a rather tame, 'Why, indeed?' Then I added, 'Perhaps the next time we shall be guided by the experiences of the past. Perhaps two lessons will suffice when one lesson did not sink in.'

The student was not satisfied with the reply and neither was I. After all, have we learned our lesson? In the past have we capitalized enough on our experiences to give assurance that we shall do so again? When so many are declaring that we must remake the world without reference to history, — are advocating, as it were, national amnesia, — what guarantee have we that the repetition of old blunders will not involve us in future crises?

It is a disturbing thought that we have been drawn into both of the only two general European wars which have occurred during our national existence. In both cases we were led by peace-

loving Presidents, were wedded to the policy of avoiding entangling alliances, were sincerely anxious to avoid trouble, were quite unprepared to fight. Yet in both cases, although we put the blame on Europe, it was chiefly our own policy which involved us in hostilities.

Our fault lay in drawing too sharp a distinction between economic war on the one hand and military and naval war on the other. Trade is such a peaceful thing, so necessary, so seemingly legitimate, that one hesitates to call it war at all. War is associated with bursting shells, ruined cities, devastated fields, maimed men, military cemeteries. Yet there have been few wars in which economic pressure has not been a vital or even deciding factor. It was Lincoln's blockade which sapped the strength of the Confederacy; Great Britain's grip on the sea was all-important in bringing Germany to her knees in 1918. So, both in 1793 and in 1914, when we solemnly proclaimed our military and naval neutrality, but without hesitation rushed into the thick of the economic struggle, we placed ourselves in an embarrassing, if not impossible, position.

It fell to the lot of Thomas Jefferson more than to any other man to shape our foreign policy during the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. First as Secretary of State under Washington, then for eight years as President, and finally as advisor to Madison,

his opinions carried the greatest weight, when indeed they were not final. And Jefferson desired passionately to keep us out of the war. The insults of Great Britain and France, the impressment of our sailors, the capture and confiscation of our merchant vessels, even the outrageous attack upon the *Chesapeake*, did not suffice to shake his resolution. 'The affair of the *Chesapeake* put war into my hand,' he wrote; 'I had only to open it and let havoc loose.'

At first Jefferson seems not to have realized the consequences of permitting Americans to interfere with the economic phase of the European war, and consequently made no attempt to curtail their activities. So when British frigates began to play havoc with the French colonial commerce, and sugar piled up on the wharves of Haiti or Martinique, the American shippers were quick to seize the opportunity for a rich transatlantic trade. That they were neutralizing Great Britain's policy of economic strangulation meant nothing to them, so long as they could avoid the British frigates and keep out of the hands of the British prize courts.

But it meant much to Great Britain. She could measure the assistance rendered her foes by the unprecedented growth of tonnage of American-owned vessels engaged in foreign traffic, a growth from 127,000 in 1787 to 1,087,000 in 1807. Her alarm was increased when the Americans began manning their newly built ships with deserters from her navy and merchant marine. Life on the English vessels was desperately hard, whereas the Americans gave high wages and fair treatment. Albert Gallatin estimated that, of the 4000 sailors necessary to man the 70,000 tons of shipping turned out annually by the American yards, one half were British subjects. This explains why the English frigates stopped our vessels on the high seas, lined the

men up on deck, and made off with every British tar on board, with perhaps an American or two thrown in. No wonder Jefferson, as he looked back upon the events of the period, decried our folly in carrying on the business of one half the world at the expense of eternal war with the other half. 'No one can doubt that this alone produced the Orders in Council,' he declared, 'the depredations which preceded, and the war which followed them. Had we carried but our own produce, and brought back our own wants, no nation would have troubled us.'

Had Jefferson, when he became President in 1801, based his foreign policy on the principle here enunciated, it is barely possible that there would have been no War of 1812, but it was probably even then too late. An attempt to contract the inflated carrying trade to a peacetime basis would have incited bitter opposition, and probably ended in failure. Once a merchant vessel was permitted to head out into the Atlantic, even though ostensibly to carry 'our own produce' or to 'bring back our wants,' it would have been difficult to keep it from entangling itself in the network of European blockades. Perhaps this was why Jefferson, when the situation became so desperate that he was forced to act, chose to lay down an embargo, rather than to prohibit Americans from acting as international carriers.

But a sustained embargo for a country so dependent economically upon the Old World was even more impractical. The planters of tobacco and rice in the South and the wheat growers in the North could not dispense with their foreign market, the merchants with their foreign trade, the people as a whole with British manufactured goods. Founded and developed as a part of the British colonial system, the nation had by no means broken the economic bonds with the old country by estab-

lishing political independence. To reverse the commercial history of two centuries, to make the nation self-contained by a stroke of the pen, was more than could be accomplished even by the all-powerful Jefferson.

Historians have usually interpreted the embargo as an attempt to force Great Britain to rescind her Orders in Council, as an experiment in peaceful coercion, but Jefferson himself emphasized its importance as a deterrent to war. 'The immediate danger of war with England is postponed for this year,' he wrote to Charles Pinckney on March 30, 1808. 'This is effected by the embargo, as the question was simply between that and war.' 'It is true, the time will come when we must abandon it,' he confessed on June 23, 'but if this is before the repeal of the Orders in Council, we must abandon it only for a state of war.'

To many of Jefferson's contemporaries the embargo seemed an unexampled bit of folly, richly meriting the failure which overtook it. Bringing ruin to our ports, keeping our vessels idle, throwing thousands of men out of work, dislocating capital, it did not suffice to coerce Great Britain or France or to keep us out of the war. Yet it will always incite interest as a bold attempt to solve the perplexing problem of neutral commerce in a war-maddened world. We may well wonder whether the great Virginian, in this, as in so many other things, was not a century in advance of his day.

II

The United States was rounding out its one-hundredth year since the Treaty of Ghent when the Austrian archduke was murdered and Europe plunged into another general war. Once more the government had to decide upon its relations with the belligerents, and once more it declared its strict neutrality.

President Wilson even went so far as to warn his fellow countrymen 'against that deepest, most subtle, most essential breach of neutrality which may spring out of passionately taking sides.' 'The United States must be neutral in thought as well as in name,' he added.

Yet the government took no steps to warn the people against the even more dangerous breach of neutrality which comes of participating actively in the economic phase of a war. Ignoring our past experiences, ignoring the fact that our trade might turn the tide of victory one way or the other, that it could not fail to arouse passionate resentment, the President and Congress permitted American manufacturers and merchants to convert this country into a veritable commissary department for the warring nations.

The government looked no deeper than international usage and international law. 'It should be understood that, generally speaking, a citizen of the United States can sell to a belligerent government or its agent any article of commerce which he pleases,' declared Robert Lansing on October 15, 1914, in a formal state paper. 'He is not prohibited from doing this by any rule of international law, by any treaty provisions, or by any statute of the United States. It makes no difference whether the articles sold are exclusively for war purposes, such as firearms, explosives, etc., or are foodstuffs, clothing, horses, etc., for the use of the army or navy of a belligerent. . . . Such sales by American citizens do not in the least affect the neutrality of the United States.'

This statement, so far as it concerned noncontraband of war, was accepted by the public as a matter of course. The express permission to sell munitions, however, brought forth some violent protests, most of them from sympathizers with the Central Powers, and several bills were introduced into

Congress to put an embargo on this class of goods. Secretary Bryan explained the government's position in a formal state paper. 'Those in the country who sympathize with Germany and Austria-Hungary appear to assume that some obligation rests upon this government . . . to prevent all trade in contraband. No such obligation exists; it would be an unneutral act, an act of partiality on the part of the government, to adopt such a policy.'

So the floodgates were opened. One after another the great steel, copper, and brass plants diverted their equipment and labor into the production of shells, rifles, and ammunition. As urgent orders poured in from Europe, there was an unprecedented quickening in the production of grain, shoes, clothing, leather goods, motor trucks, railroad material, wire, copper, zinc, and so forth. So many workmen were added to the payrolls that in many factories three eight-hour shifts supplanted the former one nine-hour shift. Wages jumped. Enormous new factory buildings and long rows of workmen's houses sprang up as though by magic. Europe's tragedy was causing an American boom.

Exports advanced in proportion, not only to the Allies, but to Germany's neutral neighbors. Shipments to Denmark rose from \$18,647,000 in 1913 to \$70,500,000 in the first ten months of the fiscal year 1915; to Sweden from \$12,000,000 to \$72,000,000. Our exports to the United Kingdom doubled by 1916, to France and to Italy tripled, to Russia increased ninefold. American horses were soon drawing Allied guns over the battlefields of France, American munitions were piling up at the various military bases, Allied soldiers were eating American beef and bread, wearing American shoes, advancing to the front in American trucks. When our merchant marine proved inade-

quate to the strain, Congress came to the rescue by permitting vessels built in neutral countries to immediate registry. Later the government itself went into the business of shipbuilding, by setting up the Shipping Board.

Without questioning the legality of all this, perhaps without questioning its justice, one may well doubt its wisdom. In a war of attrition, American goods might prove the margin between defeat and victory. The Allies would undoubtedly resent the passage of contraband to Germany through neutral countries, while the Central Powers would protest bitterly when American-made shells began cutting down their soldiers. The decision of our government to champion so-called neutral rights, including the right to unlimited trade with belligerent nations, led directly to war.

There was the less excuse for this inasmuch as the European struggle stimulated enormously our trade with Latin America and Asia. Since German exports were almost entirely cut off, and the industrial output of Great Britain and France diverted to war purposes, neutral customers turned to the United States. In 1913 we supplied 15 per cent of the imports of South America, in 1917 no less than 45 per cent; while our share of the imports to Asia jumped from 6 per cent to 15 per cent. Even had we restricted our feverish, war-born trade with Europe to something like normal proportions, American industry and commerce would not have suffered. But we grabbed at everything in sight.

Aside from the perils involved in our policy, it was obviously unwise to tune our industrial system up to the needs of a temporary situation, needs born of war and which would cease with war. So early as 1916, farsighted business men were asking what would be done with the factories when the ending of war orders forced them to close, were

wondering how to scale down the abnormal wages, how to provide for the men thrown out of work. We were repeating the old blunders of Jefferson's days by welcoming a feverish, unhealthful prosperity, with the prospect of collapse upon the return of normal conditions.

But attention was diverted from this phase of the matter by the diplomatic controversies in which we became involved. Great Britain at once sought to make use of her naval supremacy to strangle the economic life of the Central Powers. Ignoring the recommendations of the London Conference, she extended the list of contraband to include cotton, foodstuffs, copper, and so forth, and began stopping American vessels on the high seas to search for these goods. Reviving the old doctrine of the 'continuous voyage,' which we ourselves had invoked during the Civil War, she attempted to break up all overseas trade to Germany through Holland, Denmark, and Sweden.

This controversy with the United Kingdom would undoubtedly have assumed grave proportions had it not been overshadowed by our quarrel with the Central Powers. Germany, realizing that the exports of American munitions and other commodities might bring victory to the Allies, exerted herself to impede the flow of goods across the Atlantic. When her protests against supplying 'only Germany's enemies' with munitions went unheeded, she tried first to bring pressure to bear on Congress through German-American opinion, and then entered upon a campaign of violence to cripple American munition plants. Failing in this, she committed herself to the submarine campaign which aroused such bitter resentment in the United States, and eventually drew us into the war.

So early as September 30, 1914, President Wilson was aware of the danger. Colonel House states that

'when we were discussing the seizure of vessels by Great Britain, he [Wilson] read a passage from his *History of the American People*, telling how during Madison's administration the War of 1812 was started in exactly the same way as this controversy is opening up. . . . The President said: "The circumstances of the War of 1812 and now run parallel. I sincerely hope they will not go further."' It seems not to have occurred to him that he might prevent the circumstances from running parallel by adopting towards the belligerents an economic policy different from that of Madison. So he permitted the nation to drift into the same dangerous currents as in 1812, and to founder upon the same rocks.

III

How many Americans to-day will contend that the war was worth while? With the expenditure of many thousands of lives and of billions of dollars we applied the pressure which finally overcame the Central Powers. But the victory did not make the world safe for democracy, it did not assure peace for the future, it did not put an end to international injustice, it did not earn the lasting friendship of our allies, it was largely responsible for the economic depression through which we are passing. In case another European war should break out to-morrow, the people of the United States would be overwhelmingly in favor of staying out. When we think of Washington's Farewell Address we feel like bad children who disobey their father but beg forgiveness and promise to be good in the future.

But repentance will be of little service unless we recognize clearly the rocks upon which our peace hopes foundered in the two previous European wars and steer clear of them from the beginning. We must not forget

that the country was so opposed to joining the Napoleonic Wars that it endured for nearly two decades a series of insults so humiliating as to threaten our own self-respect; that in 1915, when 114 Americans lost their lives on the *Lusitania*, we contented ourselves with a protest, that Wilson was re-elected in 1916 in part at least 'because he kept us out of the war.' We are pretty sure to be drawn into the European war of the future, however strong our resolution to remain neutral, if we once more plunge into the vital economic phase of the struggle.

Fortunately the Department of State, realizing that the unstable conditions in Europe might bring on a general war, some months ago entered upon a study of the whole field of neutral rights. Apparently Secretary of State Hull and his advisors became convinced that real neutrality would involve first of all an embargo on arms and munitions to any warring nation, or to any neutral country for transshipment to a warring nation. This would divert attention from the United States as a factor in the outcome of the struggle, and so make it easier for us to keep out. Although the withholding of shipments of munitions might favor one side and so bring protests from the other, it was rightly reasoned that the danger to ourselves would be infinitely less. In the World War it was comparatively easy for Germany to attack our far-flung traffic in munitions; had we forbidden the trade, the Allies would have made violent protests, but they would not have crossed the Atlantic to molest us.

An embargo on arms and munitions in no sense violates international law. 'Should the United States desire to prohibit the furnishing of implements of war to those who are engaged in armed strife,' wrote John Bassett Moore in an article in *Foreign Affairs*, 'this may readily be done by providing

for a comprehensive, nonpartisan embargo on the shipment of arms to all countries engaged in armed strife, whether international or civil. Such an embargo would naturally be announced and imposed by public proclamation. Of this no foreign power could complain. There are already various countries which, in accordance with their laws, impose such a ban.'

This is a very different thing from joining in an international arms embargo against an aggressor state. However desirable such action may be as a preventive of war, the participating nations clearly abandon their neutrality. In a general European war, the side so discriminated against would probably answer with a declaration of war. But an embargo against both is quite as neutral in a legal sense, and is certainly more neutral in a moral sense, than an unlimited traffic with both sides in death-dealing implements. Whatever stand the special interest of belligerent nations would cause them to take, should we declare economic neutrality, the sentiment of the world as a whole would be with us.

But the State Department realized that economic neutrality involves more than an arms embargo, that modern warfare is so complex that it spreads its tentacles out over a nation and draws nourishment from its every activity. If we prevented the shipment of cannon and at the same time sent steel out of which to manufacture them, or wheat and meat to feed the men who fire them, or the tractors or horses to draw them, we should still become a vital factor in the struggle. Is it wise for neutrals to supply a belligerent with cotton, knowing that it may be used in the manufacture of explosives, or copper needed for shells, or tires for army trucks?

It was apparent that any attempt to make a distinction between exports which may aid indirectly in

waging war and those which do not was impossible. During the World War, Great Britain extended her list of contraband until it embraced almost every kind of goods. To declare an embargo on the shipment to belligerent countries of everything on her list would cause an almost complete stoppage of trade. Unless we were prepared to repeat Jefferson's disastrous experiment of 1808, we could not commit ourselves to such a policy.

Apparently the State Department came to the conclusion that this problem might be solved in part by a prohibition of loans and credits to belligerent countries. This policy has much in its favor. The outbreak of the World War found the United States deeply in Europe's debt, so that the warring powers had a reserve to fall back on to pay for their vast purchases. Secretary Lansing estimated that a balance of a billion and three-quarters dollars was taken care of by the sale of American securities held in Europe. When this resource came to an end the belligerent powers were forced to borrow, so that before we entered the conflict their bonds to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars were held by American investors. At present Europe has no extensive investments here, and in case of war would have to borrow at the very outset to pay for any excess purchases. Thus, as Senator Nye, Chairman of the Munitions Investigating Committee, pointed out, the prohibition of public or private loans and credits to the belligerent nations would put an effective check to inflated war commerce.

It was also suggested that the United States abandon its time-honored support of the 'freedom of the seas' by withholding the protection of the government from American citizens upon ships of a belligerent nation, or perhaps from American ships which venture into the zone of conflict. This is of more

questionable wisdom. In a sense it takes us back to the situation in the years from 1795 to the War of 1812, when the kind of protection offered our shipping was a standing joke in Europe. The serious risk of seizure and confiscation did not prevent American merchants, tempted by huge profit, from rushing their ships into the war zone, and no risk would prevent their doing so in future struggles. Nor would the American people be content to sit quietly by while vessel after vessel was seized or sent to the bottom, American lives sacrificed, and American cargoes confiscated. The pressure brought to bear on the government for a reversal of its policy would soon be too strong for resistance.

IV

Last August when the Italo-Ethiopian situation was becoming serious, a joint resolution based on this programme was brought before Congress, and, despite the jam of business which marked the closing weeks of the session, was forced upon the attention of the wearied legislators. The resolution made it unlawful to export 'arms, ammunition, or implements of war' to a belligerent, or to any neutral port for transshipment to a belligerent; authorized the President to warn Americans that, should they travel on the vessels of any belligerent nation, they must do so at their own risk; and prohibited the granting of bank credits and the purchase of the securities of belligerents by American citizens. After a prolonged conference between Secretary Hull, other members of the State Department, and Congressmen and Senators, the last provision was struck out. The resolution was then adopted by both the Senate and the House of Representatives. On October 5, President Roosevelt issued a proclamation stating that in view of the situation in

Ethiopia he was declaring an embargo on the exportation to that country and to Italy of arms, ammunition, and implements of war. 'I desire it to be understood,' he added, 'that any of our people who voluntarily engage in transactions of any character with either of the belligerents do so at their own risk.'

In a sense this action is epoch-making. It is a distinct recognition on the part of the government that economic neutrality is vital if the country is to avoid being drawn into future European wars; it is the culmination of really scientific research on the part of the Department of State into the deeper causes of war in an effort to capitalize our past experiences; by placing the embargo on the shipment of arms and ammunition to belligerent powers it removes at a stroke one of the most dangerous threats to American neutrality.

On the other hand, the resolution is obviously faulty in that it gives the President no power to limit war-born commerce in commodities other than arms and ammunition. Should Europe become involved to-morrow in another general conflict, American exporters would no doubt at once begin pouring over cotton, wheat, copper, oil, and so forth, in ever-increasing volume, once more upsetting our economic life and making the United States of vital importance in the outcome of the struggle. The President's warning that they must trade at their own risk would hardly deter them when such huge profits were in sight. It seems unfortunate that the provision prohibiting the floating of loans of a belligerent country in the United States should have been struck out, since it was upon it that the chief reliance was placed to limit trade to a peacetime basis.

Even with the war confined to Italy and Ethiopia, the situation became em-

barrassing to the United States. The League of Nations imposed certain economic sanctions on Italy, including an embargo on shipments of arms and munitions, and on certain raw materials, and the prohibition of loans or bank credits to the Italian government or people. This brought about a greatly increased demand from Italy for American oil, copper, trucks, tractors, and scrap iron, all of vital importance in the prosecution of the war. Either we must find some way of keeping this trade within peacetime bounds or incur the hostility of the League, whose sacrifices would be nullified by the action of this country. Thus, as Former Secretary of State Stimson points out, our present position in regard to trade with belligerents, because of the inadequate powers granted to the President, may lead to war rather than to peace.

When Congress reassembles in January it is sincerely to be hoped that this matter will receive immediate attention and that adequate powers be conferred on the President to keep the nation out of war. The authority to prohibit the exportation of arms and ammunition to a belligerent should be renewed, while some check must be placed on the shipment of other commodities, especially upon goods which can be used directly for war purposes. No doubt the proposal for a financial ban on belligerents will be reconsidered, and in the light of present happenings receive favorable action.

Should Congress balk again at this step, we should have to pin our hopes upon other and more direct methods. Congress might empower the President to prohibit all exports to a belligerent nation over and above the normal peacetime proportions. If we send to a nation in the year preceding the war goods totaling \$500,000,000 let us send her no more in time of war. If this should seem a rather crude yardstick,

we could take the average exports for the five years preceding the declaration as our standard. To prevent the concentration of orders upon goods especially needed in waging war, there should be a system of quotas. If this direct restriction of trade should prove impractical, we might be compelled to fall back on a sliding duty on exports to belligerent countries, which the President would be empowered to raise or lower as the fluctuations of trade demanded. But this also has its serious drawbacks, for the Constitution prohibits the laying of any duty on exported articles, and the crisis might be upon us before we could complete the tedious process of securing an amendment.

In recent years there has been much said about the evils of war. In addresses, newspaper articles, novels, and histories, stress has been laid upon the enormous loss of human life, upon

the waste of economic wealth, upon the endless train of suffering and bitterness, upon the barrenness of results. Predictions have been widespread that modern weapons have become so deadly that the next great conflict will destroy our civilization. The people of the United States are determined that we shall not be involved in future European conflicts in which we have no direct interest. They will demand of the President and Congress precautionary measures which will make the United States neutral in fact as well as in name.

Nothing is to be accomplished by blaming the 'lust and greed' of American traders, for it is but human nature to reach out for profits if it can be done under the law. It is the duty of the government to make war-born trade illegal or unprofitable, and if it fails to do so the people will know where to place the blame.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HYMN TO SHANGHAI

SHANGHAI is terrible, terrible in her strange mixture of Eastern and Western vulgarity, in her superficial refinements, in her naked and unmasked worship of Mammon, in her emptiness, commonness, and bad taste. She is terrible in her denaturalized women, dehumanized coolies, devitalized newspapers, decapitalized banks, and denationalized creatures. She is terrible in her greatness as well as in her weakness, terrible in her monstrosities, perversities, and inanities, terrible in her joys and follies, and in her tears, bitterness, and degradation, terrible in her vast immutable stone edifices that rear their heads high on the Bund and in the abject huts of creatures subsisting on their discoveries from refuse cans. In fact, one might sing a hymn to the Great Terrible City in the following fashion:—

O Great and Inscrutable City! Thrice praise to thy greatness and to thy inscrutability!

Thrice praise to the city renowned for her copper odor and her fat, oily bankers, with green-tinted skins and sticky fingers;

To the city of hugging flesh and dancing flesh, of flat-chested ladies fed on ginseng soup and doves'-nest congee, and still looking anæmic and weary of life, in spite of their ginseng soup and doves'-nest congee;

To the city of eating flesh and sleeping flesh, of ladies with bamboo-shoot feet and willow waists, rouged faces and yellow teeth, cackling 'He! he! he!' like monkeys from their cradles to their graves;

To the city of running flesh and kowtowing flesh, of hotel boys with shining, slippery heads and slipperier manners, who minister to the fat, oily bankers with green-tinted skins and sticky fingers and to the hugging flesh and dancing flesh with rouged cheeks and yellow teeth;

Great and inscrutable art thou!

In the still hours of the night, one con-

jureth up a picture of thy monstrosities; in the muddy stream of human traffic on Nanking Road, muddier than the muddy fish in muddy Whangpoo, one thinketh of thy greatness also;

One thinketh of thy successful, *pien-pien*-bellied merchants, and forgetteth whether they are Italian, French, Russian, English, or Chinese;

One thinketh of thy *masseuses*, naked dancers, Carlo Garcias, and thy Foochow Road singsong houses;

Of thy retired bandits and magistrates and generals, with tortoise-shell spectacles and roof-shaped moustaches, trying to court singsong girls with their loot, and finding their love repulsed and their sexual hunger still unappeased after months of courtship;

Of the idiotic and half-witted sons of these retired bandits and generals, who help to rid them of their ill-begotten and sin-smelling wealth;

Of thy wealthy, degenerate opium smokers who parade the streets in Packard eights, guarded by robust, well-fed, uniformed Russians;

Of thy Whangpoo, daily receiving its quota of would-be suicides, of thy dancing girls and heartbroken young men mingling with the muddy Whangpoo fish;

Of thy majestic tea balls, where vulgarity gathers to meet vulgarity and see how vulgarity dresses;

Of thy dog races, where white women in V-shaped evening dress mingle merrily and rub shoulders with yellow shop apprentices and gray dogs and pink-eyed rabbits;

Of thy *nouveaux riches* lost and giddy in the whirlpool of parties and rides, millionaires who order the hotel boys about like lieutenant colonels and eat their soup with their knives;

Of thy *nouveaux modernes*, intoxicated by a few phrases of *yang-ching-pang* pidgin and never letting an opportunity slip for saying 'many thanks' and 'excuse me' to you;

Of thy girl students perched astride their baggage on the rickshaws, with rolled socks and hats on which perch Robin Redbreasts and chrysanthemums of different colors;

Of thy haughty, ungentlemanly foreigners, so haughty and ungentlemanly that one knows where they belong in their own countries — men with moderate heads, but stiff boots and strong calf muscles, who also make good use of their stiff boots and strong calf muscles —

Men who give large-sized tips and complain of exorbitant prices, who feel legitimately aggrieved and insulted when people fail to understand their native language;

One thinketh and wondereth of these things and faileth to comprehend their whence or their whither.

O thou city that surpasseth our understanding! How impressive are thy emptiness and thy commonness and thy bad taste!

Thou city of retired brigands, officials and generals and cheats, infested with brigands, officials and generals and cheats who have not yet made their fortunes!

O thou, the safest place in China to live in, where even thy beggars are dishonest!

LIN YUTANG

ADVENTURES IN TORTS

EXTREMES meet. You would n't think that Law Books and Tabloid Stories have much in common. But open any book on what the lawyers call Torts or Delicts, or Quasi-Offenses, and you will find that the book is really a collection of fascinating little short stories. The fascination is all the greater from the fact that the law book always leaves out the very thing that the writer of romance is anxious to put in. There is no color, no weather, — unless it causes damage, — and no human emotions whatever; no love, no hate, just the actions as they come and go.

More than that, the law book never tells the end of the matter — never says what happens next. It gets to the point where someone assessed damages, or did n't, and ends up at that, even if it is obviously leaving family life suspended over a chasm.

I spent a happy afternoon the other day

with such a book, a bright little galaxy of fun and fancy entitled *Delicts under the Civil Code of Quebec*.

Here is a sample: —

'A dog, which was owned by A, barked at a horse and caused it to run away and throw its rider, B. It was held that A was liable for the damages sustained by B.'

Yes, but how badly was B hurt? It does n't say. Did he break his back, or was he just what you would call shaken up? And what about the dog? Did A have it shot, or was he fond of it? And are A and B still on speaking terms, or did this incident terminate a friendship of long years?

Not a word said about all that. What might have been a thrilling romance of one hundred pages, thrown away in a few lines.

Here's another: —

'In the waiting room of a railway station, X opened a door with no sign on it, fell downstairs and was killed.'

Think of it! But is the law book horrified? Not at all. It seems to think it was a good joke on X. It says: —

'Having indicated the doors for public use, the railway was not negligent when it failed to put notices on doors not intended for public use. The sole effective cause of the accident was the defendant's own want of caution in proceeding beyond the door in the dark in a strange place.'

Think how much a romance writer could have made of that: poor X, — no doubt under the strain of some great anxiety, — groping his way in the dark only to fall headlong! And then what! Who found X after he fell? Did he look pretty awful? Was he killed outright?

But no — the law book is not concerned with that. It merely says: 'The railway company was exonerated.'

Here is another that I can hardly bear to read: —

'A boy was a trespasser on a roof and as a result . . .'

But no, don't let's read it. The poor little fellow! Fell off the edge or something, I suppose. . . . But the book, I see, does not give the ultimate fate of the boy after he fell. It just says, 'Trespassers have no right to complain of the condition of the premises as they find them.'

Here's a story with more action in it: —
 'A young man, X, employed by a bank which had obtained good references as to his character . . .'

This, you observe, is one of the rare stories with a touch of local color, and very likely the boy X was a son of poor X who was killed in the railway station, and so he got his job out of sympathy for himself and his mother. Anyway, let's see what happened to him: —

'X was required to carry a revolver while accompanying the messenger to the clearing house. Disobeying instructions to replace the revolver in the vault on his return, X, without the knowledge and permission of the bank, kept it in his possession and during the evening shot a boy . . .'

Very likely the poor boy who fell off the roof; shot him as he fell, no doubt.

Here would be the opening of a first-class mystery story. But the law book gets it all hushed up in a few sentences.

'The bank,' it says, 'was exonerated from liability because, at the time of the shooting, X was not in its employ, nor doing its work.'

That's right, too, when you think of it. The bank did n't hire X to go boy-shooting. In fact, as the court put it, '*no fit injuria*' — which means there was no harm done. No, just another boy gone, that's all.

But if you want an afternoon's reading of plots, scenes, and mysteries, enough in one page for a volume, just ask any lawyer to lend you a book on Torts, Delicts, or Quasi-Offenses.

CARMAN BLOSSOMS

SPRING had come early to the sage country that year. First the chinook breathed soft out of the South, and the ice jam rumbled and stirred, and at last went out. The jammed pack ice rose from the depths of the river dark with mud and gravel — the stream ran free again. The last ice was barely gone from the black winter waters of the inlet before the apricot buds were showing white at the tips. By the time the alfalfa fields were green down on the flat the hillside was aflame with the Carman blossoms.

Peter worked in the middle orchard, putting a concrete jacket around an irrigation main cracked by the spray wagon. About him the air was full of the music of the bees among the blossoms. The great pink flowers of the Carmans seemed to be floating in clouds among the bare limbs of the trees. It seemed impossible that these gnarled stiff branches could bear such delicate blossoms. But Peter loved the gray old trees. The trees were there always; they had been there since he could remember. The blossoms came in the spring and were gone again as quickly as they came — shrinking back on their little green knobs of peaches which would in the summer have a flame of their own. But not always. Sometimes the frosted grass would sparkle in the morning sun and the petals would droop and blacken; then Peter had seen his father tear apart flower after flower, and in each lay a tiny shriveled pistil. And in the winters which followed these frost springs Peter had learned the meaning of the tight lines in his father's face when he peered at the frost-stricken blossoms. He had learned with the other children of the village what a barren year may mean to a fruit valley and he had already acquired a little of the hardness of agrarian peoples whose lives are more than anything else a struggle against elemental forces and a ruthless exploitation of life itself.

Peter and Wyman had set out hundreds of orchard heaters with the team and stone-boat. These are tapered cylinders of sheet steel, punched with several draft holes. They stood charged with coal and tinder ready to fire. The heaters never had anything like a reassuring effect on the people of the valley. A hard frost could cut through any little warmth a man might make among the trees. To Peter the rows of steel cylinders were a symbol of that bitter game of chance which he must play in spite of himself, where the won stakes are meagre, and the loss is read in the shabby clothing of children and the lined faces of women. He wondered if it must always be that the frost would come and bring with it deepened poverty; but he was young, fourteen years and just a man as the country reckons, and life seemed wide to him, not closed in by winterkill and frost springs and codling moth as it was for the older men.

There came an evening when the sunset etched a golden line along the rim of the western mountains — so very clear the air was. Peter, even as he watched the incredible purple shadows deepen in the mountain canyons, felt the chill of the still air, and knew the frost was coming. At supper he said little. On the porch he struck a match and looked at the thermometer. Forty degrees. He had never seen it so cold at nightfall during the season. He walked up the hill under the peach blossoms. The orchard was very different at night, — no hum of bees, only dead quiet, — and the pollen smell was fainter. He could not see the blossoms, but he could sense the white masses of bloom overhead. Above, the great bell of the sky seemed to glow faintly. Not a fleck of cloud marred the intensity of the blue. The great stars glowed like lamps, yet the heavens did not seem near. Instead they seemed infinitely removed and cold. Again his eyes swept the western sky for a cloud, but not a rag of mist was visible. He thought how many anxious eyes were praying for a cloud; but the sky did not care.

When he returned to the house, the temperature had fallen to thirty-five. By the time Kirk and Wyman arrived it was thirty-three. Peter was in a quandary. The heaters held coal for about three hours' fire and no one had imagined more might be necessary. Yet the coldest hour was always the one before sunrise, and sunrise was seven hours away. On the other hand, the temperature was falling rapidly, and he was afraid delay might mean damage to the fruit before heat was fully up. At ten it was freezing and Peter gave the word. He ran from heater to heater, dumping a pint of kerosene in each, and Wyman followed with a flare which he plunged for a second into the mouth of the heater. After them a lengthening trail of flame lit up the orchard, bright just behind them as the kerosene shot a plume of fire out of the top of the heaters, softer where the kerosene had burned low, and bright again where the fuel had caught.

Back and forth they wove, a halting rhythm in their movements, and in a few minutes the whole hillside glowed with fire. Kirk meanwhile had restarted the half-dozen duds and had capped those heat-

ers which threatened to scorch the low branches.

Peter looked out along the ridge and across the flat. In the length of the valley he could see thousands of pin points of light, and he suddenly felt a warm fellowship with the men who were fighting the same fight with him. There Wells is firing up, he said, and there Tomlins, and there Nillson. He hurried to the packing shed. Outside temperature, twenty-seven degrees. Bad, very bad. No clouds. Eleven-thirty. Within the orchard Peter hung a thermometer on a limb. Thirty-one degrees. A feeling of exultation swept him. He was heating all outdoors!

His blood pounded as he ran from heater to heater, felt with his palm the hot blast of gases from each chimney. The heat flushed his face as he watched the rainbow flames licking the coal. As he ran down the tree row it seemed to him there were infinite steel cylinders about him glowing dull red. From the mouth of each shot a steady stream of heat; the smoke eddied through the upper branches, caught the red glow of the fires below, and cast a murky light over the soil. The red glow would beat back the cold, Peter thought. He would win, would win!

At the packing shed, the outside temperature stood at twenty degrees. He spun and dashed for the orchard thermometer, caught its glint at twenty-nine. Nine degrees difference — not enough, not enough. With more coal he would win.

He dashed down the hillside; it seemed his feet barely touched the ground left rough from the disk, but as he left the orchard the outside air swept over him chill as the river in June. He panted as he slipped through the bars of the corral. The horses stood at the feed rack, and Peter felt once again the strange peace that came to him with the sound of stock munching hay. The unfailing grace and serenity of animals, how he envied them! His pulse hammered as he fumbled in the dark with the harness, his fingers knowing the old feel of the straps and buckles. With quick hands he hooked the trace links in the doubletrees, and stepped on the stoneboat as the team leaned into their collars. He brought the end of the lines stinging across their rumps, and sent them at a gallop up the

hill. More coal! He could do it with more coal!

It was chill, bitter chill, but the heaters glowed bright red now, beat back the frost, sent the smoke eddying dark among the treetops. He must beat the frost. The weight of the mortgage on the farm pressed on him, the sense of vast debts for lead arsenate and for irrigation power. The thought of these commercial transactions sickened him. He hated the business men of the town who plundered the farmers of anything left by the fruit brokers. The frost was clean and he did not mind fighting it, but the town was unclean, the tradesmen were like a pack of jackals. The steel-shod sled runner screamed over a rock, sending a violent shudder through the sled and up Peter's spine, whipping the sled askew.

At the shed he looked at the thermometer. Nineteen degrees! The grass glittered under his feet, the chill earth stole the heat from his toes. The others came in from livening the fires to help load. Two shovels bit harshly into the coal. They worked at furious speed without slackening until the sled was loaded. Peter drove among the heaters, swinging wide back and forth to clear them, and the others refueled. When the load was out he drove wildly back to the shed, leaning against the reins, his muscles alive to the swerve of the sled and the pull of the bits. Once more the cold freshness of the outside air swept over him, chilling the sweat on his forehead.

The thermometer stood at eighteen. Not falling fast, Peter thought; maybe the worst is over. God knows it's cold enough in the bloom now, — twenty-seven degrees, — and it will be a wonder if there is half a crop. Still, we have pulled through twenty-seven before — if we can hold it up there, we may be all right.

One more load filled the heaters and there was nothing to do but sit on apple boxes and keep one eye on the thermometers. They talked restlessly of the red spider which threatened every leafed thing with destruction, of the insidious spread of the

San José scale, of the irresistible march of the codling moth. And they talked of the outer world of cities and factories and markets and many peoples. Kirk and Wyman longed for the life and movement and excitement of the big towns, but Peter hated them for their filth and hypocrisy and the enslavement of their working people. 'Besides,' he said, 'they are full of tradesmen. I will look at the outside thermometer.'

At the shed he held the glass in the light of a match. Sixteen above zero. No, impossible. He struck another match, and once again caught the glint of the silvery column in the match light. Sixteen degrees above zero. Sixteen degrees of frost. He returned to the orchard thermometer. Twenty-four degrees. Well, he had lost — no doubt about it. He told Kirk and Wyman they might as well go home. With the point of his knife he split the ovule of a peach blossom, and in the firelight he saw the tiny sparkle of an ice crystal.

Still the valley glowed with ten thousand fire points, and still the remote stars burned cold in a cloudless sky above him. Peter sat staring into the fire he knew not how long, but when the morning light crept across the sky he found himself stiff with cold. He turned the horses into the pasture, and returned to work in the orchard. He had dropped a score of piles of mouldy straw about the orchard, and now he went from one to another firing them. This was smudging to protect the frozen blossoms from the direct rays of the sun, and to allow them to thaw in the shade. Peter knew it was of no use in case of a hard frost; but he went about his work mechanically and had the orchard layered with a thick white smoke when the sun rose.

Over all the valley hung a level pall of black smoke through which the sun poured a murky warmth, but it did not take all the chill from Peter's bones, nor from the men of the valley. For the blossoms drooped blackened and withered on every branch, and there was not to be a peach, or cherry, or apricot, or apple that year.

THE SALVATION OF PISCO GABAR

(Continued from page 10)

There was a drink-shop which called itself an inn and was used as one when an occasional trader or arriero visited Huanca. Gabar was given the room of honor which had been prepared for the diocesan inspector a year earlier with furniture lent by the whole pueblo. Since they were not a little proud of the room and it was easier to leave the furniture where it was than to take it back, the place had remained a permanent exhibition of their treasures. It would have been pretty clean had not the chickens adopted two Tarragona chamber pots as nesting places.

Every evening the patio of the inn became a shop where all the inhabitants congregated whether or not they had gold to sell. Business was accompanied by leisurely drinking and interminable stories. There was plenty of gold. Tiny quantities of dust were even used as an internal currency, as small change to adjust the equitable exchange of commodities. After a week Gabar had traded goods worth about £40 in Arequipa, including one of his llamas, for over a pound and a half of gold dust — which meant that he had more than trebled his outlay. Finding that he had then exhausted the market, he decided to try his luck at Chiquibamba. He left Huanca in the early afternoon, intending to camp at the natural platform above the bog.

Pisco Gabar swung down the path in an excellent humor. Huanca del Niño could make him a nice little fortune, especially if he visited it after the rainy season, when the inhabitants would work their gravel bank intensively and hold the proceeds for his coming. At the same time he was treated by the pueblo as a benefactor and even as an easy mark for keen traders, for he hag-gled no more than was necessary to gain their respect. He had not a care in the world. All of three senses were thoroughly satisfied. The smell of the animals, of leather, and mountain air tickled his nostrils. His belly regurgitated a pleasing flavor of rice, roast kid, and alcohol. His fingers toyed with the wash-leather bags in his belt, squeezing the soft, heavy dust. The mule and the llama tripped confidently after him. At this moment, rounding a

bend in the path, he came face to face with Don José-Maria.

'Padre de mi alma! How are you?'

José-Maria looked at him with mingled fear and pleasure.

'Don Manuel! I am glad to see you! That goes without saying. But what are we going to do? How was I to know you were on the way down?'

Gabar awoke to his surroundings.

'Condenado that I am! I forgot to blow the horn!'

He strung together some blazing jewels of oaths which ended before completing their rhythmical pattern, partly from respect for Don José-Maria and partly because Gabar suddenly looked down past his left knee and became aware of the emptiness beyond.

'And you, padre! You did not blow the horn either!'

'I blew it, my son. But it was not very loud. I have been so long in the lowlands that my breath does not come as easily as it did. Yet you would have heard had you waited and listened.'

'The fault is mine,' admitted Gabar. *'And now, how are we going to pass?'*

They stood facing one another like a metope carved on the face of the rock. The two men formed the high and central point of the design. Behind José-Maria were a mule, carrying his tin trunk, and a donkey for riding; behind Gabar, his pack-mule and the remaining llama.

'We cannot pass,' answered José-Maria.

'Let us sit down,' Gabar said. *'There is nothing impossible.'*

The two sat down on the path with their backs against the rock and their heels overhanging two hundred feet of sheer cliff. Ten thousand feet below, the Montaña spread out its tumble of hills mapped into orderliness by the occasional gleaming threads of water. In the far distance the green of the forest faded away into the blue of tropical haze. It was utterly silent except for the tinkle of bridles and bits and the occasional snatches of wind that sung and stabbed like giant insects.

'A cigarette?' suggested Gabar.

'Thank you, my son.'

'And a pisco, perhaps?'

'With pleasure. I have not eaten nor drunk since morning.'

Gabar stood up to fetch a bottle from the

mule's pack. The full realization of their position came to him when he found that he could not get at the straps. The inner pack was jammed against the rock, and the mule refused to be forced any closer to the edge. The outer pack could be reached by pushing the mule's head to the rock and standing alongside its neck. But it was by no means a healthy position. One's life depended on the uncertain patience of the mule.

'It seems we must go thirsty, padre.'

Gabar pulled his heavy poncho over his head and wrapped himself in its folds before sitting down again. He looked perfectly prepared to spend the night where he was, and thus in the master position for any bargaining there might be. Both knew that the only solution was for one of them to sacrifice his mule. But neither was yet ready to admit it. There was no hurry.

'How is it you are alone, padre?'

'I hired my guide only as far as the Inambari, Don Manuel. He was a Montaña man and did not wish to climb to the altiplano.'

'And the animals are yours?'

'They belong to the Church, Don Manuel, and were lent to me in Cuzco. I have become very fond of them. This one,' — he reached up and stroked the mule's muzzle, — 'is almost a Christian.'

'This one,' said Gabar, waving a hand at his mule, 'has a soul like mine. He eats when there is food and fasts when there is none.'

Don José-Maria also drew on his poncho and made no reply. For half an hour they sat side by side without a word. Finally the priest said reproachfully: —

'You did not blow the horn, Don Manuel.'

'I did not blow the horn,' Gabar agreed, stating it as a matter of fact without a shade of guilt or regret in his voice. 'Shall I roll you another cigarette?'

'Thank you, Don Manuel. You are very courteous.'

José-Maria preserved silence till he had smoked it. Then he murmured: —

'It is a shame you are not a Christian.'

'Why?'

'Because,' — José-Maria hesitated, feeling that he had been forced on to dangerous ground, — 'because you would give way to a priest.'

'Equally I might cut his throat,' said Gabar, 'and give him a little push and a

little push to each of his animals. There are plenty of Christians who would do so.'

'But you would not,' answered José-Maria calmly.

'You are right. Instead of that, I shall offer to buy your mule.'

'It is not mine to sell. It belongs to the Church.'

'Then give the money to the Church.'

'I have no authority, Don Manuel. And I love this mule like a son. You must give way to me, for you did not blow the horn. Kill your own mule.'

'I will not. I should lose half my goods with him. You saw for yourself that I could not get the pack off. Sell me your mule and name your price.'

'No, my son. God will decide between us.'

The pack animals pawed and fussed impatiently. The sun had passed westwards over the brow of the mountain and it was turning cold. Gabar got up and endeavored to force his mule back along the path, though he knew it was a hopeless task. The mule backed three yards willingly, two resentfully, put down a hind leg in space, kicked, and refused to budge. Gabar sat down again, rolling more cigarettes.

'Reverend padre,' he said, 'when I was at school the priests taught me that Christians should sacrifice themselves.'

Don José-Maria groaned.

'So I have said to myself for two hours past. But I find that I am not a saint.'

'I will pay well for your mule. To you or to the Church, as you wish.'

'Well, perhaps I will let you buy him. But, Don Manuel, all I possess is in that trunk. All I have ever possessed. You must get it off first.'

'I doubt if I can.'

'Then — nothing!'

'I will see,' said Gabar.

He edged past José-Maria and seized the mule by the bridle. He had to brace one leg firmly against the rock in order to send mule and trunk over the precipice, and the movement was enough to show José-Maria his intention. The priest with astonishing swiftness snatched his other leg from under him, leaving him hanging to the mule's neck for support.

'Do not fear! I have you fast, Don Manuel,' he said quickly. 'But you must not throw my trunk over!'

'Let me go!' yelled Gabar. 'I swear I will not!'

'It is well,' said the priest, allowing him to recover his balance. 'And now stand aside and let me unrope the trunk!'

'You can't, priest of the devil!' exclaimed Gabar. 'It's suicide.'

'At least I will try,' José-Maria answered. 'I am in my own country now, Don Manuel. I shall do what I like!'

He stood on the foot of ground between the mule's neck and empty air, holding the bridle with his right hand and casting off the lashings with his left. The trunk slipped downwards and outwards, supported only by the prominence of José-Maria's stomach. Gabar caught his bridle hand and hung on.

'Everything is lost,' said José-Maria mildly, resigning himself to the inevitable. 'If I move, it will fall. *Bueno!* Then we shall be content to save what is not mine. Hold me fast, Don Manuel!'

Gabar, amazed at his obstinacy, tautened his grip on the priest's right hand. With his left, José-Maria felt for the catch, opened the trunk, and extracted a flat cardboard box marked with the name of a Buenos Aires department store. As soon as he stepped back, the trunk slid off the mule's back, hit the edge of the path with one corner, and vanished into space. José-Maria sadly leaned over the cliff to watch the funeral of all his transportable possessions.

'After all, you are a saint, padre,' said Gabar consolingly.

'I do not want flattery, my son — especially from you who would not know a saint if he stood before you in the very robes of Heaven. We will now speak of the price of my mule. How much is it worth in Cuzco?'

Gabar opened the animal's mouth and felt its forelegs.

'It's a very poor mule,' he said. 'For ten libras one could buy two such in Cuzco. But I will give you eight.'

'It will cost you sixteen,' said José-Maria.

Gabar from sheer habit had offered rather more than half the real value of the mule. José-Maria knew this, and Gabar, aware that he knew, suddenly felt ashamed of himself.

'I will pay you sixteen,' he said apologetically. 'Will you have it in goods or gold?'

'Neither. You will pay it to the Archdeacon of Cuzco when you next go there.'

'How do you know I will pay?'

'You are honest.'

'Many thanks! Then it's a deal?'

'Not yet. I have sold you the mule at a fair price, but now I want the price of my trunk. It held things I have treasured since childhood, Don Manuel.'

'You will say, padre.'

'To-morrow is the fiesta of our Child, the Niño of Huanca. You will attend the Mass, and you will help to carry the image. He is a very ancient Niño and he will be more beautiful to-morrow than he has ever been. This' — Don José-Maria held up the cardboard box as if it were the Host — 'is for him.'

'Nothing more?'

'Nothing more.'

Gabar considered the condition. He did not like it. He was enraged by the superstitions of the average pueblo, and nauseated at the thought of his own pious assistance at the midsummer festival of Christmas Day.

'I offer you another sixteen libras,' he said.

'I am not interested, Don Manuel.'

'I won't accept,' said Gabar furiously.

'Then we will stay here.'

'But I don't believe in your miserable Niño! I should be out of place. It would be an indecency!'

Don José-Maria said nothing.

'It's a joke!' shouted Gabar. 'Think of me carrying an image!'

José-Maria still said nothing. He drew his poncho round him, carefully keeping between Gabar and the mule.

'Very well!' said Gabar, beaten. 'Then I accept! I go to Mass and I carry the image. But that is all.'

'That is all I ask of you, my son.'

José-Maria turned on his heel, inserted his bulk between the mule's neck and the rock, and heaved forwards. The beast reared up and then set forth on its last and swiftest journey to the Inambari. The priest unconcernedly walked through the space it had occupied and patted the shivering donkey. He persuaded it, not without difficulty, to turn round, and the little procession marched downwards towards the widening of the path. Gabar, his mule, and

the donkey were shaken and ill at ease. Don José-Maria and the llama, since they had lived their lives in closer touch with the law of gravity, were less disturbed by its pitiless violence. At the niche where hung the lower horn there was room to turn. They re-formed the caravan and retraced their steps.

VI

José-Maria had a triumphal entry into Huanca del Niño. As soon as his people saw him toiling up the last slope, the town, perched on its isolated promontory, awoke like a colony of sea gulls. Strident voices of women called to their children. The church bell clanged with the irregular speed of a fire alarm. Men shouted their welcome. The feet of excited animals clattered on hard stone. The inhabitants crowded round their priest, kissing his hand and asking innumerable questions. Gabar's unexpected return was accepted without comment. Except for a swift and kindly greeting here and there, he was ignored. Stabling his two animals at the inn, he climbed to the top of the wall and sat down to watch the hubbub in the plaza at his feet.

The wall was an integral part of the town rather than a fortification. The outer face, crowning and continuing the escarpment, was well preserved. The irregular polygons of the Cyclopean masonry fitted one another as precisely as the cells of a honeycomb. Since he contemptuously dismissed all legends, Pisco Gabar did not believe the Indian tradition that the builders had known how to liquefy stones and pour them together, but he had no alternative explanation to offer. On the inner side the masonry merged into the existing town, forming the foundations for houses and lanes. The plaza itself was a stone terrace within the prehistoric building. One side of the square was occupied by the sixteenth-century church. The colonial architects had evidently added nothing but a tower, a roof, and some upper courses of masonry to a temple already in existence. The church lamps were lit as he watched, and the dusky plaza began to wink with candles and torches. José-Maria was being escorted to his church. It was clear that the priest was the temporal and spiritual ruler of his people with an absolutism that his Indian

ancestors, however powerful, might have envied.

The spontaneous show of affection for and pride in the priest filled Pisco with disgust. If only these Peruvian Indians could see what had been accomplished by their cousins in Mexico! If only they would unite against priests and landlords, and organize a state which should preserve the best of the ancient culture and reject the alien influence of the Church! Pisco Gabar identified himself with the Indians and mestizos, since they were the true proletariat; and his reverence for their great civilizations, first felt on the way up from the Inambari, had increased during his stay at Huanca.

He saw José-Maria cross the plaza between ranks of frankly worshiping men. Pisco swore aloud. One could have understood it had they been women; but that these men, faced day and night with the barren realities of their cruel plateau, should believe in infantile superstitions — *santísima virgen!* In what was this folly any better than the old religions? José-Maria might have been a feather-crowned priest of the sun, going to the same temple from the same house with the same adoring crowds believing in the same fairy tales! Pisco Gabar got up angrily from his perch, aware that somewhere in his line of thought there was a contradiction. It made him uneasy, for his wonted thoughts on religion were simple enough to be crystal clear.

He returned to the inn. It was completely deserted. His room was exactly as he had left it that morning, except that the hens had returned to their favorite nesting place. He boiled three new-laid eggs on his spirit lamp, ate them, and lay down on the unmade bed. He was awakened about three hours later by José-Maria and a party of his parishioners.

'Where were you, Don Manuel? We looked for you. My friends want to thank you for all you did for me. I told them how you saved me in the boat and how you would not let me be left behind at Mollendo. Get up and join us! You must eat and drink before midnight. To-morrow, remember, you have to fast till after Mass!'

Gabar was touched by the welcome extended to him by Don José-Maria and his boon companions. It had seemed to him that he had been cordially received before,

but there was now an extra warmth in their hospitality which made him feel as if he himself were a son of the pueblo. He had expected a lessening of his popularity owing to the inconvenience he had caused their beloved priest on the road. But this episode had run widely and humorously from mouth to mouth until Gabar appeared in it as a comic hero rather than the villain.

'Would you all believe,' roared José-Maria, 'that this man, this friend, is a heathen?'

'Let us take him to see the Niño!' exclaimed one of the men. 'Then he must believe. Our Niño is so pretty — so divine a child!'

'It is good,' said José-Maria. 'Let us drink a last *copa* and all go to see the Niño.'

Gabar's protests were overruled. They treated him as a curiosity, as a fellow whose education had been oddly neglected, and they were all sure that the fault could be quickly remedied. He joined good-humoredly in the procession to the church.

As far as the door it was a carousal which then instantly changed into a pilgrimage. The men entered silently and reverently and knelt before the famous Niño.

The head of the image was a splendid piece of portrait pottery, brought up from the coast by the Incas or their conquerors. It was the head of a gentle child, the sensitive lips caught at the beginning of a laugh. Two emeralds had been set deep in the painted eyes, giving a curious effect of unworldly life, and changing expression with the moving lights. The fine hawk nose and high cheekbones were hardly formed, but promised the later beauty of a true Child of the Sun. It was robust and living portraiture — the face of a child compelling obedience because so happy and so sure that its innocent desires would be granted.

The body was hidden under a stiffly embroidered surplice of linen. Round its neck and pinned to its smock were the offerings of the faithful; a pearl necklace, some silver spurs, earrings of all sorts, and many little crudely moulded shapes of pure gold. In this it was no different from the average image in any poor Peruvian church. But the head was an astonishing and accidental conception of an Indian Christ.

'Is n't he pretty?' asked Don José-Maria proudly.

'He is very original,' Gabar admitted.

This remark was taken as high praise, for had not Don Manuel traveled all over the world and seen many much more splendid images? The men nodded their heads wisely, implying that they had known all along that their Niño would compel this heathen's admiration.

'Since we are here,' said José-Maria, 'I will show you what I have brought him for to-morrow's fiesta.'

He disappeared into the sacristy and came back with the cardboard box which he had saved from his falling trunk.

'When I was in Buenos Aires,' he explained, 'I saw so many rich. There must be more rich people there than in all the rest of the world. And so well dressed! I would never have believed it! So I thought I would buy a new garment for our Niño. I went to a shop — such a shop, as big as a town and with all the goods in it brought from Europe, they say! There was a shopman — most courteous, altogether a caballero — who asked me what I wanted. I told him there was a child in my pueblo whom I loved, and I wished to buy for him a very rich, very simple dress. I asked him to give me what the Buenos Aires children would wear on a Sunday, the wealthiest, noblest children! This' — he reverently opened the box — 'is what he sold me.'

It was a white sailor suit — blouse, trousers, blue collar, black scarf, and a jaunty little cap with *H.M.S. Triumph* embroidered in gold across the ribbon.

Don José-Maria's parishioners gasped with delight. It was so white, so little, so beautiful. And was that really what rich children wore? *Vaya! Vaya!* How proud they would be of the Niño! Gabar hastily sat down behind a pillar, exploding with laughter. Incredible José-Maria! Amazing superstition! He looked at the image and his laughter changed to indignation. It was such an exquisite head. It ought to be in the Lima Museum. And they were going to put a carnival hat on it and double their prayers! The men, chattering excitedly, began to disperse. Gabar composed his face, slipped away unnoticed, and made his way back to the inn.

The following morning the lanes of Huanca del Niño were packed. Many of the inhabitants of Chiquibamba had come

in for the day, and there were some solemn semi-Christian Indians from the Montaña. Pisco Gabar attended Mass in accordance with his promise and, when it was over, took his place in the procession with the three other bearers who were to carry the Niño. The image was mounted on a solid stage carried by four poles projecting from the corners. The beauty of the face was actually set off by the cap across the terracotta forehead. The Niño looked like a small boy laughing in joy at his new suit. The crowd was charmed by this realism. The image had not and had never had any legs, — a fact that had escaped notice under the surplice, — but José-Maria had got over the difficulty by stuffing the white sailor trousers with straw. Nobody but Gabar seemed to see anything odd in that. If God had no legs it was obviously their duty to supply them.

The procession left the churchyard and started slowly round the plaza. It was led by riders, shouting, letting off firearms, and mounted insecurely on the only horses the two pueblos possessed. Then followed Don José-Maria and his acolytes; then the Niño on the shoulders of the four bearers; then the faithful, carrying candles in their hands — some of them with a candle between each pair of fingers, thereby obliging friends and relatives who had vowed to bear a candle in the procession but had been prevented from attending.

Pisco soon realized that Don José-Maria had not only wished him to perform a religious penance, but had deliberately chosen him as a porter because of his strength and steadiness. All the people thronged around the image, praying, kneeling, dancing, offering drink to the thirsty bearers. His three colleagues were soon none too steady on their feet and yielding to the small excitable sea of human beings which washed against them. He found himself in command of the party and entirely responsible, by quick anticipation of their erratic movements, for keeping the Niño in a fairly perpendicular position.

Every few minutes the procession stopped at a house or corner, a patch of cultivation or a water channel, which José-Maria blessed in Latin, afterwards freely and fervently translating the blessing into Quechua. He used the correct words of power,

and thus delivered his hearers from any temptation they might have to employ occasional pagan rites of their own. Pisco's shoulder, though protected by a leather pad, ached abominably from the continual raising up and setting down of the image. He was still fasting and very thirsty. He began to accept some of the cups of maize spirit proffered to him on all sides.

Up to the wall went the procession, with José-Maria almost dancing ahead. The crowd chanted whatever came into their heads, and sudden tenor voices threw their impromptu poems into the thin mountain air. Pisco cursed his companions, adjuring them for their pride in the Niño to stop trying to dance. He was completely absorbed by his job, a little affected by the prevailing hysteria, and gathering an obscure and obstinate affection for the Niño, which any man is bound to feel for an object he is struggling to save from destruction.

At last the procession returned to the church. The faithful dispersed to their houses and to food. The other three bearers and a few of his favorite parishioners went into the sacristy with José-Maria. Pisco was momentarily left alone in the church. He sat down on the altar steps and rubbed his shoulder.

'You,' he said to the Niño, 'should be very grateful to me.'

The exquisite little face laughed at him. The sailor cap was awry, and the Niño looked as if he had been enjoying the fun.

'You ought to be ashamed of that suit,' said Pisco solemnly. 'You are of the people. You have nothing to do with the present system. You understand us.'

The Niño continued to smile. His face was nobly unconscious of the suit. He seemed to Pisco to be returning a diviner pity for his human one. Pisco felt very weary and very much alone.

'You,' he said, 'have nothing to do with the Church. They put things into your mouth that you never thought. I've seen the same thing myself. The priests and politicians and philosophers make us all say what we don't really think.'

The tears came up into his eyes. On a sudden impulse he rolled over on to his knees before the image, and whispered: —

'O Son of God, help us to make the earth as you would have it be.'

The Atlantic

INDUSTRIAL PORTFOLIO

A STUDY OF 12 BASIC INDUSTRIES IN COOPERATION WITH

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
RUBBER INDUSTRY

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)
OIL INDUSTRY

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
BUILDING MATERIALS

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
STEEL INDUSTRY

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
GLASS INDUSTRY

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY, INC.
CONTAINER INDUSTRY

GENERAL MILLS, INC.
CEREAL PRODUCTS

NORTON COMPANY
ABRASIVE INDUSTRY

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
DAIRY PRODUCTS

KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
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Each of the papers published in the series by Arthur Pound represents one chapter from the author's forthcoming book—INDUSTRIAL AMERICA: ITS WAY OF WORK AND THOUGHT. Of particular significance to ATLANTIC readers is the fact that, in preparing these articles and presenting them as advertising, Mr. Pound has been given every assistance by the staffs of these corporations in collecting his materials and in verifying his facts. His series of interpretations therefore have the distinction of being in every instance authenticated at the original source.

INDUSTRIAL AMERICA: ITS WAY OF WORK AND THOUGHT

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

IN presenting twelve articles on as many large American corporations, each a leader in its field, the *Atlantic* felt that it was contributing substantially to economic recovery and to the return of confidence in the basic industries of the country. Manifestly it would not be enough to feed those in distress because of urban unemployment and to subsidize farm operations in the interest of higher prices. These aids could not be other than temporary palliatives unless, and until, industrial activity came to the rescue by relieving unemployment and increasing urban power to purchase farm products at fair price levels. A larger public understanding of corporation policies and practices would hasten these movements toward equilibrium.

On the way to this better understanding, definite questions presented themselves. What steps had industry taken to improve its processes? How far was industry fortifying itself in public esteem by lowering prices? What steps had it taken to cushion the shock of the depression for its employees? How well were its pension and insurance and savings plans working for employee benefits? How were large employers reacting to the new legislation aimed at control of wage relations and the standardization of prices? What promise could industrial research hold

out for future boons through lower prices, new and better goods? In short, what is the way of work and thought of the huge fabricating and distributing groups which have become most important factors in our economic scene?

The picture might have been presented by any one of several methods. A survey might have been attempted in general terms, but that would have lacked definiteness, a fault common to most literary interpretations of industry, which itself stands and grows by being entirely definite. Consequently it was decided to take twelve outstanding leaders in what may be broadly termed the fabricating field of industry and, with the assistance of their staffs, to present a more authoritative view of their operations and policies than would have been possible without their assistance. Also, in order to round out the picture, it seemed best to concentrate attention in each case on one major aspect of corporate activity, a treatment necessary in view of the circumscribed length of the articles.

Some of these companies are widely owned by hundreds of thousands of stockholders; others are owned by small groups, chiefly managers and descendants of founders. Some have a high degree of centralization, others of decentralization. But, amid all their differences, certain likenesses appear.

All conduct scientific research on a scale which the public little appreciates. Amid the hurly-burly of competition, each is trying to organize its activities for the long pull as well as for present profits. Each is concerned with the equities and ethics of business. Actually every great corporation, though legally a bloodless and soulless fiction, is a complex group of personalities carrying on intricate daily business under tremendous responsibilities, trying to widen its markets by giving consumers more and more for their dollars, and striving to perpetuate itself by forward plans and policies. All realize that they rise or fall, survive or perish, by performing necessary services in a way and at a price to deserve public good will, since it is to the public that they must look for capital, sales, and profits.

II

For economy in manufacturing and distribution over a vast territory, the modern, large-scale corporation is unbeatable. Its profits accrue from small margins on multitudinous transactions; its services are the result of minute division of labor, operating tools and systems which create ever-increasing value and service with least labor. The discipline of such corporations, and the morale flowing from that discipline, are frequently notable. They are large because the market is large, the nation broad and populous, its communications and transportation system effective. To ask if big business is too big is the equivalent of asking if the United States is too large, too well knit together, too well organized.

And yet this question, and scores of others more sternly phrased, are always being shouted at big business. Big business has been under fire in this country ever since the first stagecoach companies were organized. The chorus of criticism dies down a little during

flush times, to rise again during bad times. When the public grows distressed and depressed, it hearkens to politicians who appeal to its black mood by hitting at conspicuous examples of commercial success. In these disputatious intervals it is not enough for a corporation to demonstrate that it has reduced the price of necessary goods and services far below levels ruling when business units were small, or that in employment and wages it is more just and fair than is usual in present-day small business. As an individual, a man may give his approval to big business, preferring employment by a large company to that in a small enterprise, lending a large company his money at a cheaper rate than he will lend it to an individual or a small business. Usually, too, he will find sound economic reasons for trading with large enterprises rather than with small ones. But, as psychologists who have explored the crowd spirit know full well, these individual judgments do not always carry over into the political field, and so we periodically find ourselves talking and legislating as if small businesses possessed some mystical advantages over bigness.

Now it may very well be that smallness does possess certain business advantages, but when these appear they are of a practical nature and not susceptible of accomplishment by legislative design. Businesses, like empires, may grow too fast and too large, develop bureaucratic tendencies, become inflexible and unwieldy, generate dry rot from within, neglect the morale of their personnel, and so decline. Mere size is no guarantee of future solvency, no complete insurance against disaster. The test, however, should be pragmatic rather than dictatorial, economic rather than political, arising out of events rather than out of laws or edicts. To paraphrase Aristotle, big business is good if it works and only good if it

works; and a nation which keeps the lists of competition open, so that big business is always under pressure to retain its markets, need not fear that any commercial group will grow far beyond the limits set by its power to produce services.

All of us can see that the scope of effective economic coöperation is broadening. The individual operator is almost a thing of the past except in agriculture and small retail trade; the partnership, once dominant, has almost disappeared; and corporations have grown tremendously in scope and responsibilities until it is now impossible to discuss American industry intelligently without reference to the corporate form of organization. It is idle to expect the progression to stop here. The cartel trend is growing, and even nations committed to private enterprise at home are coming to direct foreign trade with increasing strictness, though perhaps not to any lasting benefit for their peoples. At the long last, something like complete regimentation may descend even upon America. But for the present, and in my opinion for generations to come, it seems that our native desire for individual advancement and our genius for voluntary coöperation will combine to keep the state from becoming more than a regulatory body in economic affairs. Whatever may be the case elsewhere, our skill in conducting private business is matched only by our lack of skill in conducting public business. And whenever our government tries a new adventure in commerce its method is to set up a government corporation as if there were magic in the name, whereas, obviously, the essence of the corporation is private enterprise to gain public favor.

Of course, advocates of more and more regulations are forever maintaining that industry creates problems which the sovereign state must under-

take to solve lest the people perish. There is something to be said for that contention; by making the results of inventions and scientific processes available in increasing tempo and quantity, industry does tend to keep social life from settling into entirely safe and secure patterns. Unquestionably industry presents more boons and opportunities to an alert and able minority than to the more inert and commonplace majority, though the latter shares materially, none the less, on the consuming end by getting more for its money. But industry's rôle in unsettling social life is certainly no greater than the part played therein by its chief critic, government. Nothing quite equals war as a breeder of public ills and sorrows; yet foreign affairs and war are both government monopolies. Attempts to make industry the scapegoat for all our recent distresses fall rather flat when one recalls the part played by the Great War in increasing public debts and taxes, inflating values, and unsettling the people. The difference is that industry has to pay for its own blunders and those of government as well. A tour of American industry forces the conclusion that life would be measurably improved if city streets were as clean as factories, if international gatherings were as peaceful as trade conventions, if public electorates were as sensible as stockholder electorates, if governments were as efficient and inexpensive as business administrations.

III

I have been observing the evolution of American business for nearly thirty years, now inside, now outside, yet always alive to the fact that its importance in the social scheme far outran the business man's view of his job at any given moment. But progressively, through these years, business has been gaining on its critics who were wont to

cite against it undue concern for present profits, callousness toward labor, and blindness in social relations. There has been a vital change in all these directions. In my youth the typical large employer held a tsarist attitude toward his help, fought bitterly against his competitors, and feared only his bankers. Rough and ready, he had risen from the ranks by sheer driving power, and in general, though with conspicuous exceptions, he proved the truth of the poet's warning to labor to beware the boss who came up in shirt sleeves. Such as he was, he was equal to his times, but his times were rough and reckless. That type has passed, as business has become progressively more scientific, better-mannered, more firmly based.

To-day business is led, not by bluff captains of industry, but by educated men accustomed to looking on all sides of the complex problems presented to them. They do not underestimate their responsibilities to stockholders, but on the other hand they realize equally other responsibilities. They accept the fact that their employees have a stake in their enterprises; they meet their men when and as occasion demands, not as enemies, but as coöperators. With full and liquid treasuries they can get working capital on easy terms from the stock-buying public; if they borrow from banks for temporary movements they 'hire' the money as scientifically as an experienced family man rents a house; the banker influence in industry grows less and less. Industrial thought turns more and more toward two goals, neither of which is directly connected with prices or goods. The first is the internal organization of the business so that all the human beings in it will work harmoniously together, each developing his or her highest powers; the second is cultivating public good will at every point in the manufacturing and distributing process, from the acquisi-

tion of raw material to assuring its satisfactory use by customers. Ever more important in this process becomes advertising, with its twin, publicity. In all their aspects, corporations daily grow more public-minded, more scientific-minded, more personnel-minded.

This trend may be readily followed by reference to corporate leadership. The beginnings of any big business are usually to be traced back to some outstanding personality of the entrepreneur type. Such men had the tremendous personal force necessary to marshal capital and labor toward new objectives, or to extend the boundaries of their businesses faster and farther than their competitors. Except along the main line of their experience, the old-time leaders might be a little vague; the master manufacturer might be weak in salesmanship, and the master salesman weak in operations, the master promoter weak in finance. But the times were with them, their courage was undaunted, and they pulled by main strength through crises which undid many of their competitors.

Then, here and there in industry, bankers began to appear in positions of industrial authority, as they had hitherto appeared in railroad affairs. In the main theirs were rescue missions, and rarely lasted after financial stress ended. Next, as corporate relationships grew in complexity through mergers and as the public aspect seemed more important, lawyers came into industrial leadership, a most significant turn. The lawyer is essentially a public man, with definite responsibilities to the administration of justice and schooled in the arts of compromise. His arrival on the industrial scene could mean only that some of the heats and uncertainties of business had been eliminated. Such was, indeed, the case. Financing the problems of goods production had become secondary. Competent tech-

nical and engineering assistants could assure a steady stream of standardized and ever-improving merchandise, while impersonal capital could be secured through stock and bond markets, as long as reasonable dividends held and good prospects continued. No longer was it necessary for a corporation head to run to bankers for relief or to pay too much attention to the whims of individual stockholders; in fact, the roster of stockholders changed from day to day as shares were bought and sold. Diversity of ownership brought release, not from the responsibilities for sound management and adequate returns, but from personal influences and clique actions.

The result was that a lawyer president, often himself only a relatively small stockholder, could continue to follow his natural bent to a very considerable degree in corporate administration. His decisions were logical, considered utterances rather than snap judgments based upon personal experience or the enthusiasm of the moment. He could see that leadership held those elements of trusteeship to which he had been accustomed. Three responsibilities to three groups rested on him — a primary responsibility to the ever-changing group of stockholders whose property he was administering; a second responsibility to the employees, management and labor, without whose loyal and intelligent coöperation the properties could produce little of value; and third, to the market which absorbed his company's products and poured back into its treasury the wherewithal to maintain and enlarge the properties, to pay wages and dividends.

Customer interest could be rewarded by reduced prices and improved services. Consider how thoroughly this has been done in the fields most susceptible to mass production and improved use. Better automobiles can be

bought for twenty-five cents a pound than could be bought for two dollars a pound twenty years ago. Ten cents will buy a better electric lamp than a dollar would buy in the early stages of the electric industry. Many synthetic and refined compounds, once almost as costly as precious stones, can be bought to-day for less than the expense of digging inferior natural compounds from the ground. In a very real sense, these reductions in prices and improvements in quality are consumers' dividends derived from increasing industrial efficiency. However, in reducing prices the industrialist must step warily, weighing the prospects of increased use against costs, and considering the possibility of decreasing costs through increasing production.

Raising wages also contains elements of uncertainty. Under the ordinary conditions of land ownership in America, any sudden rise in wages for a large body of localized employees is almost certain to bring in its train a rise in rents and in the prices of necessary goods, as increased store rents become reflected in merchants' costs. The result is that a considerable proportion of any payroll increase eventually becomes diverted to landlords. This explains, I think, many aspects of those corporate activities which are frequently criticized as paternalistic, including housing projects, welfare work, mutual insurance, aid to savings, and other forms of off-the-payroll remuneration.

It would be simpler, by far, for a corporation to disburse the cost of these aids in cash, but in that case the prospect of real betterment to employees would be lessened. Here must be considered also the inexperience of employees in conserving and investing funds, the stake of their wives and children in the pay envelope, and the community interest, which is often best served by the corporation's pro-

viding facilities for recreation, education, and medical care which could hardly be maintained on a strictly individualist basis. This is especially true in small cities and towns where the industry involved is the major, or perhaps the sole, economic prop of the community. In general, it is hardly feasible for any corporation to pay wages greatly in excess of the going rate for the community for the same kind of work, since marked disturbance in the economic balance of any section usually brings compensating reactions in the cost of living.

By no means were all of these off-the-payroll boons to labor delivered by lawyers come to industrial authority. Some of them actually were, however, and these penetrated by example sufficiently far to make the lawyer contribution significant. Also, and this is important, the lawyers were able to make both their own moves and those of others articulate and understandable to wide audiences eager for light on social and industrial relations. It may be said that the legal influence introduced the idea of justice, the habit of compromise, and the institutional idea into American industry. Lawyer chiefs were more open than their more practical predecessors had been to the waves of opinion which were blowing through the world of affairs. Hence they absorbed and applied to their groups, with appropriate reservations, many of the social ideals propounded by men of larger vision but less experience. To some extent they founded, and to a greater extent they codified and reënforced, the precedents taken over by the next group of industrial leaders to appear on the scene.

IV

For new times, new men. Whenever, for one reason or another, any one aspect of industry becomes outstand-

ingly important, men skilled in that aspect of business will rise to authority. We have seen how the master manufacturer and the master promoter gave way, in some important industries, to banker leaders in financial pinches, and to lawyer leaders following mergers which created involved contractual relations calling for judicial poise in harmonizing a corporation's internal affairs and skill in presenting its case to the public. Then in the twenties, when technical advances based on scientific research had gained fresh recognition as a result of the World War and when the nation appeared to have accepted corporate prosperity as part and parcel of its own well-being, technical men rose swiftly to leadership. It is significant that two thirds of the heads of the businesses presented in this series have had scientific and technical training in universities or colleges. They advanced to power in an era which set high value on competent operating men, when volume production was in demand, when there seemed no limit to benefits of increasing productivity per man-hour through every possible labor-saving device, division of labor, and specialization of talent. Trained men of this effective type buried the world in goods till it could scarcely breathe; but are they to be blamed because the distributional facilities of society are so primitive that it could not manage itself under plenty? I do not think so. Society will have to catch up with its engineers and scientists, for the latter are certain to keep traveling toward their destined and worthy goal — the satisfaction of human wants with the least effort.

In stressing this change of emphasis, let no easy inference be made that corporate interest in employee relations and public good will declined under enhanced technical efficiency. Rather, the former became in a sense standard practice, to be handled by

subordinate staffs of experts instead of by the head of the company, improvising as he felt his way gingerly along. In the meantime, underbrush had been cleared away, objectives visualized, policies clarified, procedure organized. Advertising, publicity, public relations, employee representation, rose to new heights from firm bases. What had been somewhat of a personal adventure, perhaps even a hobby, of the boss became the orderly business of a group. Industry overlooked no avenue for presenting to public consideration, not only its goods and services, but also its thought patterns and policies.

V

As one travels America acquainting himself with industries of various kinds and backgrounds, he grows aware of the influences of materials and environments on all the groupings of man, including the most efficient of those groupings, the corporation. There are subtle differences in the business atmosphere of New York, Pittsburgh, Toledo, Chicago, Omaha. There are vital, impressive differences in tempo between an industrial corporation which calmly and methodically draws from the earth a natural resource, and processes and delivers an utterly necessary commodity which mankind will accept without reference to style, — such as oil or steel, — and another corporation functioning under the inexorable lash of fashion. The first proceeds deliberately, almost majestically, on its way; the second is characteristically harried and hurried, torn between desire to be first in the field with an innovation and an equally strong desire to test every phase of the novelty before it risks presentation. Age, too, conditions a corporation; you will find new corporations still wrestling internally over matters which older ones have reduced to effective routine.

Corporations reflect the personalities of their founders and the circumstances of their founding; with them certain ways of thinking and doing have been reduced to habit, backed by the weight of tradition. In one, the route to the top may be won only through long service, while another searches for new blood when it determines on a change. One board of directors may be small and composed of men who have spent their lives in the business and have risen from the ranks, while another board may be three or four times as large and include members drawn from other activities. A large board is apt to be a ratifying rather than a directing body, vital direction coming from an executive committee of the board. At one corporate address, directors will be found in session at a regular hour on nearly every business day; at another, they will gather only at stated intervals, and then somewhat formally and ceremoniously. In general, however, directors are doing more directing in American corporations than they did of old, although management still gets a rather free hand, as is entirely natural in a youthful society and in fields of action where speed counts.

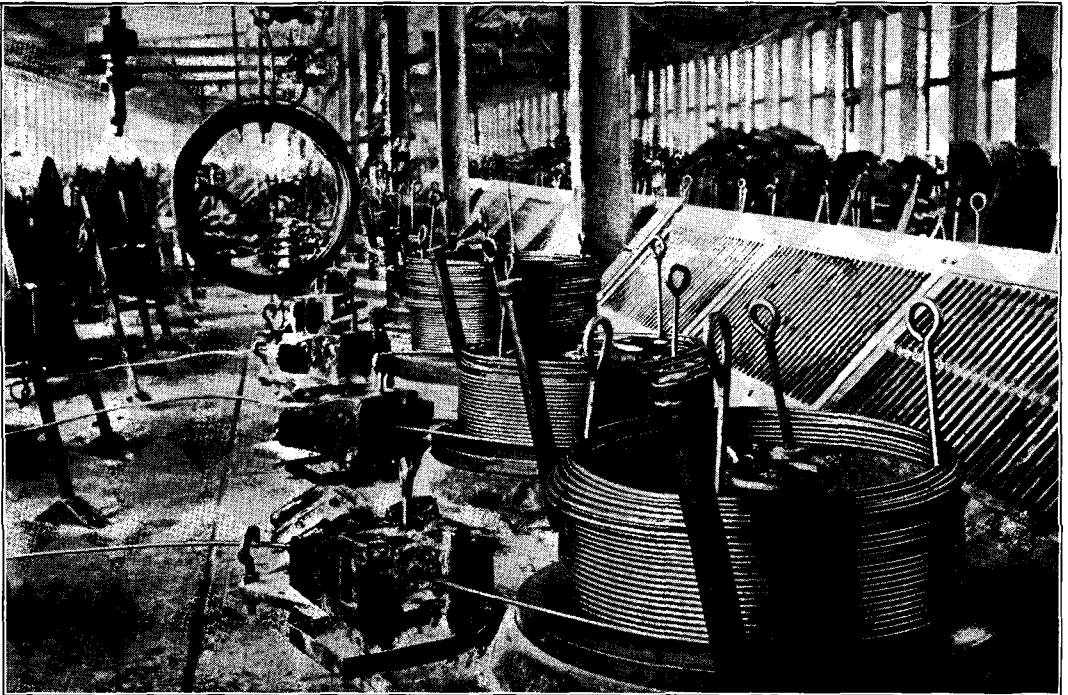
The stockholder, in corporations whose shares are widely scattered, receives rather comprehensive printed reports, but, unless his holdings are large, must be content with little personal attention. The American way is to pay the stockholder well, to treat him honestly and gently, but to keep him in his place, so that he has neither the desire nor the extended opportunity to interfere with operations and policies. This is the inevitable result of dividing ownership among many thousands of persons, and beyond question is one of the factors contributing to corporate energies in the United States. When not abused, — and the companies represented in this series have been careful not to abuse it, — this

attitude, with general acceptance of it, makes directly for stability in corporate affairs and gives scope for long-range planning. If stockholder voting were as emotional a process as the electoral process in politics, corporate planning would be as unlikely to succeed as government planning. Within limits, the divorcement of capital from managerial responsibility seems to possess more advantages than disadvantages. A busy public wants dividends rather than responsibilities, and if a corporate management is thoroughly trusted it is frequently able to go to rather extraordinary lengths in using company funds for employee and community purposes without arousing stockholder protest, and even with hearty stockholder approval. So impersonal has finance grown that to-day it makes little difference who owns a corporation and a great deal of difference who operates it. A proved management to-day has less trouble on the capital end than it has on the labor end, a complete reversal of the situation existing thirty or forty years ago. In our restless, dynamic manner we Americans have solved certain equations in economics; we have mastered scarcity both as to goods and as to capital needed for goods production; but steady distribution of goods, and security through maintained purchasing power for farmers and wage earners, are still beyond us.

In *The Iron Man in Industry*, published in 1921, I drew a rough comparison between the dukedom in the mediæval world and the great corporation in the present. Subsequent evolution of the corporation has strengthened the analogy. Both operate, though not always comfortably, under the sovereign. The one largely directed the minutiae of social life in the past, the other does so in the present. Like the dukedom, the corporation has become the chief financial support of the state,

not only through the taxes it pays directly, but also through the taxable income it distributes as dividends and its payrolls, which are the true economic base of the taxable incomes of local landlords and traders. In the Middle Ages he who lived under a just and able duke was lucky; so to-day he is lucky who lives under a just and able corporation. Under such discipline — and there be few among us who do not need discipline — the average man reaches perhaps his highest effectiveness. One must never expect a perfect coördination in human affairs; and in a world where family and college discords are not unknown it is idle to expect complete harmony in corporate relations. But under the corporate form of organization have evolved the most effective ways and means yet discovered to bring large numbers of persons together in wealth production.

Government cannot match corporate industry in either celerity or elasticity of effort. Armies under fear of death, nerved by crisis, and inspired by an outstanding personality, may co-operate more efficiently for a short pull, but armies do not pay their way. Instead, they draw for support on the savings of the past and the earnings of the future. At the other extreme of government action stands a government bureau, its members secure against dismissal and without hope of early recognition and reward, slogging along dutifully year after year on routine tasks. But a bureaucracy does not pay its way, either. The sinews for both war and government come from the wealth makers, those who work with mind and hand, using the aids of capital and science. The latter reach their most fruitful union in modern industry, corporately organized, but finding more and more room inside its legal mould for the group satisfactions and loyalties which flourish in the fertile soil of industrial competence.



A wire drawing operation in a plant of the American Steel & Wire Company. The rolled wire rod is drawn cold, in successive drafts, through holes in dies of iron or alloy steel or, in the finer gauges, diamonds until it becomes the size and shape required — for all wire is not round.

THE United States Steel Corporation and its subsidiaries, with a series of mines and plants so distributed and linked as to provide a complete national service of steel products and ferrous alloys anywhere, at any time, in any quantity, of unvarying quality and at the lowest prices, have been a basic tool in the making of the nation, in peace and in war, during a third of a century. Today, mature in experience but young in outlook, the Corporation is giving, with the aid of profound research, even larger service to the America it has helped so greatly to build.

The preferred and common stock of the Corporation in March, 1935 was held by 128,268 men, 88,843 women, 11,443 fiduciaries and 9,840 banks, insurance companies and others. Of the 238,394 common stockholders, 82,835, or 43.4%, held less than 10 shares; 60,116, or 31.5%, held from 10 to 24 shares; 20,859, or 11%, held from 25 to 49 shares; 12,473, or 6.5%, held from 50 to 99 shares; 13,857, or 7.2%, held from 100 to 999 shares; and 786, or .4%, held 1,000 shares or over.

United States Steel Corporation

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

To open the new year the *Atlantic* selects a story which discovers, we believe, an auspicious new talent. The author, **Geoffrey Household**, is an Englishman in his mid-thirties. As so many of his race, he traveled widely before homing to London with six months' freedom in which to write — a freedom, incidentally, which we shall do our utmost to prolong. Spain is his second country (he speaks effortless Spanish); he has lived in the Balkans, and likes the length and breadth of Latin America. Δ A traveler of another feather is **Albert Jay Nock**, who prefers Portugal to Manhattan and Belgium to Portugal. The truth, of course, is that, being a philosopher, he is genially content in any clime so long as he can find a grindstone on which to whet his mind. Δ A Yorkshireman with a canny capacity for facing facts, **H. B. Elliston** served several years as a press correspondent on the China coast before coming to Boston as the Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*. His account of how Britain and the United States have struggled out of the slough of despond provides a contrast which no thinking American can escape. The second half of his essay, depicting Britain's plans for the future, will appear in our February issue.

Donald Moffat, New Englander to the marrow, and his friend Mr. Pennyfeather enjoy discussing a pastime which is peculiarly fascinating to the Northerner. Δ After a business career with downs and ups, **F. R. McCreary** dropped anchor at Cambridge, where he teaches English and finds the calm for his poetry. Δ In this issue the **Honorable Lewis W. Douglas** brings to a climax the series of papers which have subjected to fearless scrutiny the fiscal policy of our present administration. Press and private citizens alike have followed his vigorous argument with increasing respect. His five papers have been bound together inexpensively and will be distributed, on order, to individuals and institutions. Δ From Danger Island in the far Pacific **Robert Dean Frisbie** sent us what is unquestionably the biggest fish story in the world. And then, lest we be skeptical, he added this note to his letter: —

This story of the big fishing of the three Mauiis ('The Grandpapa of All the Fishes') is a well-known legend throughout Polynesia. One hears it on every island. The incidents of the yams, bananas, and breadfruit are Puka-Puka additions, but I have taken the freedom to transfer them into the Tahitian version. It really makes little difference, for everyone who tells the story makes his own changes as his imagination dictates.

✓ ✓ ✓

Author of *Upstream* and well remembered for his criticism in the *Nation*, **Ludwig Lewisohn** has come to the valiant and vigorous defense of his race. Δ An American who wrote with wit and sauce and who never ceased to delight his friends, **Oliver Herford** lives again in the reminiscence of **Carolyn Wells**. Δ Dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, **William F. Russell** reminds us how easy (and generally how contaminating) it is to get something for nothing. Δ There is a Franciscan flavor about **Henry Williamson's** story which makes it appropriate for the holiday season. For those in doubt, we can say that the parson certainly had a dog biscuit in his pocket. Δ The author who so sensibly, so coolly set his house in order is known — under his rightful name — to every wide-awake schoolboy in our land. The question is, what would you have done had you been 'Stephen Dirck'? **J. Frederick Essary**, one of the most dependable observers on the *Baltimore Sun*, has returned from a circuit of the United States, bringing with him an X-ray of the campaign ahead. Δ **T. J. Wertenbaker** is chairman of the Department of American History at Princeton University. Δ Versatile in his knowledge of men and machines, **Arthur Pound** is well qualified to interpret the manufacturing problems of to-day.

✓ ✓ ✓

A correction.

The *Atlantic* regrets that an erroneous statement appeared in the Contributors' Column for December. Dr. E. A. Cross, the author of 'Painless Education,' is a member of the faculty of Colorado State Teachers College, and has no connection with the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School.

Machiavelli's Prince was One Hundred Years behind his time because Printing was Primitive



IT WAS a dangerous mission that, in 1502, took Niccolo Machiavelli to the camp of Caesar Borgia. He was to watch Borgia—checkmate every move he made. Yet, before he had been there many days, Machiavelli's fear of Borgia turned to admiration. For in his enemy, Machiavelli found a ruler strong enough, subtle enough to unite petty principalities into a strong, unified nation.

With Borgia as an example, Machiavelli wrote "The Prince," that handbook of political wisdom which has become the foundation for our present system of centralized governments. Yet because printing was in its most primitive form it took 100 years for that book to circulate and influence the course of history.

Thus political progress like scientific progress is primarily dependent on the advance of printing.

Today the most important advance in

printing is Kleerfect . . . The Perfect Printing Paper which makes possible, at lower costs, printing of equally high quality on both sides of the same sheet. For in Kleerfect, two-sidedness of surface and color is eliminated for all practical purposes. More, Kleerfect's new color adds effectiveness to reproduction in one to four printed colors . . . its strength meets the demands of high press speeds . . . its opacity prevents "show thru" and its ink affinity gives thorough coverage at high speeds.

Before you publish your next printed piece, see samples of printing on Kleerfect. A request to your paper merchant will bring them to you.

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THE PERFECT PRINTING PAPER
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The COLUMN

A neighbor's remembrance of Huey Long.

Dear Atlantic, —

Thank you for the publication of Mr. Sokolsky's admirable sketch of the late Senator Long. As a Northerner, recently returned from the scene of Louisiana politics, I am keenly interested. However, after seven years' sojourn a few miles from the Senator's birthplace, I feel qualified to correct Mr. Sokolsky's error — a widespread one indeed — regarding the 'poor white' origin of the Long family.

As the *Atlantic* is doubtless aware, the term 'poor white' invariably applies to those numerous and prolific folk found in the hinterland of the South, shiftless, illiterate, dirty, upon whom even the Negroes look patronizingly.

Poor the Long family undoubtedly was, as an aftermath of the Civil War. Huey Long's father gave up a cherished ambition to become a doctor and settled on his own land. His mother, a highly gifted woman of fine stock, so impressed her children with her own enthusiasm for good citizenship that the beginnings of Senator Long's career can easily be traced through those early years.

A peep into the home of any one of Senator Long's sisters and brothers will reveal the quiet, well-ordered beauty of a cultured American home; as a matter of course a good library — the current *Atlantic* on the table! All this is far removed from the sad ugliness of the 'poor white' environment.

The poor people of Louisiana loved and trusted their 'Huey.' He knew them, and fought hard to better their condition. If the Contributors' Column will publish this brief tribute to the memory of a great American and to a fine American family, it will deserve the gratitude of a multitude of Senator Long's friends.

VALONA BREWER
Winnetka, Illinois

From a veteran newspaper correspondent now in retirement on the Riviera comes this interesting analysis of the Japanese factor in the Abyssinian problem.

Dear Atlantic, —

It may interest you to know that in Europe, at least, the Japanese factor in the Abyssinian problem has escaped attention until disclosed by an article in the *Revue de France* of November 1, entitled 'Les Clefs de l'Afrique,' the proof sheets of which were sent me by my friend Raymond Recouly, proprietor and editor of that publication.

The article fully confirms information already given in one of my letters several months since, and may be briefly summarized as follows: —

Twelve years ago, Manchester enjoyed practically a monopoly of the cotton textile fabrics supplied to the markets throughout Asia and Africa, but Manchester's most formidable rival appeared with the Japanese cotton mills at Osaka and Kobe, supplied with up-to-date machinery far superior to the old-fashioned methods of Manchester, and worked by artisans paid only one sixth of the wages required by the Manchester operatives. Japanese textiles soon

replaced those of Manchester, not only in the Oriental markets, but also in Europe.

The British Government, in hope of averting or postponing the ruin of the Manchester industry, put prohibitive tariffs on raw cotton exported to Japan from India, the Sudan, and the British colonies. The Japanese cotton syndicates, liberally subventioned by the Tokio Government, at once made intelligent researches all over the world to find a soil capable of producing the long-fibred article equal to the raw cotton grown in the American Sea Island region and in the Sudan, where the cotton farms belong exclusively to the powerful Manchester syndicates, which have the full support of the British Government.

The Japanese started their cotton farms in Iran, Afghanistan, Uruguay, Central America, Dutch India, and in Manchukuo, but the results were not satisfactory, and the Japanese mills were largely supplied by Sea Island cotton.

About five years ago, after careful technical investigations, the Japanese Government subventioned its 'national cotton syndicate' which obtained from Abyssinia an exclusive concession of two million hectares of the best cotton-producing soil in the world. A large colony of young intelligent Nipponese was established in the region around Lake Tsana, which is the source of the Blue Nile, 1760 metres above the sea level, and into which flow the perpetual torrents and streams from the vast region of mountains of from three thousand to four thousand metres altitude. Since 1933 the Nippon colony has exported, free of duty, to Japan the best grade of long-fibred cotton; this, if continued, will soon make the cotton mills of Osaka and Kobe independent of the supply of raw cotton from America or elsewhere. This would be a death blow to the long-suffering cotton mills of Manchester.

Such is the situation as disclosed by 'Percheron' in the *Revue de France* of November 1.

I am enabled to supplement this by information that reaches me from an absolutely trustworthy source, according to which an eminent Japanese engineer and scientist who recently investigated the condition of the Nippon Cotton Farms near Lake Tsana made a detailed technical report, now in the hands of the Tokio Government, demonstrating that it is quite feasible to divert the course of the Blue Nile from its source, the vast mountain lake Tsana, so as to make the new river, eventually navigable, flow by way of the Gondar region, and the beds of ancient water courses, through Abyssinia, and empty into the Red Sea near the Gulf of Massowah, instead of flowing, as at present, in a circle around the Gojam mountains and joining the White Nile near Khartum. This diversion of the Blue Nile would radically alter the face of Oriental Africa, to the immense advantage of Abyssinia. This vast engineering scheme, as explained in the report, would entail difficulties of excavation and leveling in three ranges of mountains, and cuttings one hundred miles in length. The proposed work — long and costly, but quite practicable — would realize a triumph of engineering skill second only to that of the construction of the Suez and Panama canals. If carried out, however, it would destroy the Manchester Cotton Farms in the Sudan, now watered *exclusively* by the Blue Nile, and would

"SAY! THIS IS HOW
BEER OUGHT TO TASTE!"

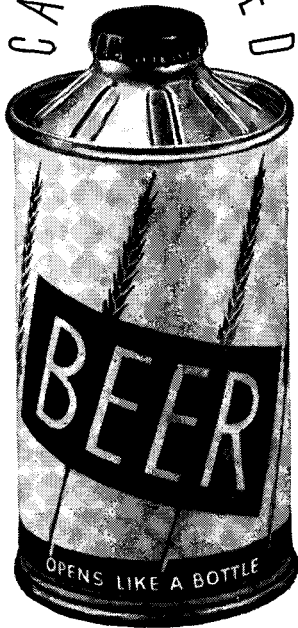


BEER *in* CAP SEALED CANS

EVERYBODY says the same thing about beer poured from this new Continental Can. They like it better.

And no wonder. With this can the beer is pasteurized more quickly. It is protected from the harmful effects of flavor-robbing light. And its flavor is safeguarded by a special Continental lining that is to metal what beer barrel lining is to wood.

Each can holds 12 fluid ounces, same as a bottle, and is sealed with a bottle cap. Throw the can away when empty. No deposit. No bother of returning



empties. The can also cools quicker; occupies less space.

Watch for your favorite beer in this new container. You ought to have it soon—we're trying hard to catch up with the tremendous demand.

Tastes better • Easy to open
• Protected from light • No deposit • No empties to return • Cools quicker • Takes up less space • No danger of breakage • Sanitary—used once—thrown away • Holds 12 fluid ounces, same as bottle • Use any bottle opener • Drink right from can if you wish.

Continental Can Company

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

The COLUMN

greatly increase the industrial, agricultural, and strategic value of Abyssinia. The White Nile, although deprived of its most fertile branch, would still suffice to keep Egypt alive.

This aspect of the Ethiopian problem, without considering at least three other factors, each vital to Great Britain, explains why England, even at the risk of a European war, will never permit Lake Tsana, source of the Blue Nile, to pass under the control of Italy, or of any other independent civilized nation.

Abyssinia never had the qualifications to become a member of the League of Nations, and was only admitted to the League in 1923 by the frantic, philanthropic efforts of Italy and France — to-day most bitterly regretted — and in spite of the violent opposition of England. What an irony of European diplomacy!

C. INMAN BARNARD
Nice, France

Is there logic in war or dictatorship?

Dear Atlantic, —

Would Frank H. Simonds kindly explain the logic of Mussolini's encouraging mass marriages and increased birth rates by gifts and privileges in view of the so-called desperate need to expand because of the pressure of population? Also, I should like to know why hunger brought on by the results of a previous war — which required exorbitant expenditures for killing and not for feeding — can now be allayed by another orgy of the same type.

W. D. S.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The widow's state.

Dear Atlantic, —

'Notes on Being a Widow,' published in the November *Atlantic*, is a personal record, intimately, honestly, and ably written. As such it has intrinsic value which I recognize and appreciate. There is wisdom in it, and poignancy and courage, and, I believe, some mistaken conclusions.

I question whether widowhood would basically change for the worse the emotional responses and behavior of many women, and suspect that the 'complex of importance' and 'chance to attract concern' when they manifest themselves at such a time have existed and been taken advantage of since infancy. Most of us share them.

Did the possessive aunt suddenly develop that quality as a result of her bereavement, or had it permeated her relationship with her husband as well? Had marriage also meant for her an aggrandizement of self, and had her primary satisfactions there taken rise in the presence of someone to attend and protect her? If marriage had held for her any intimation of the richness of vividly shared experience, if love had transmuted itself into a larger tenderness, if there had developed through this closest of all relationships an increasing sensibility to the feelings and needs of another, and consequently of others, if the possibility of a self-fulfillment of such nature had

been realized in even its minimum terms, could the aunt so have enslaved the niece or so violated the personality of the nephew?

Does love 'lie embedded in approval,' — I find myself rejecting that word, — or is the reverse more profoundly true? May it not be that love intensifies our perception of the spiritual travail and triumphs which mark the growth of either husband or wife, and sympathy, appreciation, and reverence develop from such insight?

Truly to love is to suffer, and Mrs. Harkness has shown us in how many, as yet unrealized, ways new stabs of pain may sometime come.

She has given masterly expression to the precious, intimate significance that a glance may hold, or the barest gesture. Here the miracle seems to me to lie in the fusion of two personalities — the sensitivity which makes the one aware of the subjective experience of the other, because the one has, to that extent, *become* the other — rather than in the message such a revelation may bring.

Through the magic of memory such a glance or such a gesture is ours to cherish forever when the more material token of affection which we may, or may not, have had has perished.

However, it would be ungenerous indeed to complain because Mrs. Harkness does not tell the whole story when the whole story can never be told.

Love does mean suffering, but through its own nature it can transcend its own longing, futility, and grief and in its maturity bring us exaltation, a lifting up.

It is from the security of a height so attained that we may first become aware that, just in so far as it rescues self from isolation and solitary purpose and identifies it with life about it, losing it in its littlest sense to find it in its greatest, love does cast out fear.

J. W. H.

Miss Juanita Harrison, whose travel notes appeared in two previous issues of the *Atlantic*, is now living in Honolulu. Readers who relished the enthusiasm of 'My Great, Wide, Beautiful World' will chuckle to hear that the moment Miss Harrison received her first *Atlantic* check she gave up her job and bought a tent to live in.

In this connection we wish to reproduce a jolly letter from a grammarian.

Dear Atlantic, —

My class has been engaged in demonstrating (to its own satisfaction, at least) what a course in Freshman English could do for Juanita Harrison. Now if anyone wants to read 'My Great, Wide, Beautiful World' (those self-conscious commas!) in strait-and-narrow textbook English, these students can supply a pure version. They ought to have their subscriptions canceled, twenty-nine of them, for doing such a thing.

But, as a matter of fact, *you* ought to be thrown out of class for showing freshmen how well Miss Harrison gets along without any grammar. Here's a sample: 'I offer a tip but they wont take it they say because I am alone but just when I go to step out the door they kiss me, the same thing has happen in every Town it is done so quick it make me laugh. Rome is very dusty its nice you dont hafter shine

Because of this Depression Record General Mills Faces the Future with Confidence

In 1928 Mr. James F. Bell, of Washburn Crosby Company, initiated a move which was a natural result of the company's 62-year development in flour milling. Thorough study of the facts had convinced him and his associates that the consumer, together with all factors in the production and conversion of wheat into bread, would benefit from the formation of a truly national milling organization which was not at the mercy of localized crop and business conditions.

As a result, during 1928 and 1929, Washburn Crosby and a number of other strong, ably managed milling companies in various strategic parts of the country formed General Mills, Inc.

Thus it became possible to organize more effective control of uniform quality and uniform performance of flour and other wheaten products. It also became possible to provide these products to the consumer in every locality at the most economical prices.

Furthermore, large scale production permitted the economic development of new products, and the use of modern merchan-

dising and advertising programs in the national market. Tested in advance, only the most effective ideas and campaigns were launched to increase the consumption of flour and wheat foods.

This combination of processing facilities, thorough research and tested marketing methods has shown its true value. During the worst years of depression, General Mills, Inc., and associate companies earned regular dividend requirements without interruption, just as quality of products was sustained.

Despite natural handicaps of drought and short wheat crops, despite the economic handicap of universal depression, despite artificial handicaps such as the processing tax with its resulting increase in final prices, General Mills has proved its ability to serve.

Because even the experiences of the past few years have failed to break its record of developing service and stable consolidated earnings, General Mills, Inc., and associated companies, look to the future with confidence.

GENERAL MILLS, INC.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.



The COLUMN

your shoes,' says Miss Harrison, talking to us real friendly-like, as she might say. Here is a grammarian's funeral for her:—

'Although I offered them a tip, they would n't accept it. They explained that, because I was alone, they could n't take it. As I went out of the door they did a very funny thing. They did it in every town I was in. They kissed me. They did it so quickly that it made me laugh.

'Rome is . . . very dusty. . . . In nice weather it is so very dusty that you have a good excuse for not shining your shoes.' Complete, even to emendation.

One more. Which is better, Juanita's 'Everything are pyjamas' or the freshman's 'The style here is all pyjamas'? The reach for the grammar book in both instances exceeds the grasp!

T. M. H. BLAIR

State College, Pennsylvania

Life within a walled city.

Dear Atlantic, —

We don't often realize that we are living in an old walled city. The line of truncated stone blocks which I glimpse from my window could just as well be the top of a house. But recently we had an adventure that brought realization.

Tsi Chung came back from Shanghai on Tuesday and the same day told how a friend of his would be coming through Nanking on the Shanghai-Peiping express the next Saturday night. He would get the car (the one he has the right to call) and I was to make some real American club sandwiches and ice a bottle of white wine and make a quart of coffee in the thermos, and all three of us, including Wang, would meet the train and have a midnight supper in the short time allowed.

So I fixed the food, Wang got the car, and we all rode down to Hsiakwan station. The train got in at five minutes to eleven, and Tsi Chung's friend met us on the platform. He took us into the dining car and we spread the feast.

Now the train was scheduled to stay in the station for twenty minutes. Then it is broken into three sections and the locomotive takes these off one at a time on to a flatboat by means of which the Yangtse River is crossed to Pukow. We had figured that the diner, being in section 3, would go over last. Much to our surprise we discovered ourselves being hauled on to the flat. Then, before we moved forward, the other two sections were likewise brought aboard, and there we were crossing the river at midnight to Pukow!

Well, we made a great joke of it and finished our wine and coffee and sandwiches. When we docked on the other side in about forty minutes we thought we could get right off, à la Hoboken, and take a ferry back. Not so! We had to wait another thirty minutes for that durned locomotive to pull us all ashore. By that time we had missed the boat, and we had to wait fifty minutes for the last ferry. It proved to be, not the regular passenger ferry, but nothing more than a tug, or lighter. But anyway it got us over.

Meantime it had started to rain, a fine drizzle, which made the night velvety soft and all the lights along the river mysterious. The little boat got a lot of spray. I enjoyed it, and so did Wang, but Tsi Chung, as usual, was having fits imagining all the awful things that might happen.

When we reached the river's brink we luckily found three sleepy rickshaw men to pull us back to the station. But when we got to Hsiakwan our car was gone! The very station was dark, locked and barred. At three o'clock in the morning no public telephone was available. And it was now pouring rain.

So, for what was a fortune to them, our three solitary rickshaw men promised to pull us to Wu T'ai Shan for fifty cents apiece; a distance of over three miles! We started off at an easy pace, all behind oil-cloth shields, and all went well till we got to the city wall. Here the great bronze gates were closed. Now what?

Tsi Chung did n't have a card with him, nor was he wearing either of his medals. Wang had his, however, so he knocked gently, *very gently*, on the big iron doors.

No answer.

'Why don't you rap harder, Wang?'

'If I'm impolite they won't hear at all!'

He knocked gently again, and cleared his throat politely. Behind the bronze someone yawned. Quiet again.

He rapped with his knuckles. A voice answered: 'Who's there?'

Wang explained in Chinese. Then, on the far side of the three great gates, a small door just large enough to admit a man's face, and placed near the ground, opened. A stooping soldier looked out of this and called to us. We moved over.

Wang explained again, but the soldier was skeptical. It was n't until the very wilted American *fai-fai* got out of her shrouded cab and knelt down to smile her sweetest that the soldierly hearts melted. Maybe they saw another international scandal in leaving a foreign *fai-fai* cooling her heels in the rain. Anyway, they finally let us all in, though at first they wanted us to leave our rickshaw men. Picture us walking home after that jaunt! We arrived safely at 4.30 A.M., Tsi Chung none the worse for wear but mad as the devil. He still is. Wang had a swell time. And I, you see, gleaned a story to write home about, which does n't happen too often.

WEDA YAP

Nanking, China

When ignorance is bliss.

Dear Atlantic, —

A persistent wire-haired terrier introduced me to his owners, who asked me where I came from, and told me they came from Boston. Did I know Boston? I answered that all I knew of Boston was that for years it has been putting out the best magazine in North America. 'Which one?' 'The *Atlantic Monthly*.'

'*Atlantic Monthly*? . . . We never heard of it!'

Did the next question, 'D'je ever eat Boston beans?' — to which I had to answer, 'No,' — prove us equally ignorant?

AGNES HAMMELL

Saint Petersburg, Florida